Liberty

APRIL 22, 1944 10c

Book: % POSTMASTER
A G. I. Rib-Tickler

OUR INVASION ARMY PREPARES
BY DREW MIDDLETON

Like a Breath of Sunny Morning

THINK back to the most perfect, sparkling-bright morning you ever saw . . . and you'll have some idea how fresh and sunny is the taste of SCHENLEY Reserve! That pleasant freshness of flavor didn't just *happen* . . . it's the result of *genius*—no less—in *blending!* It's America's *first-choice whiskey*–because we made it America's *finest.*

Try SCHENLEY Reserve — soon. One sip will tell you more about *why* it's America's first-choice whiskey than any crowing of ours!

The basic whiskies in Schenley Reserve blended whiskey are supplied only from existing stocks. Our distilleries are now producing only alcohol for munitions, synthetic rubber and other important uses. Schenley has produced no whiskey since October 1942.

Mellow and light as a perfect morning!

SCHENLEY

Reserve

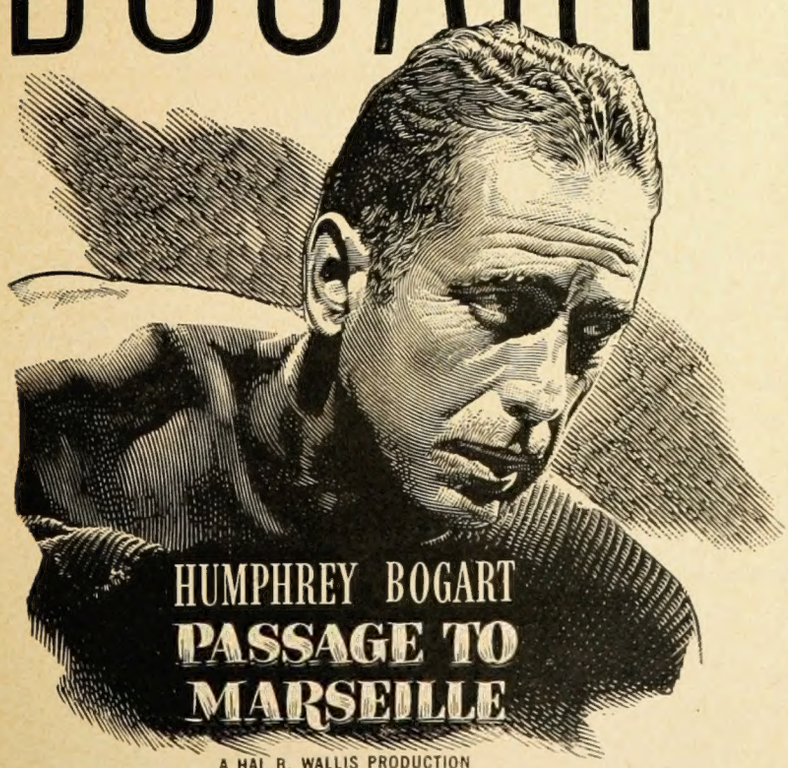
BLENDED WHISKEY

They also serve, who BUY and HOLD WAR BONDS!

Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City. 86 proof — sixty per cent Neutral Spirits Distilled From Fruit and Grains.

HOW TO KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE

BOGART



"PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE", starring Humphrey Bogart, is the story of an outcast . . . forgotten by, but not forgetting, the land that banished him . . . and of how jungle and shackles and mutiny could not stop him from going home.

Entertainment? Certainly! For entertainment is our business — a business in which Warner Bros. is a widely-recognized leader.

And that leadership is based on this Company's ability to make one picture satisfy *two* values!

One value is entertainment.

The other is best expressed in a long-standing Warner Bros. policy . . . of producing *films that will help to champion the basic freedoms of democracy.*

You've seen that policy applied — in 'This Is The Army', 'Air Force', 'Princess O'Rourke', 'Destination Tokyo', 'Watch On The Rhine', 'In Our Time', and many other Warner Bros. pictures.

Be sure to see it again — in 'PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE', 'THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN', 'UNCERTAIN GLORY' and other Warner Bros. pictures to come! Then you'll know why the New York Times referred to this Company's *"enviable record for combining good citizenship with good picture-making".*

WARNER BROS.

JACK L. WARNER, *Executive Producer*

with this remarkable supporting cast:
CLAUDE RAINS • MICHELE MORGAN • PHILIP DORN • SYDNEY GREENSTREET • HELMUT DANTINE • PETER LORRE • GEO. TOBIAS

Screen Play by Casey Robinson & Jack Moffitt • From a Novel by Charles Nordhoff & James Norman Hall • Music by Max Steiner

Buck Skein

TRADE MARK

RAYON SATIN-BACK COTTON TWILL JACKET

A Lustray Fabric

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

I call the fabric in this Buck Skein Jacket, Lustray, because it is as lustrous as the sun's rays. It is one of the most startling fabrics I have ever seen. The outside and the inside are woven in one piece, yet the lining side has the smooth sheen and beauty of satin. And the outside, well, listen. . . .

This rayon satin-back cotton twill is so tough that the Army originally used it for the uniforms of parachute troops. It passes government tests for water repellency in Army raincoats. Two finely spun cotton yarns are twisted together like a cable for added strength. And think of it, because there are more than 240 rayon threads packed to the inch, it takes a 250 pound pull to rip it apart! Small wonder that this Buck Skein Jacket is practically windproof! Yet it weighs only 18 ounces!

And in addition, this Buck Skein sports a zipper. The sun-tan color is guaranteed fade proof; belted back; adjustable metal straps at waist and adjustable cuffs; slash pockets with safety flap.

This fabric is almost unavailable for civilian use, because its springy rayon yarns are needed for parachutes and for the cords that go into giant tires on bombers. So buy a Buck Skein only if you need one.

As ever,

Buck Skein Joe

GO TO YOUR DEALER—where you'll find many other Buck Skein styles—from flannel shirts to wool coats. If your dealer is all sold out, send me your money—the price is $10 and I'll see that you get your Buck Skein Jacket immediately. Be sure to give me your chest size.

LUSTBERG, NAST & CO., INC.

212 FIFTH AVE., DEPT. W-4, NEW YORK CITY

In This Week's Liberty

PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER
Edward Maher, Editor

Associates

Edward Hutchings, Jr., *Articles*
Kathryn Bourne, *Fiction*
E. A. Piller, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
Elizabeth Wilson, *Hollywood Rep.*

Staff: Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Otto Kurth • Jerome Parker
William E. Rae • M. J. Tait • Daniel E. Wheeler • Elizabeth K. Wylie

★ ARTICLES

Yanks Abroad: The Sarong Girls, *Major Remsen J. Cole, U. S. M. C.* 10
"It's Gonna Be Tough—But We Can Do It!" *Drew Middleton.* 15
Who *Is* Who in '44 Baseball? *Bill Stern* 18
The Revelation of Kwajalein, *Morris Markey* 22
They Put Wings on the Impossible, *John J. Lee* 26

★ FICTION

A Date for Saturday Night, *George Armin Shaftel* 16
The Redskin's Reward—Short Short, *Samuel W. Taylor* 20
But for the Marines, *Edwin Rutt* 24
I'll Go My Way—Part IV, *Isabel Moore* 28

★ BOOK

C/O Postmaster—*The laugh-provoking book by Corporal Thomas R. St. George—abridged to a reading time of one evening* 31

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop 6
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* 12
Books in Review, *E. A. Piller* 46
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary *(Unabashed)* 52
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* 56
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* 66
Liberty Goes to the Movies 70
Crossword Puzzle 73

★ EDITORIAL

What Is Our Foreign Policy—If Any? *Paul Hunter* 74

Cover: Army Paratrooper with Walkie-Talkie

OFFICIAL U. S. ARMY PHOTO

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

PAUL HUNTER, PRESIDENT; EDWARD MAHER, VICE-PRESIDENT; GEORGE BOYD, JR., SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS OR THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

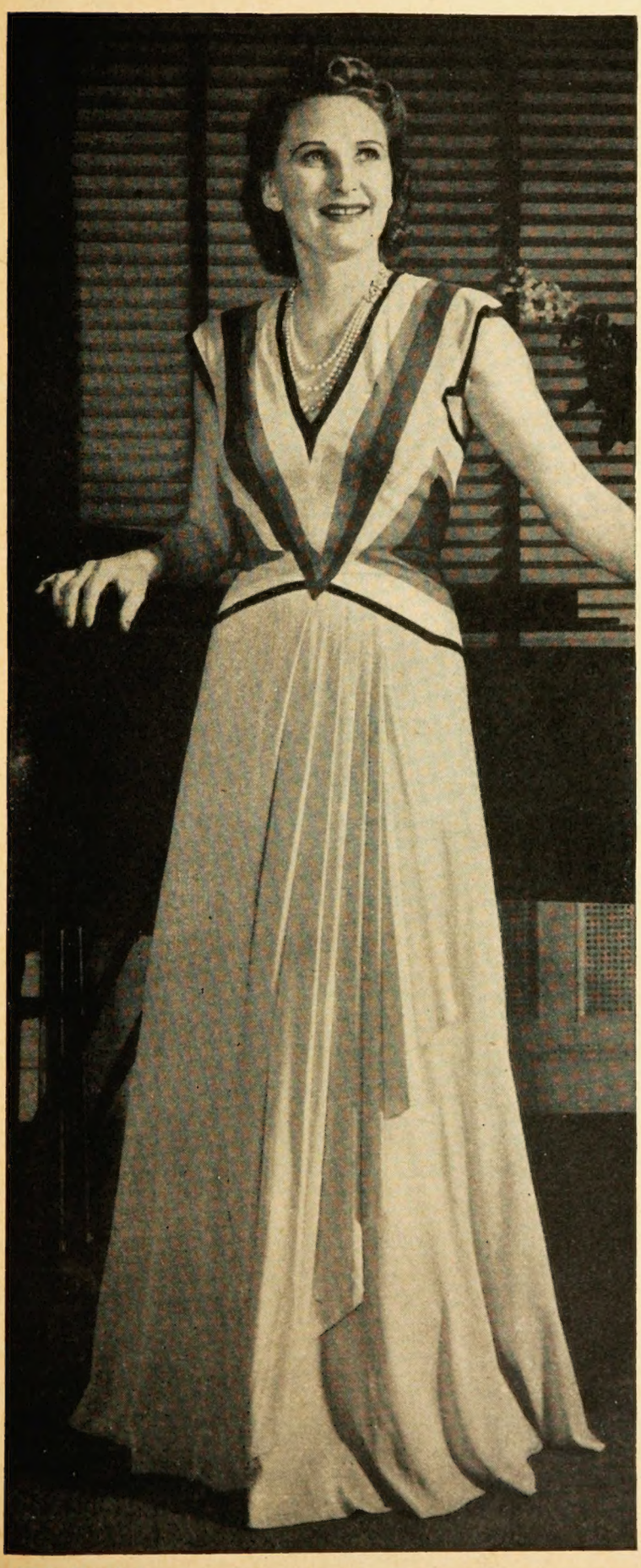
Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any loss of such material.

Liberty, April 22, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 17. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain, Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

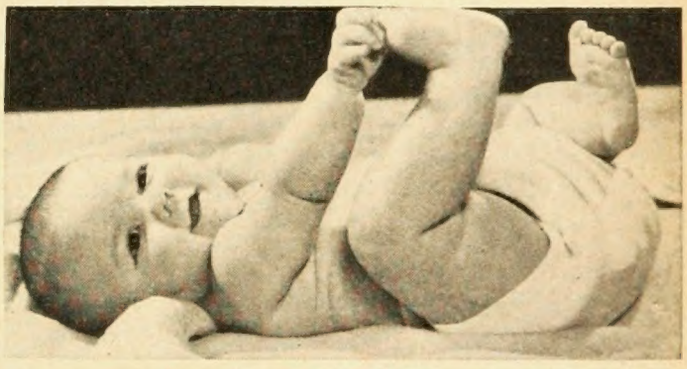
"I have two refrigerators, and I wish they were both Servels"

says Margaret Speaks *famous soprano*



Miss Speaks has a Servel in her country home—a mechanical refrigerator in town. So she has a chance to compare the two kinds. She says, "My Servel never makes a noise, never gives any trouble. I hardly know it's there." That's because Servel, the Gas Refrigerator, has no moving parts in its freezing system to wear out or become noisy.

Two million people own Servels today, and a lot of others tell us they'd like to. But we're 100 per cent on war work—and the few refrigerators we have made are for the Army and Navy. After the war we expect to make more Gas Refrigerators than ever—and even more attractive ones! Meanwhile, Uncle Sam offers you a fine way to save up. Buy Bonds.



Another coming attraction will be the new Servel *All-Year* Gas Air Conditioning System. It will heat homes in Winter, cool them in Summer, and keep perfect humidity the year round, all with one simple unit. We had these systems perfected before the war, and hundreds of them are now on test in homes. The families who have them are enthusiastic!

Your Gas Company will announce all new Servel products, just as it announced the Gas Refrigerator that "stays silent and lasts longer." If you plan to modernize your home after the war, there's nothing unpatriotic in thinking about it now. Your Gas Company will be glad to help you plan.

NOW ON SONORA RECORDS

Pauline Alpert

IN A NEW ALBUM OF

PIANO MELODIES

EIGHT PIANO MELODIES

Dream of A Doll; Chopsticks; Where or When; Sweet Sue; Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt); Toy Trumpet; Parade of The Wooden Soldiers; In A Country Garden.

Pauline Alpert plays as no one ever played before. Her sheer genius and imagination have created a sparkling group of Piano Melodies in this new SONORA Album that may well become the Record Achievement of the year.

Miss Alpert, who makes one piano sound like two, interprets classics and popular melodies alike with a refreshing sureness of touch and toetickling rhythm all her own.

The bell-like brilliancy of tone, characteristic of SONORA Recordings, perfectly reproduces the matchless color of Miss Alpert's interpretations.

Eight delightful melodies are included in this Album, ranging from "Chopsticks" and "Toy Trumpet" to "Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2".

Hear this new SONORA Album of "Melodies That Will Live Forever".

Sonora Records
Clear as a Bell

MELODIES THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER

SONORA PRODUCTS, INC., CHICAGO, ILL.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

WRATHFUL CITIZENS!

WILMINGTON, DEL.—I have just finished reading Miss Ellen E. Stewart's letter in the March 18 Liberty, and it makes my blood boil to think such narrow-minded people as Miss Stewart will be voting in the coming election. It is people like her, who talk about things of which they know nothing, who are helping to prolong this war.

For Miss Stewart's information, President Roosevelt promised that our boys would not fight on foreign soil *unless we were attacked.* He has kept that promise. Or does Miss Stewart think that the Japs' visit on December 7, 1941, was just a social call?—*Stanley Rosen.*

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO—I am really surprised that you printed such a misleading letter as that of Ellen E. Stewart, who stated that President Roosevelt promised that our boys, "under any conditions," would never fight on foreign soil. Why didn't she complete his sentence?—which was *unless we were attacked.* Miss Stewart evidently forgot about Pearl Harbor.—*E. A. Nebel.*

CAMP HALE, COLO.—Of all the ignorant nitwits I have ever heard of, Ellen E. Stewart takes the cake. From the way

she talks, we shouldn't fight the Japs even if they did pull a sneak and attack Pearl Harbor. I suppose she thinks we should go ahead and let the Japs take our territory, and eventually take our country, without us even putting up a fight. What does she think we are—men or mice?—*T/S Johnnie Smith.*

SHE LOVES US . . .

POMONA, CALIF.—I always liked your magazine, but from now on I love it. Why? Because of British Labor Looks Ahead, by Betty Milton Gaskill, in March 4 Liberty.

The people of this country need more, more, and still more of this kind of information. We are sadly ignorant on this subject.—*Mrs. Bell McNeir.*

SOME CROSS WORDS ON CROSSWORDS

HOUSTON, TEX.—I agree wholeheartedly with S. N. Worley on taking out the Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles. (March 18 Vox Pop.) Every time I try to make one out, I get so darn mad that I have to quit.—*E. R. Loessin.*

ROYAL OAK, MICH.—To S. N. Worley and all other worleywarts who don't like Shane's puzzles: There is always the common variety in the daily papers, or you can buy a whole book for a dime. What Sinatra is to some gals, Shane's puzzles are to me. And I know I have a lot of company there.

Don't let S. N. Worley bluff you. I don't believe any intelligent person would cancel a subscription on account of a crossword puzzle.—*Mrs. J. T. Peters.*

PARROTS AND PRETTY GIRLS

EVERETT, WASH.—Liberty's March 18 colorful cover, Such Language, amused me very much. Girls nowadays aren't shocked at profanity. Indeed, some of them can do an excellent job of cussing. Maybe I'm all wet, but I doubt that macaws can talk, let alone swear. I have been informed that this beautiful parrot will not learn. Perhaps the polly is really swearing and the young lady understands the harsh macaw language. Will somebody who is an authority on parrots please inform me whether or not macaws talk?—*Roxor Clark.*

POLISH QUESTION

MISHAWAKA, IND.—In Liberty's March 11 editorial the writer attacked Poland most unjustly.

The Polish government in exile is truly representative of the Polish nation and as soon as war is over there will be an election in Poland and the present government will resign.

Poland did not start the territorial argument with the Soviet Union, but simply wants what belonged to her for centuries and will not take the carving of her country lying down.—*Mrs. P. H. Makielski.*

OLEAN, N. Y.—Liberty's editorial is, in my opinion, correct. It is the first and only thing I have seen printed which puts the Polish question where it belongs. Where would the Poles be if they didn't have help?—*A. J. McMullen.*

TOLERANCE

WORCESTER, MASS.—For years I read several magazines weekly but recently was compelled to cut down because of lack of time. The only subscription I maintained was that to Liberty.

Many suggestions have been offered as to how to perpetuate true Americanism. Benjamin Fine's article on the "Springfield Plan" (March 4 issue) is a fine, concrete example as to how it really can be done and substantiates my loyalty to Liberty.

Keep up the good work and the thanks of millions will be yours.—*David Lazarus.*

"By Gad, sir! Horsewhipping's too good for a man who'd snitch my own personal Old Fashioned made with Calvert Reserve!"

Calvert has distilled only war alcohol since October 8, 1942

IF YOU promise not to snitch, we'll let you in on the mellow secret of a Calvert Reserve Old Fashioned. You see, this whiskey has the knack of *blending with*—rather than overpowering—the other ingredients in a mixed drink. And when its rare "soft" flavor steals across your taste buds—oh, *boy!* Yes, in these days of whiskey shortage*, Calvert Reserve is more than ever *"the choicest you can drink or serve."*

Calvert Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits

There is No Substitute for Experience

Of all the valuable components of Johnson Sea-Horse outboard motors (now being made exclusively for war and essential needs) the most priceless is experience—*long* experience in outboard development, outboard metals, outboard manufacture, outboard service. This is an *extra* element that goes into every Sea-Horse motor built.

JOHNSON MOTORS, Waukegan, Ill.

DO YOUR DUTY—
BUY WAR BONDS

ARMY E NAVY

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES FOR DEPENDABILITY

DEALERSHIPS: Wherever you are located, if you are interested in sales AND SERVICE after the war, write us now.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

ORIGINALLY, HE SET OUT to be a college teacher and to write plays, but winning a prize for a short story deflected the ambitions of George Armin Shaftel to fiction. However, his training in scholarly research was most useful to him in the historical stories he tackled and in the new book he is finishing on the conquest of California. Shaftel is also the author of Dynamics of Drama. Always interested in the stage, he has turned out some one-act plays which, though produced by various Little Theater groups throughout the country, have a way of being scheduled for dates impossible to him. Even when one of them is being broadcast, he tunes in, only to discover that a change in radio programs has necessitated another day or hour—usually earlier!

IF YOU GET ON the subject of education with Edwin Rutt, whose But for the Marines is in this issue, he will tell you that he was graduated from Princeton "singularly without honor." Be that as it may, he grew into an advertising copy writer in New York City, then, chronically restless, he went to Australia in 1930, thence to various parts of the earth, writing like one possessed and trying to play golf. "Trying" is the right term, says he, for he considers himself the world's worst on the links. Once he played with a tall blonde Juno in Bermuda, and after ten holes found out that he was pitting his divots against the lady champ of those parts!

"ONE OF THE BEST and funniest soldier books yet written," says the New York Times of Thomas R. St. George's c/o Postmaster, and we think you'll agree after you read the condensation elsewhere in these pages. Before the Army claimed him, "Ozzie" St. George was enrolled in the School of Journalism of the University of Minnesota, where he was cartooning and "hashing" his way through.

THE EDITORS.

ALSO THE HILLS

By Frances Parkinson Keyes
Liberty's Book Condensation

This new best seller tells a memorable story of how war swiftly changed the lives of the Farmans of New Hampshire. To Jenness it brought retribution; to Jerome, tragedy; to Judith, adventure and a new love; to Mother and Father Farman, tests of courage for which they somehow found strength. It's an exciting adventure-filled story with a background ranging from New England to Washington to North Africa.

HOW WE CAN WIN BUT STILL LOSE IN THE ORIENT

By Colonel Carlos P. Romulo

Are you sure the Oriental peoples will throw down a welcome mat for us when the Japs are driven out? Right this minute the Japs are sowing bitter seeds of distrust in the Orient.

WE WANT THEM BACK ALIVE

By George H. Copeland

Storming objectives over the fallen bodies of our own men is not the Yankee way. Americans use machines and still beat the Axis to the draw.

AMERICA'S FOREIGN TRADE IN THE POSTWAR WORLD

By C. H. Minor

President, International General Electric

A top-flight foreign trader gives some straight facts on how America should do business successfully abroad. And it looks as if some of our ideas will have to be changed!

DESERT DERELICTS FLY AGAIN

By S/Sgt. James Winchester

Bashed-up planes and desert dangers mean nothing to this salvage officer. What he does to the planes to keep them flying surprises even his superior officers!

SOME ONE TO BELONG TO

By Eleanore Kelly Sellars

Nancy yearned to be more than a cousin to Larry, but after she dreamed up a family for him, she had to stick to her dream. A wonderful comedy on "family trees."

DAMES IS HERE!

By Laurence Schwab

Japs were on the island and the marines expected a heavy battle. But two shipwrecked USO girls drifted in and staged a different kind of show!

Those in the know—ask for

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Spring house at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still used in the distillation of Old Crow whiskey.*

Today, as for generations past, Old Crow continues to be the chosen favorite of those who know and appreciate the finest.

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

*The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes.

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York • 100 Proof

No lunch-box meal
is quite complete
Without Heinz Mustard
for the meat!
On hamburgs and
hot dogs as well
Its racy tang
tastes simply swell!

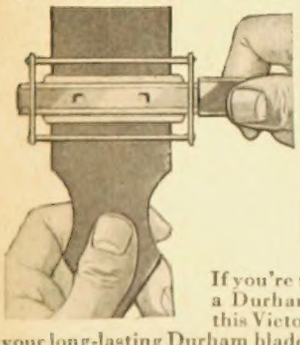
2 KINDS
Brown
and
Yellow

57

Genuine Stone-Ground
Heinz
PREPARED MUSTARD

BUY AN EXTRA WAR BOND, AND HELP THE COMING INVASION!

THIS STROP
gives
DURHAM
blades
NINE LIVES



If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. R, MYSTIC, CONN.

Village belles—in some straw-roofed locality. These South Pacific jungle beauties differ from the Hollywood idea, provide our marines with contrast to girls at home.

YANKS ABROAD: The Sarong Girls

What kind of gals are these coral cuties of the Pacific isles? Meet Mary and Betty, a couple of island lassies

BY MAJOR REMSEN J. COLE, U. S. M. C.

Somewhere in the South Pacific

MARY and Betty King are sisters. They live with their mother, who drinks beer, and their father, who is usually too sleepy to drink beer. They are politely described as "copper-colored," which is fair enough, because the color of copper is not easily defined.

They all live under a thatched oval roof supported by poles and known as a *fale*—pronounced like *folly*. Underfoot are innumerable lesser offspring of Mama and Papa King, known as *tamaitiiti* and better left unpronounced.

The Kings are not particularly royal. They picked up that name from an adventurous sea captain, or maybe he was only a first mate. There are innumerable Kings now, and, like most other half-castes, the bit of Occidental blood helps their appearance considerably. There are other familiar names on other islands. One is said to be inhabited entirely by a horde of O'Briens.

Mary and Betty are village beauties, the "coral cuties" of this little island. Very often they must run like the wind in breathless attempts to evade the ardor of local swains. It's really not very difficult to keep up with the wind on a South Pacific isle. But how do the Yanks react to them?

When the Americans started clambering over the South Pacific islands in force, the Hollywood fable of Dorothy Lamour was still clear in their minds. When they first landed and saw the Hollywood scenery and background but no native Dorothy they did not falter. Perhaps on the next island . .

But the next island was just as barren of feminine beauty. In the thousands of square miles of blue waters dotted with coral gems there was no Elysian land of beauties to soothe the weary warriors. The truth is that no marine guarding the island outposts will ever find the face and figure to compare with the girl he left behind.

Mary King will make a choice young bride for a fish-spearing stalwart from the next village. Why, then, has she no charm for a lonely Yank?

First, let's judge her from a distance. It's safer. That "copper hue" is somewhat disconcerting. These girls are dark. Some, of course, are darker than others. But that's all relative.

Notice the figure—or should we say the lack of it? Mary has a head, a neck, shoulders, torso, and legs, but they are poorly designed and inexpertly assembled. She billows. She bulges at the joints. It might be called a matronly, comfortable figure, but we haven't come close to her yet.

You might still retain a shred of your illusions if you remained at a distance, but as you approach a strange new

(*Continued on page 13*)

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION IN MANUFACTURING

HOW IT WORKS FOR YOU — IN WAR — IN PEACE

Imagination is an idea in overalls— the machine that's never been made, to do the job that's never been done.

Imagination works in the bathtub, in the barber's chair . . . at one o'clock Sunday morning and ten o'clock Christmas Eve.

Imagination is the guiding, leading force in manufacturing that gives special character to all Chrysler Corporation products—for war or peace.

Chrysler manufacturing is men and methods and imagination working together to build good products. It draws from an immense store of experience and talent — the entire operating and producing Chrysler organization.

With smooth-flowing teamwork, all the Chrysler manufacturing divisions exchange ideas and knowledge, adding the strength of *all* to the strength of *each*. And all are constantly stimulated by imaginative, centralized research and engineering.

This application of industrial imagination has brought you many benefits — all-steel bodies, 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, high-compression engines, floating power, fluid drive and many others.

Today, Chrysler Corporation produces large quantities of war equipment, including tanks, anti-aircraft guns, aircraft assemblies and engines, ammunition, army trucks, harbor tugs, gyro-compasses and other vital weapons. After Victory, we will again create products of high value for you.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The much heralded Boeing B-17G Flying Fortress now goes into battle minus its coat of "war paint," sixty pounds lighter and many miles faster.

What We Hope *Not* to Experience

For a long time now you've been reading on this page about the offensive end of this air warfare. Perhaps you'd like to hear a few firsthand impressions of what it's like to be on the receiving end of a bombing raid.

For several years London had only a few sporadic air raids following the heavy blitz of earlier war days. Late in January of this year the Luftwaffe began making a few attempts to penetrate the defenses with a fleet of bombers (very few by comparison with what Germany has been getting). Not at all effective as far as disturbing the life and work of the city is concerned, the raids nevertheless provided thrills for those Americans (including yours truly) who had missed the 1940-41 aerial attacks.

Picture a vast sprawling city in complete blackout, but with traffic moving, restaurants and pubs filled, and crowds of people walking in darkness on the main thoroughfares. Since taxicabs and buses have muffled horns, infrequently used, the city is quiet in the darkness, the most prominent noise being of people walking, talking, and laughing. Then to break this awesome silence come the sirens . . . and then silence again.

German bases being only a matter of minutes away, one doesn't wait long for action. In about ten to fifteen minutes the first faraway sounds of antiaircraft batteries are heard. With the speed of an airplane, these booming ack-ack barrages move closer and closer until the nearest ones go into action and the noise is terrific.

The sky becomes brilliant, especially if the Germans drop flares. The pyrotechnic display is a fascinating sight, but wise Londoners stay under cover because ack-ack shrapnel rains down over the city. High explosives dropped by the Luftwaffe are clearly heard and the drone of the planes themselves can easily be distinguished. If you're lucky, you will see a Nazi plane burst into flames and fall to earth, but good vantage points for an air raid in the heart of the city are not easy to find if you want to be protected from the defense antiaircraft shrapnel.

For thirty to forty minutes it seems that all hell has broken loose, but actually most of the noise and light originate from the defenses, not from the Germans.

Rockets sent from the ground produce a shattering (and for a moment nerve-shaking) effect. Flaming red tracer balls fired at the German flares add to the color of the display. Then the German planes (never very numerous to start with) move away from the city, everything becomes quiet, and finally the "All clear" sounds. If many incendiaries have been dropped, fires inevitably are started, and until they are brought under control (which doesn't take long) there are many glows in the skies.

Through it all the pulse of London never stops. Hardy ones continue in buses and taxicabs, although most prefer to step under cover at the height of the raid because of ack-ack shrapnel. If you are having dinner, you never think of interrupting your meal unless it's to peer outside for curiosity's sake. To a visitor, at any rate, the experience is something like a movie. When it's over, it seems so very unreal.

But air attacks are not unreal to Germans, nor were they to England in the early blitz. The Luftwaffe raids this year indicate a very great weakness in German bomber strength—they are poor demonstrations.

As for London—well, you just keep on going where you were bound for, or continue doing what you were doing—or you stand like a watcher at a parade and watch the show. It's very exciting—except for the unfortunate few who happen to be on the receiving end of a high explosive.

Eighteen Years of Progress

The nation's oldest existing air line completed its eighteenth year of operation this month. It is Western Air Lines, whose Indian head insigne is a familiar sight west of the Rockies.

Western has had a distinguished history since its first flight in 1926. The radio compass which was the forerunner of the automatic direction finder used in transport planes today, was developed by Geodfrey Kreusi, then in the air line's employ. Herbert Hoover, Jr., conducted the research which led to the development of two-way radio communications. And Western gave to aviation the only ten-year air safety record in the world in May, 1936, by not even injuring a passenger in its first decade of flying over the rugged country of the West.

A progressive air line, Western has filed applications with the government to fly north to Alaska and south to Rio de Janeiro. Recently it purchased Inland Airlines, which operates from Cheyenne, Wyoming, to Great Falls, Montana, and from Cheyenne to Huron, North Dakota.

The Life Line into China

During the days when the Burma Road was in operation, aviation enthusiasts pleaded that the airplane could do a better job of hauling supplies to China than the slower truck.

The pleas met with no response from officialdom, but when the Japs took the only highway into China, the airplane was resorted to because there was no other choice.

Today the Army's Air Transport Command says the airplane is carrying more war cargo into China from India than made its way over the old Burma Road at its peak operation.

This is truly an aviation epic, and the cargo carrying is on the increase every month.

It isn't easy flying. In fact, it's the toughest route in the world. Not only is the route over jungle-covered valleys and over 17,000-foot ice-clad peaks, but it is within a few minutes' flying time of many Jap bases. The slightest deviation from the course is highly dangerous.

Every plane must carry enough gas in its cargo for its own return trip, and at the same time one of the major cargoes is gas for General Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force.

Three fourths of the aerial fleet in the India-China operation consists of Curtiss C-46 Commando planes, the largest twin-engined transports in the world.

For this particular route the Commando has the best operating experience, and carries the best pay load of any other airplane. Driven by two 2,000-horsepower engines, the Commandos are carrying personnel, weapons, food, and fuel, and returning with precious metals, on schedules that would amaze the dispatchers at the busiest airport in the U. S. A.

(Continued from page 10)

aroma fills the air. Coconuts may look inviting on a tree, but you'll never get used to smelling them on Mary. A coconut-oil rubdown is to her what a quick once-over with lipstick and powder is to the girl at the country club. But the effect is hardly the same. Mary glistens like a well groomed mare. And when she giggles she sounds like one.

Her colorful native costume? Well, the main piece of business has many names. Sarong will do, but the natives wouldn't know what you were talking about. In Samoa they call it a lava-lava, in the Fijis a sulu, in Hawaii a malo, in Tahiti a pareu. Anyway, it is wrapped carelessly around the middle and quite conceivably was originally some one's outworn kitchen curtain without tiebacks. Over the upper part of her anatomy is a nondescript blouse or Mother Hubbard. You can thank the blushing missionaries for that. The total effect is slightly reminiscent of a garlanded, blanketed race horse photographed after winning the Pimlico Cup.

South Sea Islanders have strong family ties. Invite Mary for a quiet stroll in the moonlight—if you're that far gone—and you'll be trailed by a retinue of uncles, aunts, and cousins. They're nice people, generally, and not at all averse to accepting your hospitality or extending theirs, particularly if you bring along a case of beer. By this method you can usually be assured of winning the family's approval, if not Mary's.

Giggling Mary may speak your tongue, but not your language. And if Betty is near by she'll sound off without warning on a string of weird syllables with "eeeya" predominating. It leaves you feeling like a complete ass, which you undoubtedly are for being there in the first place.

Give them credit, the island lassies can dance. They do it with a minimum of effort and a maximum of effect. They do it on any provocation and frequently with no provocation at all. They dance all over, and all over the islands. They learn jitterbugging in one easy lesson—and then add a few startling improvisations of their own. All this in bare feet on coral cinders.

IN the villages where war has brought the men in khaki, Mary and her sisters are rapidly acquiring "culture." Lipstick and powder have appeared with astounding if somewhat repulsive effect. Some have even squeezed their size fourteens into shoes! But the shoes are worn, painfully and briefly, on only important occasions. An unconfirmed report has it that at other times they are used as outrigger canoes.

But unquestionably these are people, and usually very happy people at that. Some do live tidily, if you can overlook the coconut oil, on their sunny little atolls. Others, of course, are more prone to slum it a bit, but they are frowned upon as poor copper trash.

Don't worry, girls. Your soldier doesn't dream of the dewy lips of an island lass. More often than not those lips cover half her face. The lava-lava doesn't lay him low; he'd rather see a girl in one of these $5.98 creations advertised on page five of your local newspaper. The young American in the South Pacific may return here after the war, but you can bet your last coral bracelet he'll bring his home-town sweetheart with him.

It's a wonderful place for a honeymoon. Without the coconut oil.

THE END

"Man most likely to succeed . . ."

That's what the yearbook said, Class of '41. Tonight, he wouldn't bet on it . . . He sits in his "office". . . watches his charts, and worries . . . Final navigation training flight—a thousand miles in three legs, daylight and dark. The first leg started in the late afternoon, headed out to sea. The sun's down, and a million stars salt and pepper the sky. Points A and B are mere coordinates in the dark, 300 miles apart . . .

He studies charts and compass, shoots the stars again, calls for a check on drift. A flare is dropped . . . The bored pilot "trundling a damn baby carriage for infant navigators" swings the plane back over the flare. Looking through his drift meter, the "infant navigator" calls for a slight course correction. He goes over his calculations . . . eyes his wrist watch. This is point A—or it never will be!

ANOTHER two hours of decimals and doubts, checks and rechecks, brings point B, and the third leg. The sea fogs up. Three times he figures Estimated Time of Arrival, finally reports to the pilot. Nothing to do now but wait, while fateful minutes pass, and gas gauges drop steadily . . .

Suddenly the mist breaks, the moon comes out. Point C, coastwise town and problem's end, is black and silver ahead . . . "Okay kid, you're a navigator", says the pilot . . . And then the plane becomes a lovely thing. The two engines seem to raise their roar in congratulation, after seven hours aloft—triumphant over chance and danger!

MANY of the bi-motored trainers that school Air Force pilots, navigators and bombardiers are powered by engines made by Jacobs . . . engines that run full throttle more time than those in combat service, deliver dependably day after day, stand up without major overhaul *three times* as long as specifications called for, serve well both airmen and taxpayers! Leading manufacturer today of engines in the medium power class, Jacobs will have much to offer tomorrow to both aviation and industry. Remember the name . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Co., Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

JACOBS · Pottstown, Pa.

"Four times as powerful as 100-octane gasoline? ...SAY THAT AGAIN!"

All right, we will:

Texaco research laboratories have developed new super-fuel concentrates with power ratings up to four times as high as present-day 100-octane aviation gasoline!

These concentrates are so powerful that no engine has yet been built that can use them effectively. Nevertheless, in developing these unbelievably powerful synthetic fuels, Texaco scientists have gained valuable new experience and "know-how." Out of their pioneering will come the super gasolines that *will* be used effectively by your car of the future.

These super-fuel concentrates take their place in a long, long list of notable Texaco research achievements. Such a concentrate is now being blended into aviation gasoline to enable American planes to fly farther and faster, to carry heavier loads of bombs and bullets. To speed up production of *Alkylate,* essential ingredient in 100-octane aviation gasoline, Texaco research developed the *liquid-catalyst isomerization process.*

This new knowledge...this continuing research...will mean more power, better mileage and finer all 'round performance from post-war Texaco Fire-Chief and Texaco Sky Chief Gasolines.

Coming... a finer FIRE-CHIEF *gasoline and a finer* Sky Chief *gasoline because of Texaco's work in this war*

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO FROM OWI

American troops training in England for the invasion. They view task ahead realistically, are grim and tough and confident.

"It's Gonna Be Tough— BUT WE CAN DO IT!"

BY DREW MIDDLETON

Somewhere in England with the United States Army. WE were standing on a green hill looking out across the sea toward Europe. There were four privates, a sergeant, and a lieutenant—all of a combat company of one of the finest regiments in the United States Army. They looked for a long time at the rough gray sea as the wind tore at their faces. From a near-by field where troops were working out a "problem" came a faint popping of rifles. Overhead, a Spitfire on coastal patrol buzzed angrily.

Finally one of the privates spoke. "It's gonna be rough," he said, "but I think with the British and the bombers and the Navy we can pull it off. But it's gonna be rough."

This calm determination and knowledge of dangers ahead seem to me to symbolize the attitude of the American Army in Britain toward its greatest task—invasion of Europe. And, along with the realization of the magnitude of the operation, there is growing among our soldiers a feeling of unity with the tens of thousands of their British allies—the soldiers, sailors, and airmen who'll do the fighting and dying with them.

These are serious men, these soldiers from New York and the Carolinas, the farms of the Middle West and the seaports of the Pacific coast. They do not boast as they did two years ago, nor are they as boisterous as they were then. They are soldiers now, experienced fighting men, with the calm, sure faith in their own ability that marks the veteran. They are, as a senior British officer said as he watched a retreat in the square of a British barracks, "a magnificent weapon—a tribute to democracy." He added, "You in America have shown all our enemies what the United States can do in the face of danger. I hope it is a lesson to them and to the rest of the world."

Others may doubt the invasion's success, but not the men who have to do the fighting. They're calmly sure they can "take" the Germans and anxious to prove it

Probably no American Army in history has been better trained or equipped than this one. Training has continued by night and by day since the Invasion Army began to take form. It varies from large-scale exercises, wherein British and American soldiers, tanks, guns, planes, and ships work together as one team, to small "problems" involving a company or a battalion at the most. Since the former involve techniques which must be secret until they are sprung on the enemy, it is best to describe one of the "problems" which occupy so important a place in training.

A battalion was scrambling across a series of wind-swept, rock-strewn hills toward a ridge commanding the surrounding country. In a small clump of trees mortars were pounding the ridge, while infantrymen "froze" flat on the turf, waiting for the mortars and heavy machine guns to "fix" enemy positions.

The sergeant explained. "We are getting enemy positions on this side of the

(*Continued on page 52*)

U.S. NAVY K-2

A DATE FOR SATURDAY NIGHT

BY GEORGE ARMIN SHAFTEL

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

A JAP submarine had been sighted along the coast the day before, and we were in the operations office of the Santa Ana air base planning our next patrol. I'm co-pilot of our blimp crew. Standing by the window, I could look out and see our ship being hauled out of the hangar. It was dark yet, an hour before dawn, and the great wooden hangar loomed up against the stars like the side of a mountain.

A tractor with angry headlights and a snarling bark of exhaust was hauling out into the night a mooring mast which tethered the fat two-fifty-foot length of Queenie. A K-type blimp, she was our ship, and the ground crew was readying her for a long patrol. Lights on the mooring mast shone on her rumpy nose, and coming out of the hangar she looked like a fat silver sow, reeling drunk, being herded along by a raspy-voiced alley-oop with a hold on one ear.

Our C. O. was telling us, "You'll follow the coast on north for three hours before turning back to the Lompoc base."

"Overlapping the Moffett Field area?" Jim Wyatt, my skipper, asked.

"Yes. In effect, doubling patrol of that stretch of coast."

I felt a little prickling chill along my spine. It looked as if the Nip pigboat menace was really serious. Outside, trucks were hosing gasoline into Queenie's tanks and helium into her ballonets. A tractor came chugging up, and the boys got busy hefting bombs into Queenie.

Then she was released from the stubby mast. Queenie's two five-fifty-horsepower Wrights were started up, and she sort of lunged on her ropes, lifting some of the ground crew way up on their toes. The engines coughed and choked, then settled down to a steady thrumming.

"All right, let's go," Jim Wyatt said.

Jim is Lieutenant (j. g.) Wyatt. I'm Lieutenant (j. g.) Luke Ames. Our navigator is Ensign Aughinbaugh. In addition, seven ratings make up our crew—radiomen, riggers, machinists, and cook.

"Well, Red," Jim Wyatt remarked to me as we took our seats in the control compartment up forward, "looks like business. Word's come of an oil tanker torpedoed off Cape Jeffrey an hour ago."

We headed out toward the coast, and out to sea. Jim handled the elevator controls and I gave him a hand by working the rudder. Queenie always responds nicely to the controls; but gusts hit her big flanks and she veered off course so that we had to keep pulling her back into the groove; and she rolled and wallowed like a coy elephant feeling coltish.

Young McComas, a rigger, came forward between us, and with a pair of binoculars he kept lookout, studying the water for lights of vessels, for the phosphorescent fan of a ship's wake, and especially for the sparkled feathering of phosphorescence behind a periscope.

We droned along, watching day break over the ocean.

There's tension to watching, even though you see nothing. It takes the starch out of you on long patrols. As visibility grew, we stared down into

A story you'll want to read—about a girl on a barge, a blimp overhead, a lurking submarine, and how they tangled in war and love

the depths of the water. At daybreak, now, any Jap subs that had been running on the surface to charge batteries during the night would be slipping under to skulk on the bottom.

Ensign Augie Aughinbaugh came forward. He's sandy-haired and thin, with a fair skin that blushes like a girl's, and though all of twenty-two, he looks younger. He gave us the data for our course. After he left, Wyatt said, "How's your alimony payments, Red?"

"Oh, up to date," I said vaguely. You see, on our last flight I'd been sounding off on how I was going to get a divorce. But since then my wife and I have had a reconciliation. I was ashamed to admit it; I'd been so damned positive about that divorce!

Wyatt said, "Since you're getting a divorce from Jeanie, I decided to call her up. We made a date for a week from Sunday night."

I half rose out of my seat and Wyatt looked at me, his lean weathered face taut and his gray eyes sharp.

And he said, "She told me to tell you something. She's taking a job at the May Company, to earn dough to pay off those bills her folks ran up on you. And our date is a birthday party for you."

"Oh," I said.

He grinned then, his face lighting up so warm he looked almost as young as Augie.

He reached over and pressed my knee.

"She's a swell girl, that Jeanie. You're lucky, you dumb redhead!"

WE saw a fat wallowing supply vessel headed out to one of the island bases off our coast. We saw a flight of P-38s swooping out to sea; and a convoy of ships far off on the horizon.

And we saw a seagoing tug hauling a log raft at the dazzling speed of two to three miles an hour.

But what a raft! As we approached, its size became apparent, and I gawked at it, and muttered, "It's a lie!"

Jim Wyatt said, "There's the Aphrodite again. Haven't seen her in six months."

Aphrodite! Some name for a broad-beamed tug. She was a ninety-eight-footer powered by a seven-fifty-horsepower Diesel, Wyatt explained. And in that huge boom of logs she was towing were several million board feet of Alaska spruce.

"Looks screwy to me!" I said. "I know that log rafts are hauled from Alaska to the mills around Seattle. That's logical. But, jumpin' Judas!—who'd ever think of towing log booms all the way south to California!"

"That raft is going clear to San Diego," Wyatt said. "There's enough spruce in it to supply wood parts to the local war plants for six months."

"But don't bad storms break up those rafts?" I asked.

"Used to." And he went on to say that rafting logs by sea was never successful until a Seattle engineer worked out a technique of building a cigar-shaped raft of layers of chains binding layers of logs together in such a way that the greater the strain upon the chains, the more tightly they held.

OUR lookout, McComas, studying the raft through binoculars, uttered a low whistle of surprise.

"Sir, there's a shack on that raft. Clothesline hung up, too. Female clothes on 'em—stockings, and—er, you know—something like swimming wings, and—"

"Shorts?" I suggested.

"Yeah, that's it, sir. Shorts, but kind of frilly and— Hey!"

"Now what?"

"There's a dame lying on a cot on the raft, taking a sun bath."

"Is she pretty?" asked Jim; while I said, "Let's have those binoculars!"

I looked through the glasses. They brought the big tug and the great cigar-shaped raft up close. The girl heard our motors now, for she sat up and I got a good look at her. She was young and shapely and blonde, her yellow hair blowing in the wind, a scanty sun suit covering strategic areas of a provocative figure. She rose and walked into the shack.

The whistle on the tug hooted a greeting to us, and a couple of her crew waved and we waved back as we flew over them.

It wasn't a minute later that, in the wake of the tug and raft, I saw something floating. I focused the glasses on it.

"What is it, Red?" Jim Wyatt asked.

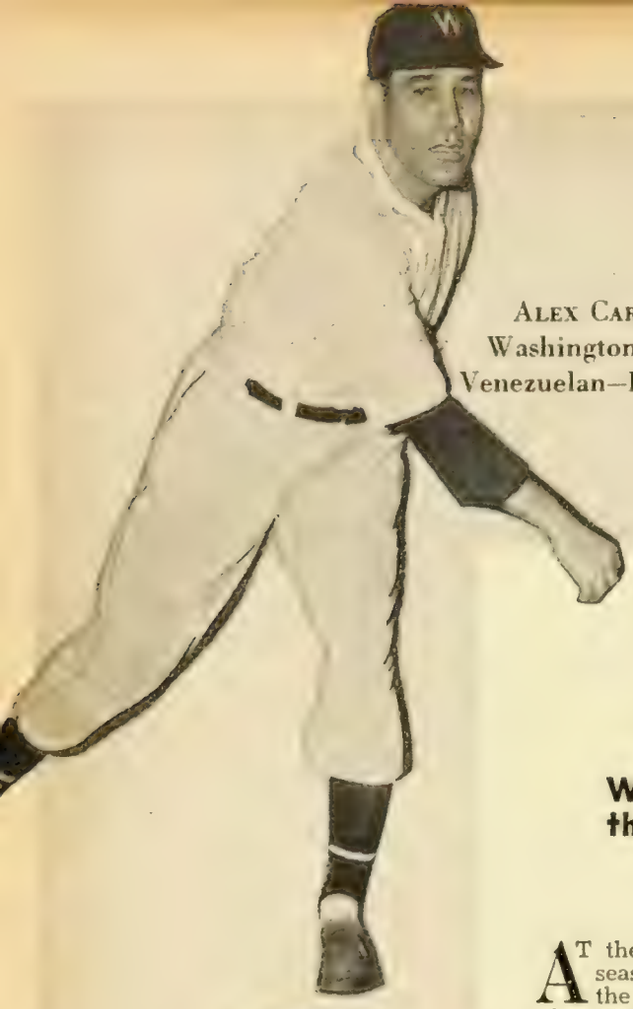
"An apple crate," I said. "Paper bags of garbage in it."

"You sure?" he insisted, and nosed Queenie down.

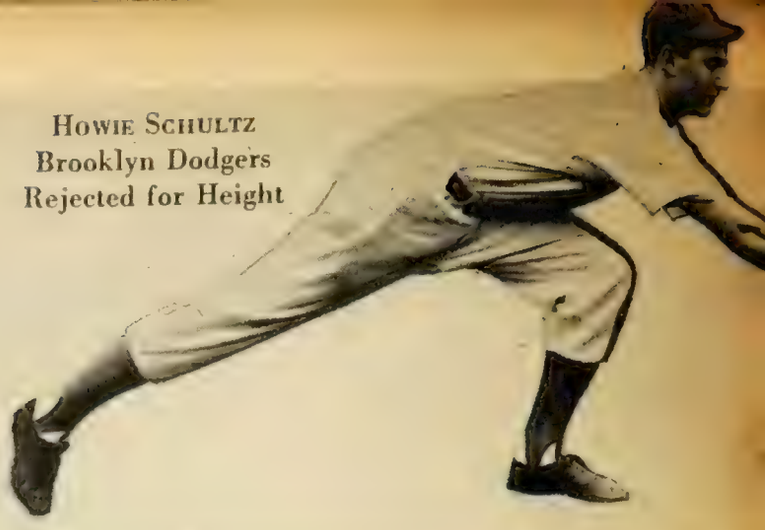
Fixing a crate to mask a periscope is an old submariner's trick. We study

(Continued on page 48)

Our bomb hit the water alongside the sub. The sea seemed to lunge at us.



ALEX CARRASQUEL
Washington Nationals
Venezuelan—Draft-exempt



HOWIE SCHULTZ
Brooklyn Dodgers
Rejected for Height

WHO IS WHO IN '44

Who's the next batter? Brother, you'll have to ask the draft boards. Here's a preview of the dizziest of all big-league baseball seasons

JOE HEVING
eveland Indians
Grandfather

AT the outset of the last basketball season the Army suddenly drafted the entire varsity basketball team of a Midwestern university. A newspaper reporter asked the coach what he planned to do.

"Nothing," replied the coach. "I guess I'll just have to co-operate with the inevitable."

And that's just what major-league baseball plans to do this summer. It has asked for no favors, been granted none, and expects none. The sixteen clubs are faced with a manpower shortage that daily becomes more acute, but baseball hopes to continue "as long as each team can field nine men."

Probably it won't be that bad, but Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, commanding the Army Service Forces, capsuled the situation when he told the New York Chapter of the Baseball Writers Association: "Nearly 70 per cent of all major-league players at the time of Pearl Harbor are wearing military uniforms today!"

So who's going to be around to play ball?

Well, the managers are living from day to day. Ask one for his starting line-up and he'll say: "How can I tell? I haven't opened the mail today. Maybe somebody's been drafted."

And that's no joke. Each club has a "rock-bottom" nucleus of men rejected for service, honorably discharged veterans, youngsters under eighteen and graybeards over thirty-eight. And each, of course, has a goodly quota of 1-A's and 3-A's. They are the imponderables.

Strangely, the chief ingredient of this mélange is the man rejected for service—the 4-F. The most optimistic outlook is that only one out of every four players called for military service will be rejected. But some clubs will have more than the average number of rejects, while others will get next to none. So it is probable that the "luck of the draft" more than anything else will decide the 1944 pennant races.

Nobody kids himself that baseball in 1944 will be up to major-league standards, but you can bank on it that the competition will be keen, and the season will have more than its share of interest if only because anything can happen. Just for example, Pepper Martin, the Wild Horse of the Osage, who quit the majors in 1940, is back to give it another go at the age of forty. So are Jimmy Foxx and Lloyd "Little Poison" Waner, both after a year's layoff.

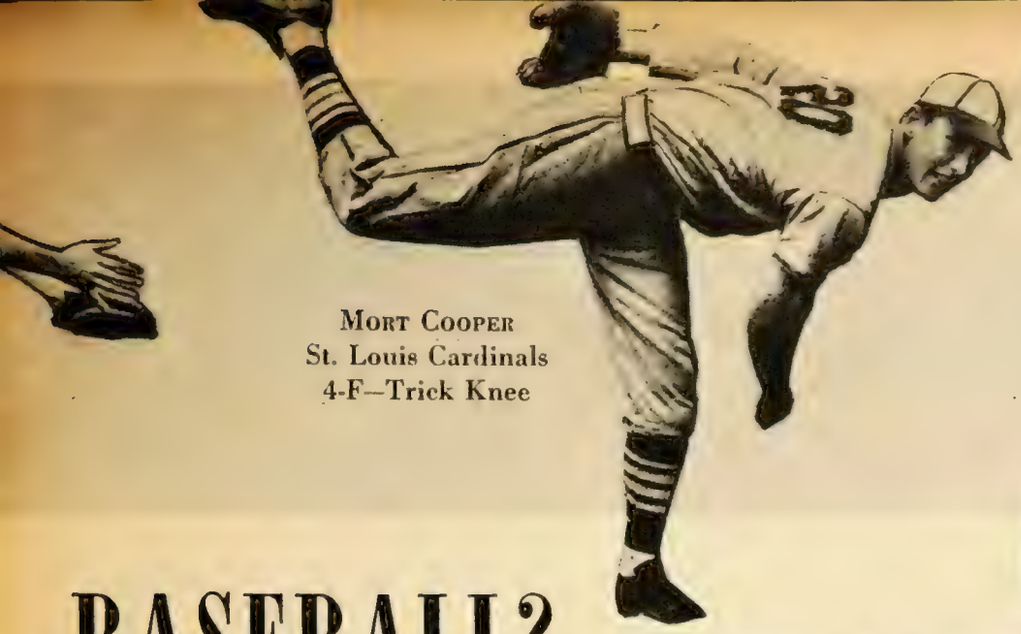
This picture of major-league baseball as it is unveiled for the 1944 season is confused, and it will remain confused all year with players being moved into 1-A, inducted, rejected, or discharged almost daily. Others will "sit this one out" in war plants. So, keeping all these things in mind and remembering that many changes may take place before this gets into print, let's take a flier at forecasting the pennant races. It's like trying to pin the tail on the donkey, only more so because somebody keeps moving the critter. First, the National League.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS—The Cards have lost more regulars since the 1943 World Series than any other team, yet they still seem strong enough to win the National League gonfalon for the third straight season. Gone are Alpha Brazle, Murry Dickson, Ernie White, Howie Krist, Lou Klein, and Harry Walker.

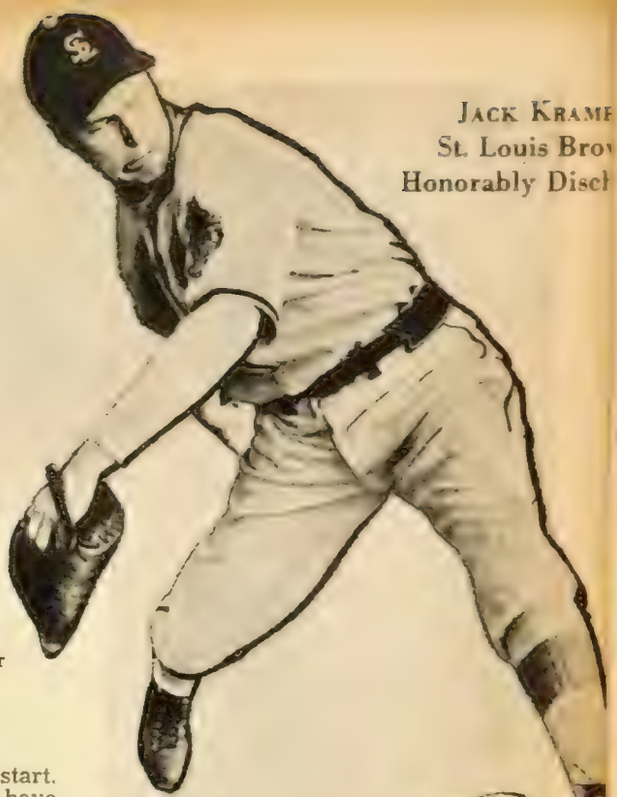
But they still have the league's leading pitcher, Mort Cooper, in 4-F with a trick knee, and Max Lanier, Harry Brecheen, Harry Gumbert, and George Munger. Much depends on whether catcher Walker Cooper, who has been accepted for limited service, is called. Behind him are Ken O'Dea, 4-F, and Gerald Burmeister, 1-A.

Shortstop Marty Marion also has been accepted for limited service, but even if he is called the infield still looks strong with Ray Sanders, 4-F, at first; the weak hitting but good fielding George Fallon at second; Red Schoendienst, 4-F, the International League's 1943 batting champion, at short, and Whitey Kurowski, 4-F, at third.

In the outfield are Stan Musial, the league's most valuable player, Danny Litwhiler, Johnny Hopp, utility man Debs Garms, and Pepper Martin, the old sliding man.



MORT COOPER
St. Louis Cardinals
4-F—Trick Knee



JACK KRAME
St. Louis Brov
Honorably Disch

BASEBALL?

BY BILL STERN N. B. C. Director of Sports

The Red Birds look like the team to beat.

CINCINNATI REDS—The Redlegs will miss No-Hit Johnny Vander Meer, Dick West, Lonnie Frey, and Bert Haas, but as far as "rock-bottom" nucleus goes, they look like one of the circuit's strongest teams.

For infielders they have Frank McCormick, Eddie Miller, rookie Buck Fausett, who hit .362 for Little Rock, and 4-Fs Steve Mesner, Chuck Aleno, and Woodie Williams. The returning outfielders are Max Marshall, Gerry Walker, and Eric Tipton, a 4-F. Dain Clay, 4-F, and player-coach Estel Crabtree, over thirty-eight, afford utility protection.

The pitching staff has fewer rock-bottoms. Ray Starr is just thirty-eight, Lefty Arnold Carter is 4-F, and Tommy de la Cruz is a Cuban. Ray Mueller and Len Rice, both 4-F, will catch these pitchers and also such of the following as are not called by their draft boards: Elmer Riddle, twenty-one-game winner last year, Bucky Walters, Joe Beggs, Ed Heusser, and Clyde Shoun.

Right now the Reds seem to be one of the best balanced teams in the league and should finish high in the standings—unless the various draft boards find themselves fresh out of pitchers.

PITTSBURGH PIRATES—The Buccaneers have a strong 4-F nucleus and one of the most potent hurling corps in the loop. Already rejected for service are Rip Sewell, Xavier Rescigno, giant Johnny Gee, and Max Butcher. Others are Wally Hebert and Elvin "Preacher" Roe, who led the American Association in strike-outs last year with 136. Hank Gornicki, Bob Klinger, and Jim Hopper have been inducted.

Bill Baker is in the Navy, so Coach Spud Davis, thirty-nine, may have to help Al Lopez with the catching.

Manager Frankie Frisch has the recently acquired Babe Dahlgren, 4-F, to replace Elbie Fletcher at first; Frankie Gustine, 4-F, second; Pete Coscarart, Frank Zak, and Al Rubeling, short, and Bob Elliott and Lee Handley, third. If Handley makes it this time, Elliott may return to the outfield. Also on hand are Vince DiMaggio, Tommy O'Brien, 4-Fs Johnny Barrett and Jim Russell, and Canadian Frank Colman.

The Pirates can be a pennant contender if they get off to a good start.

BROOKLYN DODGERS—The Dodgers have quite a gang and can be plenty tough if certain 1-A or 3-A key men aren't called up. Catchers Mickey Owen and Bobby Bragan come to mind as a starter, although Ray Hayworth, thirty-nine, has been signed as insurance.

Of the mound corps, Curt Davis is overage. Les Webber, Bob Chipman, Hal Gregg, and Fritz Ostermueller are 4-F. Ed Head is Army-bound and Bill Lohrman expects to go. Vulnerable are ace Whit Wyatt, Rube Melton, and Clay Smith. Tom Warren has a medical discharge.

Manager Leo Durocher has Howie Schultz, 6 foot 7 and 4-F, at first. Billy Herman is in the Navy, so Frank Drews, rookie from St. Paul, or Augie Galan, the 4-F outfielder, will be at second. Arkie Vaughan is a question at short, but there's Pat Ankenman. Bill Hart, Gil English, 4-F, or even Frenchie Bordagaray could be at third.

Johnny Cooney and Paul and Lloyd Waner lend overage security to the outfield. Dixie Walker and Carden Gillenwater are 4-F, and Luis Olmo, rookie star, is available.

CHICAGO CUBS—The Cubs are potentially one of the strongest teams in the league, but it is no secret that friction with the front office has existed and until that is straightened out it is hard to prophesy just where these capable players will wind up.

Hi Bithorn is gone from the pitching staff, but there are the veterans Claude Passeau, Lon Warneke, and Paul Derringer; two 4-Fs, Ed Hanyzewski and Paul Erickson; and Ray Prim and Hank Wyse. Two other pitching hopefuls are Jody Phipps and Jim Lynn from Los Angeles. Clyde McCullough and Tommy Livingston have joined the colors, but Mickey Kreitner, discharged from the service, may get some catching help from Jimmy Foxx.

Phil Cavarretta, Ed Stanky, 4-F, Lennie Merullo, and Stan Hack look like the infield, with support from Pete Elko, 1-C, Roy Hughes and Bill Schuster, 4-Fs, and Heinz Becker.

Manager Jimmy Wilson has a crush of outfielders and may well swing a deal. He has Lou Novikoff, Bill Nicholson, Harry Lowrey, Ival Goodman, and 4-F Dom Dallessandro. He also has three sweet rookie outfielders, and all

(*Continued on page 57*)

ROGERS HORN-BY MCKEE
Philadelphia National
Seventeen Years

The REDSKIN'S REWARD

There was so much fun in the Army that Mustache Big-Boy Littleface didn't want to leave, but the send-off his buddies inadvertently gave him made it all worth while

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVE RONAY

MUSTACHE BIG-BOY LITTLEFACE liked the Army. There were three huge meals every day, and when he was lucky enough to draw K. P. he could eat all day long. There was a bed with springs and a mattress and a pillow and three wool blankets. He could sleep late every morning, until six o'clock. He lived in a fine big barracks that didn't leak at all, along with forty-nine other men. Never lonely. Lots of fun all the time.

There were sheets for the men who took off their clothes at night, though this practice mystified Mustache Big-Boy Littleface. Why hurry, hurry, hurry getting dressed and washed and shaved for reveille in the morning, when it was much simpler and quicker to roll out of bed, stretch, put on your hat, and be ready?

The Army furnished all his clothing, even socks, which Mustache Big-Boy Littleface found a wonderful luxury, and he had six pairs, so that when he felt his toes working through one pair he could slip another over the top. Not only was there no charge for all this, but he was paid a magnificent sum of money each month in cash, and the Big Chief in Washington sent his father money, too.

It had seemed almost too good to last; and apparently it was. Mustache Big-Boy Littleface was being discharged.

He had not even had a chance to get killed by the Germans or Japs. It would be very fine, he had thought, to get many scalps as a warrior and then be killed, for then his name would have high honor among his tribe and his father would get ten thousand dollars, with which he could own much sheep and many ponies.

THERE had always been so much fun in the Army. Every day they had walked about the countryside, and while the drill sergeant at first had made considerable fuss about which foot to put down at which time—a patent absurdity—eventually this had been forgotten and Mustache Big-Boy Littleface had ambled along much as he pleased. Each week there had been bivouac, when they camped in the woods and he could pretend to get lost on a map problem and scout about all day long looking for berries and game signs; and twice he'd snared a rabbit and cooked it over a little fire.

And then had come maneuvers, which promised to be the most fun of all, living in pup tents and stalking about pretending the Blues were Germans or Japs. And on maneuvers you didn't have to worry about saluting soldiers who wore gold or silver on their shoulders, a thing Mustache Big-Boy Littleface never could remember. It was lots of fun putting up the tents and digging latrines and getting ready. But that night the captain called him into the command post tent and said, "Your papers have come, Littleface. You will be discharged. You savvy?"

"No savvy," Mustache Big-Boy Littleface said. It was a convenient answer that had saved him much bother, and he had developed it to the point where he did practically nothing at all except stand his turn at guard and K. P.

"You go home tomorrow," the captain said. "Go back home. Back to Arizona. See tribe. See father. See brother and sister. See sheep and pony. Savvy?"

Mustache Big-Boy Littleface beamed. "Me savvy! Furlough, huh?"

"No furlough. You stay home. You herd sheep again. You no more soldier. Never no more. Savvy?"

Mustache Big-Boy Littleface considered. "Me like Army," he said. "Me stay. Me like many much."

"You better off home," the captain said. "Army no good for you." Kindly, he didn't say that Mustache Big-Boy Littleface was no good for the Army. "You herd sheep. Make plenty meat for soldier eat, plenty wool for make soldier clothes. You win war more better that way. Huh?"

Mustache Big-Boy Littleface left the tent dismayed. More, he was hurt. The Army didn't want him. He went to the P X tent and bought six bottles of beer. He drank them and bought six more. He tried to tell the men he liked the Army and didn't want to go home, but they just laughed and slapped him on the back and said he was a sly and lucky dog.

He crawled into his pup tent feeling very sad. The fine fellows he liked so much didn't care. They laughed when he told them he was going home. The Army didn't want him and the men didn't want him. And what would he say to his father and his people?

The next morning was Sunday and everything was very quiet. The supply sergeant was even more grouchy than usual over having to get up early Sunday to check in his equipment.

"You can keep your socks and underwear," he growled. "You take home. Savvy?"

"No savvy," Mustache Big-Boy Littleface said with dignity. If the Army didn't want him, he wanted no part of the Army and no gifts from it. He would take away only enough to cover his nakedness.

The supply sergeant poked a finger gingerly among the various articles, and drew away. "My gosh," he said, "didn't you *ever* change your socks?"

"No savvy," Mustache Big-Boy Littleface said, ignoring this personal question. He could not understand white men who took off their shoes and slept with cold feet all night long.

"All right. Initial here, and you're through."

Mustache Big-Boy Littleface went over to the jeep that was to take him the thirty-odd miles to the railroad. A wind was blowing to the south, carrying the smoke from the shower-water stove low among the pup tents. All the men were asleep. Nobody was up to see him off. No powwow. No nothing. Nobody cared.

Then he saw the supply sergeant emerging from the tent, carrying something ceremoniously on the end of a rake. It was the socks and underwear belonging to Mustache Big-Boy Littleface. He took them to the shower-water stove and put them inside. Mustache Big-Boy Littleface was touched. The gruff supply sergeant, out of all the company, did care, after all. He was burning the clothes. It was as if a brave man had died and his horse and saddle were buried with him. No other man could take the place of Mustache Big-Boy Littleface in the Army. No other man could wear his socks and underwear. He was appreciated, after all, if only by one man.

The smoke rolled thick and black from the chimney, swirling among the tents, and, getting a whiff, Mustache Big-Boy Littleface was reminded of home and the rich smell of the sheep. He could go home now, knowing one man cared.

THE driver of the jeep was coming out of the command post tent with a big brown envelope. He stopped, sniffing, and then he let out a war whoop and came running.

The whoop was echoed by a voice from a pup tent, and taken up by another. As if by a signal, the whole camp came awake. Men scrambled into view, yelling and howling. The cooks and K. P.s dashed from the mess tent. Even the officers ran from their quarters. Everybody shouted and yelled and whooped. They cursed and yowled, held their noses and danced. Mustache Big-Boy Littleface knew that soldiers cursed from habit, and it wasn't what they said, it was what it meant. It was the noise and the dancing and the whooping combined; it was a big powwow for him.

It was all a big surprise, planned especially in his honor. The smoke was a signal. They'd all been waiting, and at the signal they'd come out yelling.

The answering whoop of Mustache Big-Boy Littleface was half snatched from his lips as the jeep leaped forward. He clung on with one hand and waved back with the other. He tried to yell in reply, but the tribute was so

It was a big powwow for him. It was all a big surprise, planned especially in his honor. The smoke was a signal.

overwhelming his throat was dry. His name had high honor with the men, and he would be remembered. Every man in the company had got out of bed early of a Sunday morning to see him off. There was no greater tribute.

As the jeep raced along the desert road, the tears rolled unashamed down the copper cheeks of the noble redskin. They all cared. They all loved Mustache Big-Boy Littleface.

And when he got back home, Mustache Big-Boy Littleface told his people what had happened, and he nailed to the wall of his hogan the paper that told how he had been released from the Army to win the war with meat and wool. And his name was held in honor almost as high as if he'd returned with a dozen scalps, and he was respected as one who had for the good of his country sacrificed the opportunity of making his father the richest man in the tribe.

THE END

Our task forces roam the Pacific at will, striking Jap positions almost unopposed. These planes have just hit a New Guinea base.

THE REVELATION OF KWAJALEIN

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Aboard an Aircraft Carrier in the Pacific.

FROM a spot in the ocean about ten miles beyond the midnight horizon, one of the destroyers signaled to the bridge of our carrier—which is the flagship of Admiral A. E. Montgomery's big task force in the Pacific:

"Have four enemy vessels in sight, two medium transports and two cargo boats. Attacking."

We sent the customary "Do you need assistance?" and back came the answer with commendable brevity: "Negative."

It was not many minutes before the sky to the northward was lit by the reflection of great fires. We could almost imagine that we heard the destroyer's five-inch guns snapping away.

Now, this was the evening of the first day of the battle for Kwajalein—and thus for the whole Marshall Group of islands which this biggest atoll on earth dominates. Our particular objectives in this battle were the twin islands, Roi-Namur. Another task force was taking care of the southern end of the atoll, Kwajalein Island itself. Before dawn that Saturday we had begun the bombardment from our planes and from the guns of battleships and cruisers lying out to sea—a bombardment which would not cease for an instant until the Marines launched their landing attack on Monday, forty-eight hours later.

The fate of those four Japanese vessels was a minor incident of the battle itself, but nevertheless it holds for us a curious and penetrating significance. As well as we could determine next day, the transports were crowded with troops, all of whom were lost. We knew the barges were heaped with valuable stores, because they were still afloat and burning briskly, and had to be sunk by more shellfire. We could never find out whether they were going to the relief of Roi-Namur or running away from it. But this much we did know clearly: They were sailing an embattled sea that swarmed with Amer- fighting ships, and *they had no escort at all.*

And even a sampan was alone to protect them against the almost inevitable discovery and attack. And the only possible explanation is that the Japanese had no escort vessel to spare even for the movement of troops who probably totaled 3,000. A year ago they would not have moved 300 troops without such protection.

Before the fleet sailed off for the Marshalls we had been warned to expect hard going. This was to be the first real penetration of the Japanese Empire, and if we were successful a hostile flag would fly over Japanese soil for the first time. It was obvious that the Japs would defend these islands with all they had. A day or two before our embarkment I visited the huge, beautiful Navy hospital at Aiea, set in the hills above Pearl Harbor. A whole wing of the hospital had been cleared out, its occupants moved elsewhere, and doctors and nurses and corpsmen were waiting to receive the wounded from the Marshalls.

Now, with the battle over, I regard a little blankly the tight pitch to which I had screwed my courage against the Zeros that would strafe our decks, the Betties that would slash their torpedoes into us, the violent ack-ack that would burst around us when we flew over the fortifications which the Japs had spent twenty years perfecting. I never needed it. And the hospital at Aiea can use its wards for something else—fewer than 200 marines were wounded seriously enough for hospitalization in the battle for Roi-Namur.

Our fleet was the biggest fleet of combat vessels ever to steam out against an enemy—and we did not lose a single vessel. We sent hundreds of airplanes off our carrier decks and lost only a handful of them.

But this almost bewilderingly simple victory was not the result of a Japanese decision to abandon defense of their islands as they did at Kiska. The only reason they did not fight harder and inflict graver injuries upon us was because they simply could not.

The battle of Roi-Namur will be historic. It was neither savage nor even doubtful, once its first seven hours were over and the Japanese had been wiped clean from the air. I do not dwell upon it merely because I happened to be there, but because it is charged with an immensely heartening lesson for all of us.

Early in the autumn of last year America seized the initiative which the Japs had possessed since Pearl Harbor. By that time our grim defense had turned toward offense, so that we, not they, could choose the time and place for such fighting as was to be done. If we chose to launch an air raid upon Rabaul or Nauru or any other stronghold, we prepared ourselves and launched it. The Japs had to try to be ready all the time, in a hundred places.

With each contact we made during those months the ledger of destruction grew more heavily out of balance, for we demonstrated time and again that we could inflict damage out of all proportion to the losses we suffered. We kept nibbling away, destroying material that was priceless to the Japanese, and men, such as veteran air pilots, who could not possibly be replaced. Finally, toward the end of the year we took Tarawa and Makin, and with that our offensive phase definitely began. We made those islands into splendid operating bases for aircraft and ships and communications. And we stepped up our war of attrition, of nibbling away at the enemy's resources day after day.

During the single month that preceded the Battle of the Marshalls our flyers destroyed more than 500 Japanese airplanes in the air or on the ground, chiefly by incessant raids upon the Rabaul air base.

When the fleet sailed to win the Marshalls it had the great size of which I have spoken—ships of every type and for every purpose—and its plan of action was a combination of deadly thoroughness and brilliant daring. The Japanese undoubtedly thought we would make our attack landings at Wotje and Jaluit and Mili, which lay the closest to our bases at Pearl Harbor and Makin and Tarawa. We did not. We went around to the back door. Kwajalein, of all the islands in the group, is closest to the Jap naval base at Truk.

We brought that great concourse of vessels, together with an almost equal number of troop transports and auxiliaries, through the Marshalls or clear around them—*and our presence in the Japanese seas was never even detected.* How on earth did they fail so monstrously to be aware of us? The only answer is that they were doing the best they could.

We expected the Japs to fight all-out for the Marshalls. But they didn't or couldn't. Which is it? A man who was there supplies the answer

They simply did not have the planes or submarines or surface vessels to keep vigilance over the approaches, to make even the minimum of reconnaissance runs. Literally, the first they heard of the presence of our huge force was the smashing of bombs about their ears. And by that time they could not pull their resources together to resist us.

We will never know exactly how many troops they had on Roi-Namur. The amount of high explosive which fell on those twin islands during the forty-eight-hour preliminary bombardment and during the attack itself was simply appalling. Hundreds of the defenders died without leaving a corpse behind to be counted. They were blown into nothingness.

I flew over Roi-Namur for the first time during the height of that bombardment. It was a magnificent and terrifying sight to watch the great rifles of the battleships flash fire and see their projectiles crash upon the desolated earth in great bursts of yellow smoke. Our plane rocked and shuddered from the concussions, making us strain against the landing belts. It was unearthly to see the fighter planes from our ship and her sisters sweep low over the endless machine-gun emplacements, their own guns spitting tracer bullets.

The occasional bursts of ack-ack were feeble and came nowhere near us. There were, of course, no enemy planes in the air. Our first duty had been to secure the air for ourselves, and in the first seven hours of the first day that was accomplished. The beautiful airport at Roi had been caught flat-footed. Only a handful of planes were in the air. They were shot down quickly. Then the Hellcats and Avengers and Dauntless bombers from our decks went to work on the Zeros and Betties parked sleeping in the field and on the apron and in the revetments. The total number of (*Continued on page 54*)

Air attack has turned Rabaul harbor into a graveyard for Japanese ships. This is scene after recent raid.

Beyond the smoke pall created by our gunfire lies an island stronghold of the enemy being pounded to ruin.

Pre-landing ship and plane bombardment insured minimum losses to our marines when they went ashore at Namur.

BUT for the MARINES

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

A mythical marine, a brace of outsize Great Danes, and an irascible uncle offer plenty of resistance to Turret Gunner Walden in his campaign for the heart of the girl next door

BALL TURRET GUNNER GARRISON WALDEN, late of the Flying Fortress Dog Star, hadn't been out of uniform two hours before he met Isabel Marlowe. The gunner had changed into faded blue slacks, stretched out his right leg on an ottoman in front of him because his wonky knee felt better that way, and was about to tell the Centurion, his paternal uncle, what the weather was like over Sicily and points south, when Burnham, the butler, eased in.

Burnham coughed discreetly and allowed that a young person without wished to see Mr. Rodney. Mr. Rodney was the Centurion, so called in jest by his irreverent nephew. Because, said the nephew, Uncle Rod had a military bearing, plus a classic cast of countenance. Furthermore, he barked at people. Garry assumed that centurions had been wont to bark.

Burnham was wrong about the young person being without. Unbeknown to Burnham, the young person had followed hard on his heels. She opened up with all guns.

"Look here, Mr. Walden!" Her eyes were tiny dark-blue storms. "I've had just about all I'm going to stand of this—this persecution."

The Centurion was, in the main, a gentleman. He arose. To do so he had to shove aside Noah, the larger of the two harlequin Great Danes, who had disposed his ponderous black-and-white self over the Centurion's feet.

"Well, what is it now, Miss Marlowe?" he said.

"That!" The most gorgeous woman Garry Walden had ever seen swept a hand over Noah. "And"—the sweep included Jonah, Noah's running mate, dormant in the vicinity—"that! They've been in my tomato vines again. Chasing a darn fool rabbit."

An impressive pause followed. During it, Garry reached the conclusion that here was the one girl who could wear pants without looking, from the rear, like something dreamed up in the Todd shipyard.

"Er—" he began brightly, thinking that he ought to get into this.

No one was paying him the slightest attention. Miss Marlowe was glowering at Uncle Rod. Uncle Rod was glowering back.

"Did they get the rabbit?" Uncle Rod asked at length, apparently for the sports records.

"Do I care if they got the rabbit? What they did was wreck my tomatoes. And I'm warning you, Mr. Walden. The next time it happens, I'll—"

"You'll do nothing of—" The Centurion checked it, because Emily Post seemed to push in at this point. "By the way, this is my nephew, Garry."

"How do you do?" To Garry, the words sounded a touch like a burst from a Messerschmitt. And Miss M. didn't even look at him. He looked at her, though, noting that she had hair like a distillation of pale honey and moon silver.

"I'm afraid, Miss Marlowe," the Centurion said, "that you don't like dogs."

The blue eyes softened a little. "I do like dogs. But these aren't dogs. They're—they're monsters. So the next time—" Miss Marlowe let it hang, ominously.

"Now, see here, young lady," barked the Centurion. "You do anything to my dogs and I—I'll have the law on you."

Miss Marlowe transferred her lovely slim five-foot-seven figure to the doorway. "I hear you went to the law once, Mr. Walden," her voice was a blade slicing through ambrosia, "and couldn't get to first base."

Then she was gone.

"Centurion," Garry said, a trifle groggily, "you were dam' rude to that charming girl."

"Bah!" said the Centurion. "That isn't a charming girl. That's Izzy Marlowe. She's been getting in my hair for the last year."

Garry looked disparagingly at his uncle's thinning locks. "You haven't any hair to get into. What's the matter with that completely super Miss Marlowe?"

The Centurion uttered a throaty growl. "Matter is, she and her aunt bought the old Drury place a few months after you left, and converted it into a tearoom, dammit." He sounded as if the Marlowes had caused a glue factory to be thrown up on the graves of his ancestors. Garry grinned.

"Think I want a—a honkytonk adjacent to my property?" sputtered the Centurion. "Think I want thousands of cars roaring along the road between Drury's place and mine, sideswiping my hedge? Think I want to look out of my bedroom window onto a dam' restaurant, hey?"

"You can't see the Drury house from your window," Garry pointed out. "That row of evergreens prevents."

"No matter." The Centurion smote the coffee table. "I won't have people opening eating houses around here! And I saw the Town Council, by gad."

"Yes?" said Garry.

"And," the Centurion concluded lamely, "the Town Council said I hadn't a leg to stand on."

"Broad-minded Town Council we got," Garry said approvingly. "They'll let people eat even if you won't."

"Faugh!" snorted the Centurion. "Pack of fools. Now enough of this! Let's hear how you won that medal! I saw your picture in the paper, getting it from some general or other, and you were grinning like an ape."

In ten terse words Garry told him.

Well, what is it now, Miss Marlowe?" the Centurion said.

Izzy was corralling the Centurion's tomatoes. "By what right," Garry inquired, "are you vandalizing this garden?"

"So!" The Centurion's effort to keep a warm glow out of his voice flopped badly. "And they gave you a discharge because you were ass enough to let some German wing your knee? Well, what are you going to do next?"

Garry had a memory of stormy blue eyes and hair like moonlight. "Soar, I think," he said, "on gilded wings."

"Humph," said the Centurion. "Two years in the Air Forces hasn't made you any more coherent."

Garry went out then and invaded the garden, which, next to Noah and Jonah, was the apple of the Centurion's eye. He found a large basket. Into it he put the fruit of the Centurion's soil.

The central motif was luscious sun-ripened tomatoes. But he tossed in some summer squashes, added a head or two of cabbage and sprinkling of white onions and garnished the lot with sprigs of parsley. Then he executed a flanking movement around the house.

Miss Isabel Marlowe was on the back porch of the sometime Drury house, stringing beans. Garry approached noiselessly and cleared his throat.

Izzy looked up, blinked her notable eyes. A light frosting seemed to settle over her.

"Oh," she said. "You?"

"Yeah," confirmed Garry. "Me. I bring rich gifts."

She eyed the basket haughtily yet wolfishly. "Beware of Greeks bearing gifts."

"Who's a Greek?" said Garry. "I'm just answering a complaint about tomatoes."

Izzy stiffened. "I think I get it. Well, Mr. Walden, I don't want to seem discourteous, but you can take that stuff right back where you got it."

"No truck with the Waldens and none of the Waldens' truck, eh?"

"Substantially," said Isabel.

GARRY set the basket down while Izzy strung a bean in silence, but viciously.

"Listen," said Garry. "How's for posting me on the details of this feud?"

She waved her paring knife. "I don't want to talk about it, except to say that your uncle is a—a—well, a curmudgeon."

Garry sat down on the porch steps. "You're darn right he's a curmudgeon. What's more, he's a silly old goat, a boor, a churl. Why—hey, look here! My uncle brought me up since my folks died, when I was in rompers. You can't call him a curmudgeon."

"I already have," Izzy reminded him.

"Well, you've got to smile when you say it," said Garry, and smiled himself.

Izzy Marlowe tried hard not to notice the smile. That, however, was difficult because it was like a light passing swiftly over his lean brown face. She perceived, too, that Garry Walden had very deep gray eyes and sorrel hair inclined to curl at his temples.

"This," she said, "is all very pointless."

"Nothing of the kind." He lit a cigarette. "I'm really here to determine how two such attractive people as you and my uncle can be so childish."

Isabel tapped the tip of an open-toed sandal. "Me, childish? If you want to know who's childish, you should have seen your uncle while the alterations to this place were going on. He did every mortal thing to throw wrenches in the works here. He even went to the town authorities. And, since he couldn't get any place, he resorts to infantile bits of spite. Like letting those horrible dogs trample all over our property. I suppose"—she added bitterly—"he thinks we're cheapening the neighborhood."

Garry looked about him. If the Cen-

(*Continued on page 63*)

Planes are put on paper first. Before a hand is lifted on the assembly line, all features and designs, the smallest change and improvement, must be blueprinted.

While full-size model of plane is being built, a small-scale model is tested in wind tunnel.

They Put Wings On

The enemy—and the rest of the world, too—thought America's aircraft production program impossible. It was, but our makers surmounted all obstacles and surprised everybody, including themselves

"GERMANY NOW STANDS LAST IN AIRPLANE PRODUCTION." This significant headline broke across the nation's newspapers just before Christmas. Behind it is a dramatic story, the story of America's aircraft manufacturers who were asked to produce airplanes in fantastic quantities, who were asked to do the impossible—and did it!

After President Roosevelt's memorable demand in 1942 for 50,000 airplanes annually as a start, American manufacturers of fighting aircraft began whittling away at the enormous lead which Germany held with its long established airplane production. Heartaches and disappointments were many, but Germany's lead was finally equaled, then exceeded by the combined output of the United Nations. Now, feeling the destruction of her plants in the "Battle of Factories," Germany has dropped back to a bad fourth compared with the plane output of the United States, England, or Russia.

The American aircraft industry faced a herculean task. The job of converting from custom-built to mass-production methods was not easy. But in the short space of less than three years the manufacturers have lifted their industry from comparative obscurity to a dominant position in world aviation.

Chief among the problems they faced in 1942 were these: new plants had to be designed and built, machines purchased and installed, tools and fixtures designed and fabricated, personnel hired and trained. And while all this was going on, plane models were revamped in an effort not only to equal but to exceed the performance of enemy ships.

To fly fast, high, and with heavy loads, planes needed engines more powerful than anything yet in production. Some needed one, some two, some four. First came the rough designs, then detailed blueprints, then tooling, then production, then the welcome roar of these intricate precision-made yet massive engines straining at their test mounts in the factories.

Meanwhile, existing aircraft designs were being checked for performance. Improvements and refinements based on combat experience of United Nations pilots were incorporated, detailed blueprints made—miles of them. Again the tooling, the production—and finally, with a powerful engine installed, the complete plane stood on the flight ramp, straining at the wheel chocks like a thoroughbred of the sky impatient for battle.

The first infrequent sound of a plane in flight has now become a steady drone from an endless procession of flashing pursuits and interceptors, speedy attack bombers, enormous heavy bombers, and giant cargo ships, which soon will engulf the Axis might.

Behind the graceful lines of any airplane are production problems found only in this industry. Since many of these problems were understood only by the aircraft industry, mass producers, like the automobile manufacturers, were not familiar with them. But free exchange of information between aircraft, automobile, and many other manufacturers has made possible this all-time miracle. This time it is American industry working together as never before, working to defend and preserve our way of life.

Before a plane can be built it must be designed. This involves endless engineering if the ultimate plane is to meet expectations. Designing a plane is a continuous compromise. Every added ounce of unnecessary structural strength decreases the climbing speed and ultimate height to which the plane can ascend. This excess weight also decreases the range and fighting qualities, since gasoline and ammunition must be left behind. The amount of ammunition carried in most of the present-day pursuit ships allows *continuous* firing of the guns for between sixteen and thirty seconds! Airplane designing, then, is like a delicate balancing process. To add a little here means that something will have to be removed elsewhere or that some desirable quality may be sacrificed.

In no other large product is the element of "weight vs. strength" given such consideration. Every part of a plane must carry its exact calculated load—but *no more*. Safety factors of 200 and 300 per cent, common in other industries, are taboo in aircraft construction, since this excess weight exacts a heavy toll. And it is not hard to design a part which is overstrong if the weight of the finished part isn't considered.

When new model is approved, all-out production starts. Working on wings of a giant cargo plane.

To meet country's wartime need for fighting air fleets, manufacturers use special tools and mass-construction methods, employ thousands of trained workers.

The IMPOSSIBLE

BY JOHN J. LEE

Manager Manufacturing, Airplane Division, Curtiss-Wright Corporation

"Acceleration," as encountered in an airplane, is a consideration of much greater magnitude than is experienced in any other man-made assembly. A dive bomber, screaming earthward almost vertically, releases the bomb and does a "9G [9 x gravity] pull-out" to level off. This change of direction in flight is called "acceleration." In the "pull-out," each and every part of the plane is subjected to terrific strains, which in this case cause every part to weigh *nine times* its normal weight. A 130-pound radio exerts a load of 1,170 pounds on its support. A 75-pound battery will have to be mounted on a support which would normally hold 675 pounds!

The ability of our planes to withstand forces in excess of "9 Gs" is a tribute to our designing. It has also saved the lives of many of our pilots engaged in combat with enemy ships which could not stand this strain and so have collapsed during the "pull-out."

Armor, to provide protection for the pilot, is essential. Guns and ammunition in sufficient size and quantity to carry out a mission are a "must." Because of their weight, these three are subject to a great deal of juggling. Too much armor, and in the wrong places, loads the plane down. It must therefore be held to the most effective minimum. Too many guns, and the plane cannot carry sufficient ammunition to feed them. Too few guns, and the pilot can't blast the enemy as he flashes across his sights.

What other piece of mechanical apparatus is required to function properly in the broiling sun at 160 degrees F. on the African desert, and in less than ten minutes to climb where temperatures are around 50 degrees below zero—and operate efficiently? The motor and cabin of the plane must not overheat when the plane dives back to earth or is used in low-altitude attack or strafing.

Rarefied high-altitude air, exposure to weather, moisture from some clouds which cause water to run off every part of the plane; salt spray from the ocean; desert sand storms, which can ruin an engine in minutes; vibration, which is always present and will cause cracks to develop from sharp edges and ragged holes—all these are just a few of the tough problems which have been met and licked.

WING design is tricky. Since the air flow over and around the wing produces the "lift" which takes the plane off the ground and keeps it off, the actual wing must conform very closely to the theoretical design. Any deviation or projection will obstruct the air and so decrease the "lift." The landing wheels and gears, steps, tail wheels, and flaps must retract or fold into some part of the plane, or be "faired" or blended into the general contour in such a way that the air flow will not be greatly disturbed. Even rivet heads, used to hold the aluminum "skin" of the wing to the internal structure, must not project more than 1/1,000th of an inch above or be sunk more than 2/1,000ths of an inch below the surface of the front or "leading edge" of the wing, since they will cause added resistance or "drag" and so reduce the speed of the plane.

All military airplanes are built to rigid specifications laid down by our armed services. Because of different operating conditions, a plane built for the Army will have vastly different requirements from a similar ship built for the Navy. This difference is largely due to the corrosive action of the salt spray encountered on Navy ships which need not be considered on the Army version.

These structural differences, of course, cause complications, and to assure the use of the correct parts in both the Army and Navy versions of the same ship, the best solution is to build the Army plane in one plant and the Navy plane in an entirely different plant. Obviously, this causes much duplication of tools and stock, with a consequent loss of efficiency, but it certainly eliminates the chance of using wrong materials.

Without a doubt, the activity which not only requires but also ties up the best engineering brains in any aircraft organization is the design of new planes, or the "experimental," as it is called. All information concerning the activities in this field is strictly hush-hush, and rightly so, for upon this division rests the responsibility of producing new designs which will keep our opponents on the jump.

A few years ago the Army or Navy would describe the type of ship it wanted and request bids on its construction. The experimental engineering division then went to work and prepared the design details and submitted drawings of front, side, and top views of the plane, called a "three-view proposal drawing," together with its bid.

The Army or Navy then studied the various proposals and awarded a contract for an experimental or "X" plans to one or several companies presenting the best proposals.

Small-scale models of the plane for wind-tunnel tests and full-size dummy planes—or "mock-ups"—were then constructed. From the wind-tunnel test of

(*Continued on page 66*)

I'LL GO MY

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN young Captain Gerold Hayes returned from two years' fighting on the European front, home for good because of wounds, he found that his wife Casey—Kathleen Corliss—had made an important place for herself with the Bower Literary Agency in New York City. He liked few of her smart friends, especially one Bennett Rider, a playwright, and Mag Landon, who had shared Casey's apartment. Casey, on her part, disliked Elaine Duryea, a colonel's daughter whom she and Jerry had known when he was at Fort Dix, and who was violently in love with him.

In spite of all this, Casey and Jerry were very much in love, but circumstances and Jerry's complete indifference to the current scene conspired to estrange them.

Though Jerry's one desire was to return to his home state, Texas, an accident to Harry Bower, Casey's employer, necessitated her remaining on the job. The accident revealed that Kitty Price, an important client of the Bower Agency, was in love with Harry. Kitty was now in Hollywood—much against her will, but needing the money her writing would bring her. When she attempted suicide, Harry asked Casey to go to her. Casey suggested to Jerry that while she was in Hollywood he go to Texas and she would join him there, on her way back.

As they said good-by at the airport, she wished with all her heart that she was not leaving him alone, and resolved that on her return to New York she would resign her job.

PART FOUR

THE minute Jerry entered the apartment, he knew there was some one in it already. That primitive sixth sense that war had developed to razor sharpness kept him still and tensed in the tiny foyer, the door still open behind him. And then Elaine's lazy amiable voice drifted out to him and made him feel foolish.

"Don't shoot. It's just I, the other woman in your life. *Whee!*" she added in glad surprise. "Did you hear what I said? I said, 'It's I'! I'm certainly grammatically correct, even if I'm not very proper. Even that literary wife of yours couldn't find any fault with me tonight."

"Oh, couldn't she!" Jerry countered pleasantly. "What's the matter with you, anyway? Haven't you any home?"

"Of a sort." He was in the living room now. Elaine was framed quite beautifully against one of the pale blue satin sofas, her blue eyes incredibly, intensely blue against the honey tones of her skin. The way they tilted at the corners gave her a look of constant provocative challenge. Her mouth was full and soft, her hair very bright.

Elaine's eyes were on him thoughtfully, speculatively.

"So the beautiful bird has flown," she said, "off to Hollywood."

Jerry's dark brows were pulled together. He looked annoyed that she should know. "What have you been doing, reading our mail?"

"The guy's wife." Elaine. Damn her. Why wouldn't she let Jerry alone?

WAY

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN EWING

"Oh, I hear things. I get around. After all, Kitty Price is reasonably famous, and when she swallows poison and gets rushed to the hospital, it isn't exactly a secret. Everybody knows about her and Harry Bower. It's been common Stork Club gossip for months and months. And I mean *common*," Elaine added mildly.

"What are you talking about?" Jerry demanded.

"Hasn't Casey told you? Why do you think she was rushed out there? Harry's afraid Kitty will leave maudlin notes around and things like that and scare away some of his more respectable clients. To say nothing of his wife, of whom he happens to be inordinately fond."

JERRY stood there, not listening any more, his head thrust forward in an attitude of belligerence and of disgust. Why did Casey have to involve herself in a mess like that? What the devil sort of people did she run with, anyway? That Ina Nesbit who'd been here the night he had come home. A teaser if ever he'd seen one. And her husband letting her get away with it. Mag, with her damned free love. And now this mess!

"And Bennett Rider set sail for Hollywood today."

Jerry looked at her. "You're just full of knowledge tonight, aren't you, beautiful?"

"You might as well hear it from me as from nasty little boys in the street. A friend of mine had a bit in Ben's new play. He shouted at every one during rehearsals, told the angel it might as well fold before opening night as after, and walked out on all of them to accept a Hollywood offer he'd gotten a while back. So now I've told you everything." Elaine's hands made a small graceful gesture. "So now let's talk about us."

"As I remarked before—haven't you any home?"

"I'm not going to attack you." She grinned up at him and he answered it, looking slightly foolish and feeling that way. "There, that's better," she announced comfortably.

"I suppose you'd like a drink?"

"Haven't I always?"

"You'll regret it when you're thirty."

"Thirty," she repeated after him, considering it. "I've lived so many years already, I can't imagine living eight more of them. The chances are that I won't. An old woman told my fortune the other night and she predicted I'd die by violence. Mousie was very worried, poor lamb. He's always wanting to take care of me. Why is it that women can't ever seem to love all the nice, kindly, decent men in the world? Sometimes they marry them, but they hardly ever love them. They seem to love the men who do things to them instead of the men who do things for them."

"You're quite the philosopher."

"I feel philosophical tonight." One varnished fingertip lightly traced the pattern in the upholstery. "That's why I came here, as a matter of fact."

Her eyes were on his face again. She knew it well. She knew its features and its moods and its expressions. She knew the touch of his hand and the sound of his footstep down a carpeted hall. She knew the timbre of his voice and the hard cold taste of his mouth that had never been serious with hers. She wondered if he'd be interested or amused or even amazed to know that beneath all the old scandal and the gossip that her bold talk evoked, there hadn't been any one that mattered.

There had been so many nurses and governesses appointed to raise her that in the general confusion Elaine had rather gotten lost and been allowed to grow up by herself, each guardian thinking the other one was doing something about her.

Shocked into action by a telephone call that brings an unexpected response, Casey returns from Hollywood to find Jerry gone—destination unknown. But has he gone alone?

"Darling," she said, and she said it in a new voice, an altered voice, "I love you. Does that fact happen to interest you at all?"

"Darling," he said, "I'm in love with my wife—still. Does that make any impression on your nimble little mind?"

"It should, but it doesn't. I'm unscrupulous."

"Well, I'm not. What'll it be, whisky or brandy?"

"Brandy. A double brandy, if you don't mind." She smiled at him. "And then come sit beside me and just let's talk. It's easy to find people to dance with or make love to, but it's next to impossible to find any one to talk to."

The fireplace worked and the brandy was mellow, and at half past one in the morning the apartment was quiet except for the small ghosts that persisted in haunting it. They seemed to wander about from chair to chair, from corner to corner, causing Jerry to stir restlessly, sitting on the floor beside Elaine, watching the bright flames licking the logs. Casey was there, always, in her trim dark suits with her trim voice and her trim manner. And Ben Rider, smooth and insouciant and successful, in love with Jerry Hayes' wife, and making no secret of it. All the clever people with all their clever phrases came to mock him, to say, "Well, come, come, captain, that's all over with now." The white-haired lawyer came to sit briefly across from him and to pontificate about "doing everything for our boys who are coming home," and to offer him fifty dollars a week until he could make up for the two years that the war had taken out of his life. Kitty Price's clever shrewd little face stared at him in insolent appraisal above her mink coat, and Harry Bower's genial voice said indulgently, "Well, well, our soldier come back from war!" as though he'd been a little boy out sailing boats in the park.

Elaine said gently—he had never suspected her of gentleness!—"Don't brood, darling. It does no good. Why don't you get out of here for a while? Why don't you go away?"

His dark eyes turned to examine her face while his mind examined her suggestion. When he'd first come back, he'd had a plan for his life, but now the plan was gone, along with a lot of other things. Now, free to go there, he didn't want to go to Texas, after all. He'd wanted to go there with Casey, with his wife. Together, they were going to go to their first home. He'd wake up in the morning to find her cooking breakfast for him, to find a long, lazy day stretching ahead of them. Days in which they'd find each other. Days in which he'd find himself.

It was funny, but away, all you thought about was getting back, getting home. You thought you'd just come home and settle down to the life you'd left off with. But you couldn't do that, because two years of fighting were—two years of fighting. For one thing, you didn't want to go to work. Yes, face it, Hayes, you know it's the truth. You don't want to go to work. War made you lazy or maladjusted or something. The idea of getting up at half past seven and having breakfast with Casey and getting on the subway to ride to Mr. Hibbs' office left him cold.

Maybe I'm a bum, he thought, astonishing himself with the idea. Maybe I'll never be good for anything any more.

He had enjoyed that day at the races with Elaine. He enjoyed sleeping late and leisurely cocktail hours and the wonderful knowledge that there wasn't anything special to do. Then Casey came home, all brisk and efficient and orderly and right, and he resented it because it *did* show him up. Another thing his wandering mind groped toward was the fact that underneath the sudden silences that came between him and Casey, beneath the examining glances she sometimes threw him, was the realization that she knew, or guessed, that he didn't want to fit into the life other people were living, and the fact frightened her.

THAT'S why she hung onto her job. That's why she was probably glad when old Sourpuss Bower fell and broke his leg.

His return had upset and frightened her and she didn't feel she knew him well enough yet to know quite what to do about it. His thoughts circled around all that and came back to Elaine's suggestion:

"Why don't you go away for a while?"

Why not, indeed? If he stayed here, he'd soon be living on Casey's money. His own was almost all gone. Besides, he'd begun to feel that he had, in a way, rather fooled Casey. She'd carried on pretty gallantly until he came back, and instead of getting back a nice orderly competent young husband who would work and save with her until they could afford a nice home in a fashionable suburb, she'd gotten back some one who felt he'd come back too soon—or too late.

So these are the people, he kept thinking, listening to them, watching them—these are the people we went out and got shot up for. These people who brag about how much gas they can get, or worry about the employment problem when the boys come home, and half wish the damned war would go on forever. His disgust and his disillusionment were like some corroding acid, eating away his ambitions and his desire to conform, and leaving him only with the deep compelling instinct to get away. To run away some place where he wouldn't have to prove anything to any one; where Casey's expression wouldn't seem to be saying each evening, "Haven't you found a job yet?"

Elaine said, "I know you hate it here. I don't blame you. It isn't Casey's fault either. But you didn't go through all that over there just to come back and get into harness right away. That's why people shouldn't get married with a war on. They want different things for themselves when the war is over, and it isn't anybody's fault."

The brandy in his glass was deeply golden with the firelight on it like that. What did he want? he asked himself, considering it. Belief in something. The idea that something—anything—was worth the effort it might take to achieve it.

AND Casey? What of her? His hands and his heart knew every curve of her body, knew the warmth of her skin and the softness of her hair beneath his hand when she slept in his arms. But her mind and her thoughts eluded him. Casey was headed for success and money and independence and fun. And Jerry was too tired to follow. All at once he knew that. He was much too tired. One night, weeks ago, she had said to him in deep concern, "Am I walking too fast for you, darling?"

"No," he had said, hurrying. But now he could have said gently, "Yes, Casey. I'm afraid you are. Much too fast."

He smiled suddenly, unexpectedly. He reached out a hand and caught Elaine's. "Say," he said. "I'm not being very good company tonight, am I?"

"I don't want you to be good company," she said. "I have enough good company. I want you to be nice. I want you to be kind to me."

Her head dropped against his shoulder in a small surrendering gesture which he found infinitely dear and was touched by it. She'd been let loose to run with the wrong people, but she had a lot on the ball, he thought. A devil of a lot. Almost without conscious thought, his hand caressed her cheek and touched the soft bright hair, smoothing it. They sat on before the fire, close as they had never been, because now she wasn't trying to do anything about it. She said, "I wish I loved Mousie. He's a wonderful person. Do you suppose I'll ever love him, Jerry?"

He felt ridiculously and unaccountably irritable at the thought of Elaine loving any one so dull as Lieutenant Rodney Mouser. He said, "Uh-uh." His dark head was bent and he kissed her mouth, lingering there. The kiss had begun as something light and unimportant. Instead, it became something that left them shaken, staring at each other, Elaine's eyes wide and somehow frightened.

"Don't let me do that again," Jerry said unsteadily.

"Don't leave me. Don't ever go away and leave me and not see me any more." Her cheek rubbed against his shoulder. "I'll be an awfully good girl, darling, and never bother you or anything, only don't leave me."

And waking, alone, hours later to hear the shrill insistent ringing of the phone, she thought confusedly, sick with the thought, I must have had a premonition. I must have known, all the time he was with me . . .

CASEY said, "I just can't imagine why Jerry doesn't answer the phone. He's the lightest sleeper—"

She sat beside Kitty in the baroque bedroom of the baroque house Kitty had rented. Kitty still looked sick and white and old. Sitting there propped up against pillows and a bed rest, her tired mind trying to concentrate on a script that had to be finished, Kitty Price looked much older than her forty-five years. Work aged a woman, Casey thought, discovering it. Whether it was scrubbing floors or writing scenarios, the necessity for earning a living gave women a driven look. Casey felt sorry for Kitty because now she was just a middle-aged woman who had tried to commit suicide because some man didn't find her attractive.

The wires crackled in the receiver held lightly against her ear. Her practiced eyes and her practiced mind were following Kitty's pencil, evaluating the

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

An atheist is a man who has no invisible means of support.

—John Buchan.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

words that were being put down rapidly in the old firmly established habit of turning work out in a hurry.

"Honestly," Kitty remarked without looking up, "you're worse than a mother with a full set of children, the way you worry over that husband of yours."

"He's worth worrying over! And he was so—I don't know—queer about my coming out here. So quiet. I was surprised. I really thought he'd put his foot down and just forbid me to come."

Kitty's overplucked eyebrows went high in surprise. "Why in the world would he do that? You have a job and he hasn't."

"He—" Casey began, and never had to finish it. The operator was saying, "Go ahead, p..ase." And when Casey first heard the voice, she thought, Oh, my Lord, it's the cleaning woman! But it wasn't the cleaning woman. The voice was soft and lazy and horribly, shockingly familiar. Casey remembered, afterward, that she held the phone away from her and stared down at it in bewilderment, not believing.

"Captain Hayes?" the voice was repeating after Casey's hesitant one. "You mean Captain Gerold Payne Hayes, the handsome captain of infantry? I'm sorry, you must have the wrong number. There's no one by that name here."

The click in her ears was plain enough and real enough. Kitty's thoughtful expression was as it should be, too. If this had been a scene in that script Kitty was doing, everything would be proceeding according to form. The clear bell-like notes of Elaine Duryea's golden voice speaking from the bedroom of Casey's apartment—because that was where the phone was located, right beside the bed near the window—at noon, New York time. *Had she spent the night there? Was that why Jerry had been so amiable, so good-natured and agreeable about this trip?*

Oh, no, she thought, numb and dazed with shock. Oh, no. He couldn't. He *wouldn't!*

Her fingers uncurled stiffly, reluctantly, and left the phone on its white stand. She felt all funny inside. She'd never really been jealous. He'd had his chance with Elaine and turned it down, so why would he want her now? And yet the minute her back was turned . . . But that wasn't like Jerry. She trusted him. Of course she trusted him. It was her fault for leaving him. Everything was her fault. She'd managed the whole thing so badly! And she'd meant to do it so beautifully!

"If you'll excuse the trite expression," Kitty observed mildly, "I'd like to say that you look as though you'd heard a ghost."

"No. It was just that Jerry wasn't there. He's probably left for Texas. He was going to go home, and I was going to meet him there, and I guess he's gone."

"You wouldn't kid an old friend, would you, darling? That wasn't any maid's voice I heard just now."

"It was Mag." Her voice didn't even convince herself, much less Kitty. "She'd come back for some things she'd forgotten when she moved."

Kitty looked at her and felt suddenly sorry for her. She felt sorry for her because Casey was honestly in love with that boy she'd married and every one who knew them understood that Jerry Hayes just didn't have something it took to be married to a clever successful woman. People said that Jerry was drinking too much and avoiding even the mention of work. Well, Kitty was over Harry now—she'd been scared to death when she realized she might die—and she could be cool and objective about Casey because her own love life was once more under control and she was a writer again.

She wanted to say:

"Look. The chances are pretty good that your husband has taken his hurt pride and his wounded vanity off to some lovely, and felt nice and triumphant over the fact of having an *affaire*. And you might as well learn now that women with money will always have two problems: the men who'll take their money and the men who won't. I should say offhand that Jerry's one of the ones who won't, and it looks as though he hasn't the guts or the ambition to match it with some success of his own, so you'll just battle along until one of you calls it quits."

But instead, and because she was forty-five instead of twenty-five, she only said, "Look. I'm all right. Why don't you take the next plane back to New York? I think that's the thing for you to do."

"Thanks, Kitty," Casey said. "I think I'll do that. I'm not really worried," Casey assured her in a very bright voice. "It's just that I know he needs me and I ought to be there. When I walk in he'll tell me I was crazy, to come rushing back."

But he didn't, because when she walked in, he wasn't there. He wasn't anywhere.

SHE sat on alone in the darkened apartment. Twilight, thick and blue, pressed against the windows. She was tired. She remembered that she had always been tired lately.

"Jerry," she used to say, dropping a manuscript beside her chair and letting her head tip wearily back, "I'm so tired. I'm dead."

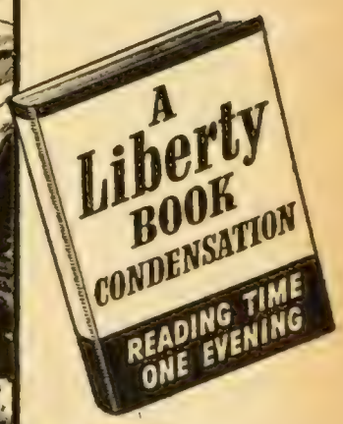
(Continued on page 58)

A lighthearted G. I. view of what our boys are doing to Australia and vice versa.

A Book of the Month Club selection and a national best seller that kids the pants off the Army, the Australians, and the author himself with high good humor and fun for everybody.

% Postmaster

By Corporal Thomas R. St. George



ILLUSTRATED BY WIN HOSKINS

ONE bright morning, early in the spring of 1942, fifty-seven average young men were routed out of a West Coast barracks at the brutal hour of 5 A. M., pushed into the semblance of a straight line, and informed by a captain (who played to the hilt this reasonable facsimile of a "zero hour") that they were on shipment. At least six of the fifty-seven received this news with practically no feeling whatsoever, having spent the night wallowing in what passed for vice in Paso Robles, California. Particularly one of them, a married man himself, had talked with a waitress for all of ten minutes, or until she'd repeated several times that she was married herself to a sergeant in Fort Lewis. The others had sat around and gloried in such wallowing, smoked too much, drunk too many alleged whisky-cokes, and come home by special request of the Provost Marshal.

Now, at 5 A. M., they were in no way as bright as the morning. But such is the power of the G. I. mind that before breakfast was over all were firmly convinced they would arrive at Fort Leonard Wood in time for a week-end pass, and two had laid exhaustive plans as to what they would do first chance they got home to Des Moines. All of which resulted from a chance remark, dropped by a lieutenant colonel and overheard by a K. P., to the effect that men on shipment would be leaving the Ninth Corps Area.

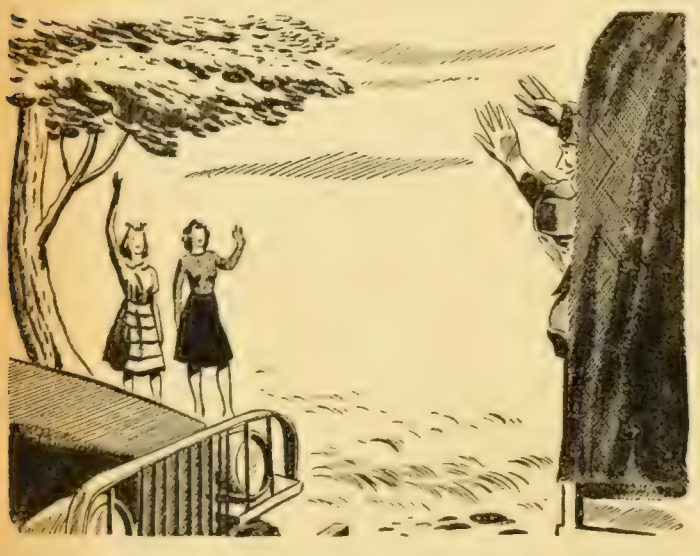
Well, great! We were leaving the Ninth Corps Area! Back to the Middle West. It was with reasonably light hearts that we packed our barracks bags. (Reasonably light hearts and shoes and socks and three kinds of underwear and a carton of cigarettes and a cherished garrison cap and a sheaf of old letters.) Whistled outside for the last time at eight thirty, we were lined up in a double row and minutely inspected for scuffed shoes and unbuttoned buttons. No commander in his right mind would think of turning a soldier over to another commander without said soldier's looking ten degrees snappier than an enlistment poster. Soldiers with flat feet, yes; soldiers with a rifle score of 35, yes; confirmed gold bricks and cigarette

Copyright, 1943, by Thomas R. St. George. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. Price, $2.

moochers, take 'em and you're welcome, sir; but sloppy soldiers, never!

Now, as we straggled across our parade ground for the last time, even our sergeant was suddenly a friend. At least his ugly face was familiar and only the night before he had confided to three of us (over a beer that we had purchased, which may have something to do with it) that we were, "Awright guys, only you louse around too much." And he'd given us a bit of advice: "Just keep your nose clean an' don't get caught lousin' around an' you will be O. K." We'd learned a lot of things from Sergeant Beerbodt besides the Manual of Arms. So now, as we waited at the edge of the parade ground for nobody knew just what, we offered him a cigarette. And he—it was the first time in our experience—countered with one of his own.

More soldiers arrived as we waited, straggling across the parade ground from all directions, and all, we discovered, quite sure that they were going to Alaska or Los Angeles or Texas or the Portland Air Base. We held our-



selves somewhat aloof; obviously we were going to Fort Leonard Wood for a reason. To form the nucleus of a new division, it was decided, and presently there was a spirited discussion as to how much money a tech sergeant made.

We would all be tech sergeants immediately, of course, with a new division.

Eventually there were olive-drab overcoats and blue barracks bags scattered along five hundred yards of parade ground. Half a dozen officers remained apart, bearing the weight of the war on their shoulders, while we enlisted men sat around and talked of girls and home and various towns in the vicinity of various camps. Next to me two lawyers discussed at length the divorce laws of the State of Washington. Most of us, I think, in spite of what we had offered at times during the past weeks if only we could "Get outa this HOLE," were really sorry to be going. Leaving a home is always sad, and a soldier has so many homes.

And the Army has an antidote. After two hours spent sitting on a barracks bag (which invariably has a pair of shoes, heels up, directly beneath the back of a guy's lap when he sits down) or the granulated surface of a parade ground, anything, even an Army truck, looks like a change for the better. At long last such trucks arrived, and after a considerable amount of lining up and counting off, we were ordered into them. Those of us who fancied we were going east had somehow imagined we would travel in the comparative comfort of a troop train, but having had nothing to do with planning our itinerary (and because it was an order) we took the trucks.

In fact, we made a concerted rush for them, proving once and for all that we were veterans by everybody's trying to get in first and sit at the back where he could at least see where he'd been if not where he was going. After a certain amount of waiting, we roared through the Main Gate without slackening speed. We derived a strange pleasure from this. It was the only time any of us had ever come through this gate without showing a pass to the M. P.

An Army truck as a means of transportation may be excellent for shipping cabbage or livestock, but as a rubberneck bus it is a fizzle. All I saw as we roared north was the back of the guy's neck that sat on my lap, a peculiarly uninspiring view.

Three times we stopped so that a lieutenant might stick his head over the endgate and count us. This counting is an important part of all troop movements, there being a belief that in any given number of soldiers being moved from one place to another ten per cent will, without even trying, become "lost." The fact that our truck was accused at various times of containing twenty-three, nineteen, and eighteen men has nothing to do with it. Nor can the fact that on arrival two trucks were discovered missing be considered as proof of anything. Quite possibly somebody forgot to count the trucks. All of which is the kind of thing soldiers mean when they say "the old Army game."

Anyway, we arrived. Exactly where was questionable, but we detrucked in one of those slow penetrating drizzles California reserves for soldiers who insist they would rather be back home in Sioux City. We attempted to reclaim our barracks bags as they were hurled out of the trucks by soldiers doing their best to resemble old and calloused baggage handlers. Then we waited. Various noncoms wandered about wondering audibly as to who we were and where did we belong. One of us who fancied himself a man of the world asked a corporal, "How long yu been in, pal?"

"Twenty-two months," the corporal told him.

We subsided. These men were veterans.

EVENTUALLY an officer arrived and herded us into a barracks. He was visibly worried to find that we had arrived with nothing in the way of equipment outside of gas masks, and went off muttering that we were supposed to arrive with everything *except* gas masks. He was replaced by a first sergeant who informed us we were temporarily assigned to "Hache" Co. ("It says 'G' on the buildings, but it's Hache!") and mustn't go away because somebody might want us. He seemed extremely doubtful as to whether or not anybody would.

Considerable doubt as to the exact whereabouts of our destination crept in while we were still temporarily assigned to "Hache" Co. By dint of persistent questioning we discovered that "Sure this outfit has trucks, but they's all at the Point of Embarkation!" We learned too that the remainder of the company of "old men" were entirely National Guardsmen or low-numbered selectees with eighteen months of service, including the Louisiana Maneuvers, behind them. We "new men," who still figured our service in weeks, felt out of our depth. Then, late the second afternoon, we were herded into the supply room and issued new "coal scuttle" helmets. These were still scarcely enough in the spring of '42 to make us wonder just why *we* should be so honored. Unless, of course, we were . . . But no! They couldn't send *us!* We weren't *ready!*

Ready or not, we spent the following A. M. listening to a lecture on Shipboard Discipline and some off-the-record accounts of the Louisiana Maneuvers as seen by an enlisted man who began them as a sergeant and finished them digging latrines. In the afternoon we "new men" were given a physical examination and an interview. The former consisted of perfunctory tappings and the question: "Is there anything wrong with you?" The accepted answer being, "No, sir." The interview, too, like a Post Exchange haircut, was short and quick. "What did you do in civilian life?" they asked us; "Next man!" Did the interviewing officer suspect a gleam of intelligence or discover a potential company barber, he took the man's name.

Immediately following our physical and interview we were permanently assigned in alphabetical order. Eleven of us, from Reem, Robert, to Terrell, Opaz, plus a strange youth who arrived via typographical error and was questioned at length concerning how the hell you pronounced "R-f-f-e-l-d-t," found ourselves intact and assigned to a

headquarters company, where we listened to a short succinct speech by the C. O., the gist of which was: "You men are going on a trip by boat, and what you don't need, get rid of!" Ready or not, we were going.

Generally speaking there was a mad rush to write, wire, and phone home, collect. And there were sundry blanks to fill in and forms to fill out, including a post card signed by us and addressed to our "next of kin" but mailed (we sincerely hoped) sometime in the future by an official source, that conveyed the most banal but welcome message I ever hope to send anybody: "Arrived safely at destination." Incidentally, the words "next of kin" appeared on all these blanks with what seemed to me a thoroughly discouraging and unnecessary prominence.

Then there was a considerable amount of packing and repacking to be done. That which we thought we would need or could use while aboard ship we put in a barracks bag marked "*A* bag," said bag to be our constant companion for the duration of the voyage. That which we decided we could neither need nor use until after "arriving safely at destination" we put in a "*B* bag," this one to travel on its own with no guaranty that we would ever see it again. On finishing my first packing I found this *B* bag contained one tool, entrenching. Two strong men could scarcely lift my *A* bag. Eventually, after a brutal slashing of nonessential goods, I got it down to a mere eighty pounds.

Finally there was one last pass. Four of us took it together, spending a rather delightful Sunday afternoon—our "last in the good old U. S. A."—in Monterey, a town that we had never seen before, will probably never see again, and did not see very much of that afternoon. Having a total of something like two dollars (borrowed) myself, I thought the prevailing spirit of "one for all and all for one" suited me admirably. And the fact that we were possessed of vital strategic knowledge—not to be bandied lightly about with the casual young lady acquaintances who became attached to us for rations and quarters in one of the bars, but only hinted at—more broadly as the day wore on—added to our enjoyment. Frankly the young ladies were impressed not at all with our guarded remarks concerning this imminent departure to fight, as one of us put it, "for *their* homes and *their* unborn children." Probably they'd heard substantially the same story from innumerable Presidio inductees on their way to Camp Haan.

Somewhat later, when not one of us could dance and two of us showed signs of becoming violently ill, the young ladies left. We took a taxi back to camp. At least we'd gone out in the approved fashion.

So long, town.

THE following day had all the aspects of a knock-down bargain sale. At noon we were "alerted." This corresponds to the yellow light on a traffic signal and meant that theoretically we were ready to move on an hour's notice. Along about three, some quartermaster trucks arrived full of equipment and laundry. The laundry had been washed but was still wet and no attempt had been made to separate it. The equipment, too, had evidently been loaded at something less than a moment's notice, being a hopeless jumble of tents, shoes, chinos, mess kits, packs, and overshoes. Everything was scattered around the supply room and the company invited to file through and "Take whatcha want, but remember, you gotta carry it." The new men were forbidden to try on any laundry because they hadn't sent any. That was the sole concession to ethics.

This little game was still going full blast when more trucks arrived and hauled away our *B* bags. Then word came down that *we* would move out at six sharp. I was in the supply room at the time, searching for the other half of a pair of 10-EE shoes, which isn't my size but was still a hell of a lot better than bare feet. On hearing the news about our departure, I felt nothing in particular except a deeper urge to find that other shoe. I think it affected our first sergeant the same way. He was with me in the supply room at the time, feverishly trying on freshly laundered field jackets. Being a large man, he was having some difficulty in finding one that fit until—just as somebody stuck his head in the door and yelled, "We fall out at six o'clock!"—he came up with a size 48. Ignoring the interruption, he slipped it on and squealed (as much like a little child as a first sergeant can squeal), "Now I got *two* field jackets!" Presently I found another shoe and dashed off to cram it into my *A* bag.

Back in the barracks something of significance had appeared on the bulletin board. "Tomorrow's K. P.'s" had been gleefully crossed out, and added at the bottom of the roster, in scrawling print, was the information: "NEW ADDRESS—c/o POSTMASTER, SAN FRANCISCO."

That did it. "c/o Postmaster." I was going overseas, away from home, to God knew where or what or for how long, maybe the rest of my life. And there was too much to do to give a particular damn about the significance of it all. Probably it was just as well.

NOW, when my Uncle Harry went overseas with the first A. E. F. he marched down Atlantic Avenue at high noon and it was quite an occasion. Whistles blew. Everybody and his brother turned out to cheer or wave a flag. The regimental band played, Good-by Broadway, Hello France. As Uncle Harry told it, there were even some girls around to kiss the boys good-by. (Uncle Harry did not exactly go overseas, but was sent to Norfolk, Virginia, where he remained until January, 1919. But he was heart, soul, and stomach for the American Legion and seldom mentioned Norfolk.) Anyway, as Uncle Harry put it, when he left Boston he was "psychologically ready" to go overseas.

Psychologically I wasn't worth a damn when we detrained at Frisco. Of all the things I would rather not do, stumbling though a blacked-out freight yard at 1 A. M. with my arms full of barracks bag and a rifle belting me across the back of the neck at every third step is the one thing I would rather not do the most. Nor were there any girls around. Practically speaking, we could have taken the ferry to Oakland and nobody the wiser. At the entrance to the pier were slouched a couple of shifty-eyed characters who looked as if they had been plucked bodily out of a "Don't Talk! The Enemy Listens!" poster. Inside were some longshoremen who didn't deign to interrupt a blackjack game for our departure, and assorted M. P.s who stood around muttering, "Put them cigarettes out."

The actual loading went off smoothly enough. In alphabetical order (naturally) we shuffled toward the gangplank. As each man reached the shore end, a steamship official, assisted by a colonel, referred to a long list of names and read the man's surname. Did the man answer with his correct first name and middle initial, they thumbed him up the gangplank. Beyond a momentary but maddening desire to tell them mine was "Hosaki, Nitzu" and go blithely on my way up Market Street, I got aboard without any undue excitement. And that is how we went off to war in 1942. Strictly a business proposition.

Once aboard, we were rapidly assigned to cabins. Knowing little or nothing about boats except that usually, when sunk, the top went down last, I was relatively happy to find myself, along with 165 others, on "A" deck. But a steward completely ruined what remained of my first night's sleep by remarking that "A" deck, though cooler, would probably be cut to bits with disgusting regularity by strafing fire in the form of .50-caliber machine-gun slugs.

He went on to describe in detail the lack of protective armor over our heads, then suggested that I, being thin, should take a top bunk. There I slept on my side and dreamed that I was neatly centered in a gun sight.

On waking the next morning I was somewhat reassured to find that, so far at least, there were no bullet holes in the roof. And on going outside, fully prepared to see what is generally described as "an endless expanse of heaving green water," I found that we were at most two feet from land in the form of the same pier. I had, it seemed, another day to live.

Which I spent until almost noon standing in an endless mess line that wound down, down, down into the bowels of the ship, arriving finally in what had been the Dining Salon but was now the Troops Mess.

As I was coming up from this chow I met a young man

who looked as if he had suddenly and without premeditation swallowed a live frog. "We're *moving!*" he gasped. "Yu gotta put cha lifebelt on!" On deck were innumerable other young men, all of whom looked as if they too had swallowed frogs. It was true. We were moving.

Out into the bay, past Alcatraz, the plight of whose occupants we favorably and profanely compared with our own. I heard six men offering to trade shoes and serial numbers sight unseen with any of the occupants.

Through the Golden Gate, after a brief but hopeless discussion about maybe our smokestack wouldn't clear the bridge. It did.

The trip across was uneventful. The excitement of being afloat and the possible objective of one of Tojo's pigboats lasted about a week. From there on in it was just monotonous. And the lovers of the sea can say what they want to about its "ever changing aspects"; it always looked the same to me. Blue in the daytime, black at night; never a gas station nor a drive-in stand nor a sign that said "Cabins $1.00." Personally, I'll do my traveling on Highway 101.

But this was no Cook's Tour. The romantic possibilities of a troopship are practically worthless. True, it was rumored there were some real live "Nurses!" aboard one of the ships in our convoy, and several soldiers strained their eyes to a degree and burned hell out of the bridges of their noses in an effort to discover which ship it was. On the slim chance, I guess, that we would be sunk and set adrift on a life raft, as portrayed by magazine cartoons. Well, we never were. And beyond exclaiming two or three times a day, "*See!* There in the white! That's a nurse! Boy, how'd you like to be on *that* ship!" these Lotharios had little better time than the rest of us.

CHIEFLY, during the day, we had nothing to do but amuse ourselves. Now and then there were some half-hearted attempts at calisthenics, but nobody, including the officers, took much interest. We read a good deal and talked endlessly about what combat would be like, what home had been like, what was wrong with the Army (a subject too big for adequate discussion during the Duration and six months, we decided), and what we had heard or overheard during the past twenty-four hours. Somebody had invariably gleaned that "we are now passing through the most dangerous waters of the Pacific." There was also considerable discussion as to just where we would be if and when we "arrived safely." Mostly we favored Australia, but nobody with authority had ever said that definitely, so at various times we were just as sure it would be New Zealand, Hawaii, India, New Caledonia, the Fijis, or Port Moresby.

Eventually a bulletin came down on Australian Currency and Customs. Our destination thus decided, we learned what we could from this bulletin and a lot of other things (that might have been condensed into another bulletin titled How Are the Women?) from the ship's stewards. Most of this latter information, though highly entertaining, was not necessarily accurate in every detail.

There was a canteen, aft on "C" deck, at the other end of a long line of guys some of whom had been waiting since the last run to Bordeaux in the spring of 1917. It sold various things at prices nicely adjusted to more than take care of our twenty-per-cent "overseas" pay increase. Now and then a couple of us would storm this canteen and return with several bottles of warm Pepsi-Cola.

Every afternoon, promptly at three o'clock, we "abandoned ship." With all our heart and soul the first week and a firm conviction that were this one the "real thing," *we* would get into a boat as quickly as possible and let somebody else be the heroes. Later, as we continued to plow serenely along with never a sign of a periscope, some grew bored with the whole business and would disappear into the nearest men's room at two fifty-five sharp, remaining there until the "all clear" sounded. But I could never quite manage that degree of fatalism, having little or no desire to die, of all places, in a bathtub. The sailors who attended these drills were bored beyond words. At first they derived a certain amount of pleasure out of telling some particularly pale soldier, "Don't worry, buddy, yu c'n allas grab a pail and bail out a foxhole." (This joke, I think, was first uttered by Lief the Lucky in 090.) As we grew pretty fed up ourselves we retorted with another classic (credited to Eric the Red, 097), "Aw, take a week off an' float around." That ended our relations with the crew.

On Sundays we of the faith held church services on the starboard side, forward, while those who put their trust in luck and the efficiency of the Matson Line told dirty jokes on the port side. Usually, however, the services were well attended, there being an amazing number of young men who became deeply and suddenly religious on finding the nearest land two miles away, straight down.

While en route we received two letters, which wasn't at all bad considering the kind of rural route we were living on. One, from the Commanding General, assured us that Higher Headquarters felt no qualms concerning our fortitude, courage, etc., and added that "troopships are not built for comfort." A truth that we held to be quite and sufficiently self-evident. The other, from President Roosevelt, stating that *he* felt no qualms concerning our fortitude, courage, etc., either, and was "with us in spirit," excited a mild sort of interest and elicited several ribald remarks. All of us were damn well pleased really, to think that somebody somewhere had gone to the bother of preparing so many "letters from the President" for our consumption; and we felt deep down (and somewhat deeper among the Democrats) that what it said was probably true enough and the President *did* have a personal interest in us. But you can't let the guy on the next bunk know you feel like that.

About the time that "abandoning ship" had become just another formation, we crossed the international date line. One day it was Wednesday, the next day it was Friday. (Or, if you like it better this way, one day it was Thursday and the same day it was Friday.)

The day that was Friday (or the P. M. of the day that had been Thursday) a Sergeant Rubitkish, who slept in the bunk below mine, became so excited he nearly fell out of his bunk in his hurry to tell us what he'd just figured out.

"Look," he said. "They're payin' us fur thirty-one days this month, ain't they? But we're only puttin' in time for thirty!"

Somebody said yes, but so what? Coming home they would get their day back.

"Yeah," said Sergeant Rubitkish, secure in the knowledge that we couldn't lose, "but coming home there won't be so many of us."

IT happened at four o'clock one afternoon. Somebody mooning along the rail snapped his spine like a jitterbug hearing the call of Benny's clarinet, bugged his eyes like a Ripley Odditorium character, gurgled. "LAND!" Two thousand other guys said, "WHERE?" And jammed the rail till the rivets cracked.

All morning we were well within sight of land and occasionally even a house. We watched it all intently, hanging over the rail like so many vultures. One vulture, the envied possessor of a pair of field glasses, was finally rewarded. "Cripes!" he yelled, in the manner of a man who had almost forgotten such things existed, "There's a *girl!*" He went down fighting under the weight of a dozen other soldiers who "wanted to see them glasses next." The bolder spirits took off their lifebelts.

We docked shortly after two. Everybody—and I mean *everybody*—jammed the rail until the boys who got there first were three feet over the ship's side but too crowded to fall. On the dock were perhaps three dozen Australian soldiers, assorted officers, sundry longshoremen, some girls in uniform, evidently drivers, and several other girls in tight sweaters (which isn't a bad uniform either) carrying signs: "Don't Talk! The Enemy Listens!" A sort of welcoming committee, we gathered, and very welcome they were too. We ignored the signs, upward of three thousand soldiers immediately making all the remarks—appropriate and otherwise—that they could think of on the spur of the moment.

The first thing we heard, from one of the soldiers, was the question: "Are you Yanks?"

"You're damn right we're Yanks!" we told him.

That settled, everybody yelled in chorus, "Yu gotta smoke, Yank?" They met us at the dock and they've been with us ever since.

But that afternoon we were friends with the whole world, or anyway with Australia. Somebody threw a cigarette overboard, somebody else threw a package, practically everybody threw a package. Followed a little scene on the dock that would have done the heart of Mr. R. J. Reynolds a world of good. Privates, sergeants, officers to the rank of major, longshoremen, Australian womanhood, in or out of uniform, all dropped what they were doing (which was staring at us, mostly) and scattered after those cigarettes like ants on their way to a picnic. Presently they threw us some of their cigarettes, which were smaller and harder than our own, and while hardly as foul a substitute for tobacco as the ship's stewards had claimed they would be, still not a smoke that I would walk a mile for. Or even two feet.

Following the smokes, we threw money. I had arrived with the rather small sum of ten cents, salvaged out of a blackjack game and earmarked for one last package of Camels. But the spirit of the afternoon got me. Recklessly I threw it overboard, receiving in return what I presumed to be a coin about the size of a quarter with a kangaroo on one side and His Majesty George the Fifth on the other. I suspected at the time that I was money ahead, but wasn't sure about it for a week, and am still hazy about how much.

THUS we arrived safely at destination. The place had a name, certainly, but that is probably a Military Secret, and besides, as far as we were concerned, that town was and always will be simply "Destination."

Throughout the evening of our arrival various people with stripes and bars dashed thither and yon rescinding each other's orders as to who was getting off and who was staying aboard and what time. Everybody else was trying to pack, a practically impossible feat when there are eight men in the same stateroom. Personal equipment had become hopelessly jumbled in our weeks together. Harold, who'd been sharing his mess kit with a guy in the next stateroom, discovered that he was on the point of going ashore—in a strange land—without any utensils. He careened through the halls for fifteen minutes screaming, "Green! Hey, Green! You got my knife an' fork! Whatcha do with my knife an' fork?" Green, it developed, had packed them up and departed an hour earlier, so Harold went ashore—in a strange land—without any utensils and badgered the rest of us for three weeks for the loan of a tool.

The supply sergeant took pity eventually, and issued him a brand-new set of aluminum tableware, but in the meantime Harold had learned to get along amazingly well with nothing but a spoon and never really used his knife or fork again. (He could stir his coffee with the handle and cut meat with the edge and butter his bread with his fingers.)

Personally, I got along pretty well with my packing. Having parked my barracks bag near the door the night we'd come aboard, I'd left it there for the duration of the voyage, just where every tired soldier that came into our stateroom could—and did—conveniently drop on it. Thus on arrival my barracks bag had all the verve and general appearance of an old and battered sparring partner, but it was certainly "packed," with plenty of room on top for such odds and ends as I had to add.

After packing everything we could find room for, including several towels which were *not* turned in to the steward but kept in fond remembrance of our pleasant journey via the Matson Line, we kicked everything else under the bunks and lugged ourselves and our baggage out into the hall. Where a lieutenant met us and told us we weren't going to debark that night after all. It was then eleven thirty. We went to bed in disgust in our clothes and tried to sleep while the winchmen already unloading the forward hold swore at each other and dropped things, including medium tanks, on the dock from a height of forty feet. Shortly after twelve a sergeant woke us up and told us, "C'm'on, we gotta get off this damn tub before somebody changes their mind again."

So-o we moved out into the hall again and sat there for a time, then shuffled upstairs and sat on the deck for a considerably longer time, then lurched downstairs and waited while another company filed past, and finally, at long last, shortly after two thirty, we staggered down the gangplank. The thrill of arriving safely at destination was lost on me. I tripped coming down the gangplank, arriving safely on my face, a fraction of a second ahead of and directly beneath my barracks bag, which had apparently decided in advance to land on the same bit of foreign soil that I did.

I got to my feet and stumbled along with the rest. Presently we entered a large bare warehouse and sat down to another session of what somebody had once told me was the worst part of a war: "Not the fighting, but the sitting and waiting."

The train we were waiting for showed up around a quarter to four with an advanced case of asthma and eight cars, straight out of "Union Pacific." We loaded, some wit saying, "This elevator is authorized to carry fourteen persons." and after a certain amount of trouble

succeeded in lighting one of the weird little gas lamps that shone somewhat dimmer than a good deed in this naughty world. Its feeble illumination helped some in distinguishing the seats from the seatees until word came down that we would travel blackout.

Eventually, after wheezing and gasping to an extent that must have necessitated artificial respiration on the part of the engineer, our train got under way and slid swiftly through the darkness at something well under fifteen miles an hour. I slept as best I could. I woke up twice, once when somebody kicked me in the stomach and once when somebody's rifle fell on my neck. I was tired and sleepy. My knees were stiff and my neck hurt. There was a draft. I don't like drafts. In fact, I suffer from an almost psychopathic fear of drafts, having had a peculiarly lasting experience with one not so long ago. What I'm trying to say is: I WANTED TO GO HOME!

That's the way I felt. But I knew, too, that had some little green jinni popped up at the moment, and said, "You can go home now," I would *not* have accepted his offer. In the Army, whether or not you like the guys that you're with, you don't let 'em down. Not when the blue chips are in.

I came something less than halfway out of a sound sleep when our train stopped with a smash and a crash that suggested we had fallen through a trestle, sat up in time to get hit on the head with somebody's helmet as it fell off the baggage rack; gathered my belongings together and stumbled off the train. A brawny Digger grabbed my barracks bag, heaved it into a truck, said something that sounded like, "'Ere Oi Aye Mite, givee a 'and," and before I could say anything, lifted me more or less by one foot and heaved me in after my barracks bag, slammed the endgate, shouted something else that sounded like, "Hoi! She's roight, mite!" in the general direction of the cab, and leaped clear as our driver hurled us forward in a manner that suggested he wanted to take off.

Fate being with us, we lived to detruck in the middle of what was to be, for a time at least, "home." Our particular home being one of a number of tin buildings, each some eighty feet long, that the rural members of the organization immediately decided to call "pig sheds." Us city fellers, unable to make such comparisons, figured they were barracks, but learned instead that they were "huts." A hut, we gathered, being any building other than a home or a place of business, the word not necessarily referring to either the size or the method of construction. All right, so we lived in huts.

But we were accustomed to living in barracks with insulation over our heads, thermostats at our beck and call, hot showers under the same roof, screened windows, and fancy iron cots. And we were mildly stunned at the appearance of our huts, which had not one of these necessities of life. If the windows were open, anything up to the size of a large duck could—and sometimes did—fly in and out.

The windows shut, we were bothered by nothing larger than the sparrows that came through the gaps under the eaves. We inquired about insulation, but the Diggers who composed the camp complement confused our pronunciation with "installation" and described at length the wonders of their brand-new sewage-disposal plant. Which may have been a very nice installation indeed but added practically nothing to the warmth or comfort of our huts.

And instead of fancy iron cots we got large burlap bags which we might fill with baled straw to our hearts' content. Various soldiers who fancied they were quite witty made the usual remarks regarding hay rides and admitted (over and over) that *they* had always favored a quick "roll in the hay." Others, who were susceptible to hay fever, failed to see the humor of the situation. Though I took only the softest straw I could find, I continued to wake up every morning for a week ready to accuse the man next to me of baling it again while I slept.

Immediately following our authorized possession of the Australian version of a Beauty Rest mattress and two thick woolen blankets we went to breakfast. Most of us, I'm afraid, were looking forward to large helpings of ham and eggs, our usual reward for a night's activity. Instead we had coffee made with chicory (a coarse kind of gravel) and our first lesson in the anatomy of the sheep as found in mutton stew. Thick was this stew, like cold glue, full of unidentifiable vegetables, and with all the delicious appeal of a soggy snowbank.

After breakfast we gathered in our hut. Spotlight, the sergeant, sought some rather vital information. "Say," he asked one of the Diggers who was with us, "where's the latrine?"

"Aye?" said the Digger, looking even blanker than Spotlight.

"The latrine," Spotlight repeated, "you know. . . . Where—"

"Oi!" said the Digger, a great light breaking over his face. "You means the bloody lavatory! Down the street, mite, roight to the end, an' acrosst the paddock. You'll see 'er. She's a little 'ut with pipes on. An' 'ere, mite (Spotlight was leaving), you better tike me newspiper. . . ."

Indeed, we were in a strange land.

SOON we went back to the supposedly deadly routine of the Army. We didn't find it particularly deadly. During our rather extended troop movement we had lived more or less from hour to hour, never quite knowing what the next hour might bring. It was a relief really to know that we would spend Monday forenoon listening to a subnormal corporal's confusing lecture on the intricacies of the EE8A field telephone; that Tuesday afternoon we would hike; that Thursday morning would be devoted to the Identification of Japanese Aircraft; that Saturday afternoon we might wander through the countryside on our own. We discovered, Tuesday afternoon, that weeks of soft living had done nothing for our physical condition. We discovered, too, that though we might be overseas and far from the watchful eyes of the War Department, we were still soldiers and must dress accordingly. We dug air-raid shelters and occasionally suffered a practice but total blackout (both of which, it seemed, meant that we were at least reasonably close to the Theater of Operations), but we still laced the shoes we weren't wearing and hung our clothes as prescribed by little charts that appeared twice weekly, never in the same form.

Nor did Spotlight, when he woke us up each morning for reveille, seem to realize that we were on the verge of giving our lives that democracy might survive. His was still the manner of a man firmly convinced that we were the kind of guys who would cheerfully stay in bed till we rotted and democracy crashed about our heads unless he, Spotlight, got us up. He spoke to us accordingly, in a loud roar. The natives may have recognized us, for a time, as the Saviors of Australia, but not Spotlight. Now and then, thanks to Spotlight and others like him, we could almost forget that we were ten thousand miles from home and imagine we were "somewhere in Kansas" instead of Australia. But never for very long. Things were continually cropping up that, while they may not have shown us just how *far* from home we were, made it quite plain that we weren't in the good old U. S. A.

For instance, a short distance from camp was a farm that owned and operated two kangaroos. We passed their paddock regularly on our hikes and at first seldom failed to compare them with the various odd beasts that are supposed to torment soldiers afflicted with acute alcoholism. Later, in spite of the evidence, we would all insist "they ain't no such animal"; and accusing Finney (a notorious sot) of being the only one who could see them, tell him he should explain away their presence as best he could. But all in all, they seemed to prove, definitely, that we were *not* in Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri.

Besides the 'roos (as we presently learned to call them) there were a lot of other things that served to remind us we were something more than forty miles out of St. Louis. Briefly, most of the items we had always thought of in the States as being "necessities," became, suddenly, "luxuries." Coca-Cola was little more than a memory. Instead, did we become desperate enough, we went to the Australian canteen and drank Koala beer, an alleged soft drink that tasted like warm strawberry pop less the fizz, was bottled by the quart, and sealed with a rubber stopper that defied the efforts of three strong men to open it. There were other drinks (soft), sarsaparilla and ginger beer, that tasted like nothing in particular, and something the natives called "lemonide" that resembled mineral water.

But drinking anything at the Australian canteen involved a certain amount of trouble. It opened only at irregular intervals between inventories, being even worse than our own canteens in this respect; it was stocked to meet the Australian purse ("Bloody five bob a die, I gets, less the bloody dependency for my old woman!") and appetite ("Gimme a bloody riser blide, mite, the Yank 'ere'll pie for me pot.") and it was run by men who refused to recognize that we were a mechanized army and continued to move around at a top speed of about four miles an hour. Eventually some of our own misfits were

detailed to work in the canteen. Whether or not their addition improved the service any was open to question. They were inclined to sell what could be sold considerably faster, but lost all the time they gained while trying to figure the change (in shillings and pence) on a five-pound note; this being practically impossible when neither customer nor clerk knew what it was all about.

Between seven and eight thirty each evening, Monday through Friday, the canteen did break down and grudgingly dispense with a small quantity of beer. Actually laying hands on a beer, however, was something else. First a man stood in line up to forty-five minutes that he might purchase "beer tickets" (two per man per trip). Then he went inside and stood in line for a glass. Finally, if there was time, he stood in line for a beer (one per man per trip), and if he pushed hard enough and hollered loud enough and had a close friend behind the bar, he got his beer and crawled back to a table and drank it. At first, thanks to this system and the acute shortage of glasses, it was a little difficult to become really drunk.

Yankee ingenuity soon fixed that. Somebody found that non-drinkers could be seduced with ice-cream bars and sent off to buy beer tickets for their friends; another genius discovered we could obtain half-pint bottles of milk, drink the milk, then use the bottles for beer, and the problem was solved. The hardier spirits made quite a point of this milk angle, either begging some one else to drink the stuff for them or, in extreme cases, going so far as to pour it out the window that they might sooner have beer. I went into business as a milk-bottle emptier and put on fifteen pounds.

BY way of amusement there were a few battered Western magazines that had survived the trip and a daily newspaper. This newspaper was considerably more interested in (and so devoted considerably more space to) the possibilities of various horses winning various races and the wonderful spirit of sacrifice that enabled a country to struggle along on three Race Days a month, than in how the war was coming along. Especially for our benefit the newspaper presently instituted a "Home News for U. S. Forces" column, which consisted of possibly two dozen lines of type and brought us, hot off the press, so to speak, such items as: "200 Strike in War Plant," "Bandits Kill 3 in Chicago," "Lana Turner Seeks Divorce," "Gas Rationing Hinted," "Murder Baffles Police," "Georgia Adopts Electric Chair," "Saboteurs to Die," and last week's baseball scores. We knew what was going on.

Our camp boasted one theater, a tin building seating about five hundred or something less than ten per cent of the available personnel, that insisted on showing double features, this being the Australian idea of a big night. Some of the movies, or rather, "pictures," we had seen, others were vaguely remembered by nobody except a couple of World War I veterans who were likewise playing a return engagement.

Outside of the new sewage-disposal plant (which loomed up like a squat white utilitarian mosque on the other side of the parade ground, and being less than five years old was worshiped by the natives as a living symbol of the truly great strides Australia was making in the general direction of civilization), the facilities in our camp were, to our way of thinking, all just shortly on this side of the Pleistocene Period. The camp complement (loyal Diggers all) insisted otherwise. Ours, they said, was "the best bloomin' cimpe in Australia; a bloody resort plice, that's wot she is!" By their standards maybe, she was a "bloody resort plice," but our standards were higher.

We were accustomed to individual washbowls with gleaming chromium fixtures. Back in the States we had shared a relatively private bath with nothing larger than a platoon. We'd had hot and cold running water. We'd taken for granted the presence of drinking fountains in our barracks.

Gentlemen, we didn't know what war was.

Our "bloody resort plice" didn't know what plumbing was. We shared our washroom, the larger of the "little tin 'uts with pipes on," with the rest of the battalion. We washed after a fashion, in long tin troughs (not unlike hog troughs, the country boys said). We shaved by the light of three feeble bulbs doing their best to conserve electricity and without benefit of hot water. I wrote home (naturally) describing the Horrors of War I was suffering in the interests of democracy with hope of a little sympathy. Mother wrote back in an airy tone, and remarked that grandfather had *always* shaved in cold water and look what a man *he* was. Which encouraged me not at all, particularly when I remembered that grandfather had fought in another war, the Civil War, where beards were S. O. P., and had died with a flowing set of whiskers that had to be curled to fit in his coffin.

I learned, too, what fools these youngsters be who abhor a Saturday-night bath. Officially, due to a lack of bathing facilities, we were limited to one shower a week. This activity appeared on the Training Schedule as "personal hygiene"; we referred to it as, "Jeeze! Hot showers!" Which was true enough, to a certain extent. The water was hot (while it lasted), but it trickled rather than showered. The bathhouse itself was the usual little tin 'ut with pipes on and large gaps under the eaves that suggested the whole building had originally been designed as a wind tunnel. Nobody dallied while dressing and very few undressed until they had made arrangements with a friend for the immediate use of his particular shower, under which it would not be unbearably cold. Some who insisted on wandering around in the classic locker-room costume, a pair of sandals, turned quite blue. But we still snided-off for an extra shower every chance we got.

For a few days following our arrival we lived, or rather existed, on food prepared (if you could call it that) for us by several sheepherders in uniform disguised as cooks. The Australian Army, we decided, has no classification system comparable with our own. If a man can kill sheep and dig rutabagas and consistently look as if he just crawled off a freight train, they make him a cook. Thereafter, day in and day out, he mangles sheep and digs rutabagas and serves the Australian idea of a good hot meal—mutton stew. Which we found was *not* good, seldom hot, and scarcely a meal. We did the best we could on bread and a miserable kind of bitter grapefruit marmalade, what little foodstuff the canteen had to offer, and lived for the day when Big Swede and Squawky and Stew Allen (our own cooks) went back on duty, adding cornflakes and pancakes to the menu. For several days immediately following their return to the kitchen we ate heartily and gloried in the superior performance of men trained at an American Cooks and Bakers School. We never admitted as much to Big Swede or Squawky or Stew Allen (that being unheard of), but privately we agreed that while they were perhaps far short of Waldorf standards, it was certainly wonderful the way they could open a box of cornflakes.

Later, as usual, we complained bitterly about the food we were being served. The coffee contained a certain percentage of chicory (about ninety-eight per cent, we decided) and at first it tasted very foul indeed. After we'd been drinking it for a couple of weeks we thought no more about it. Gradually too, we became used—or at least resigned—to the bread, which was heavier and soggier than American bread; and the powdered milk, which may be nourishing and all that, as Mr. Wickard claims it to be, but is *not* the pure sweet Grade A milk that comes out of a cream-top bottle.

AND almost to a man we gained weight. One of us, however, a guy called Big Shark, thought it was the lack of worry rather than the food that added to his waistline. Big Shark had, during his travels at Uncle Sam's expense, somehow attained the unenviable position of being engaged to three different girls in three different cities in three different states. All of whom were madly in love with Big Shark and wrote him at least three letters a week, much to his disgust, he being strictly a wolf, and a very poor hand at billets-doux besides. Now, ten thousand miles from his nearest fiancée, Big Shark was keeping his exact whereabouts a deep secret, and received no mail at all for months, except one letter from a former wife about some alimony, which he ignored while waxing fat and happy.

Thus we became reconciled to everything but our bread

slicer. This vicious contraption, constructed on the general lines of a portable guillotine, was a clumsy affair, about as easy to handle as a bulldozer, with a huge wicked blade that was loose and consistently cut an inch farther back than appeared possible. We who were used to precision tools, with electrically operated blades that always cut in the same place, could not seem to learn that our bread slicer wasn't to be trusted. It maimed a number of mess orderlies during our stay, neatly slicing a piece out of their fingers and causing them to curse and howl and strike at the thing with their free hand while rich redness splashed into the air and we who were eating discussed the nutritional value of bread soaked in blood.

In a way the bread slicer portrayed quite well the spirit of the whole country. Huge, unwieldy, with a raw brute strength that didn't know and seemingly didn't give a damn for the niceties of civilization as we knew them, this bread slicer (and this country) surged happily ahead in the same old way, totally unaware that it wasn't "streamlined." And we could laugh at it and remark how hopelessly backward it was, but when all was said and done, we were the ones that got our fingers smashed.

ONE day, some two weeks after we had arrived, word came down that thirty-six-hour passes were "authorized." Thirty-six hours of freedom, the stuff we were fighting to maintain but actually saw very little of, loomed up like a two weeks' vacation back in civilian life. Just how this was to be distributed among the personnel wasn't stated, so we worked that out ourselves. Spotlight, who happened to be our barracks leader and had recently acquired another stripe, wanted to impress us with his newfound authority and went around roaring, "No pass for you!" on the slightest provocation. We agreed that Spotlight was "stripe-happy" and now and then some hulking private with nothing to lose would tell him so. Eventually, unlike the forefathers of our glorious democracy, we decided our freedom with a deck of cards, ace high. Fate smiled; I drew the king of spades and looked around for a pair of 30-33 pants with a press.

The trip to town took two hours. By American standards our train was inefficient. Rather than signal arms and flashing green lights, orders were passed by word of mouth. When it was time to start, the conductor would swing off the guard car and yell, "Let 'er go, Bill!" or something similar in the general direction of the engineer, who waved airily in reply and "let 'er go." Again, on nearing town, we hauled up at a whistle stop and waited while the station agent, a rather middle-aged lady, called somebody on the phone and talked for several minutes, probably about new babies, we decided. Presently she would come out and inform the conductor, "Central Stition says go on in." He, in turn, would inform Bill, "Central Stition says go on in." Catching the spirit of the thing, we too would all yell, "Central Station says go on in!"

Finally, probably in desperation, Bill would toot his whistle and "go on in," the only train, we hoped, on that particular stretch of track.

Presently we shot through a long black smoky tunnel and jerked to a stop at Central Station. Four hundred soldiers hit the ramp running as one man, usually before the train stopped, and scattered. Some lucky customers met young ladies and went off with them arm in arm. Other brassy characters tried to meet young ladies obviously waiting for somebody else, explaining at length that this somebody else's outfit "didn't get no passes today," and urging that the best thing the young ladies could do was go off arm in arm with them that had arrived. The rest of us just scattered.

The liquor situation was fast becoming acute. Bars or pubs were always attached to a hotel, often hidden away on the second floor, and usually divided into a "Public Bar," a "Private Bar," and a "Lounge." We who were used to the informal atmosphere of Walt's Highway Café confounded various proprietors and a good share of the natives by wandering happily from one section to another, caring not a damn whether we were "dressed" or accompanied by a young lady. In an effort to square things, of course, we seldom left a lounge without a young lady if we could help it.

But what drinking we did had to be done between the hours of 8 and 10 A. M. (a disgustingly early hour for drinking or anything else), 12 noon and 2 P. M., and four and six in the late afternoon. We who were used to fourteen consecutive hours in which to pub-crawl had a hard time becoming accustomed to drinking in two-hour stretches. With the constant threat of "closing time" hanging over our heads, we drank too much, much too fast, and were then turned into the streets, where base M. P.s with large bulging biceps hauled the too violent off to the clink. While those who weren't violent, only friendly, annoyed all the young ladies who happened to be on the streets between 10 A. M. and noon, 2 and 4 P. M., and after six o'clock.

Later we discovered that most of the smaller bars had a back room or "parlor" reserved for the use of old and faithful friends of the proprietor. We learned, too, that with a little diplomacy Yanks who were willing to buy or "shout for" the drinks could often join these exclusive little circles and become partners in the crime of supporting a sly grog shop. Generally these old friends were aged characters, originally from England but at pains to convince us they were now Australians and proud of it, full of garrulous tales concerning the "outback in 1900." To a man, they had hollow legs, but they were a means to an end.

When the pubs closed, we went to a dance. In some ways these dances resembled the ones we had known at home. There was music, there was a dance floor, there were girls, there were a couple of mush-faced M. P.s hanging around looking for trouble. But the actual dancing was something else. Aussies favor dancing around and around with all the dash and originality of a worn-out merry-go-round, repeating in set sequence a series of steps not unlike an old-fashioned Rockette routine. They danced, one after the other, a two-step, a quickstep, a waltz, a Canadian barn dance, a military waltz, none of them in any way alike. We Yanks danced regularly too, but we danced a fox trot hour after hour and that was the limit of our versatility. And we favored dancing all in one place, having gotten our early training between the tables in various juke joints where floor space was at a premium. The music, too, was far from the Glenn Miller variety of solid swing. Through no fault of the musicians we recognized most of the tunes as ones that had been popular in the States some eight months back. I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire was all the rage, and the Chattanooga Choo Choo sat derailed four or five times nightly.

AFTER some weeks of argument with the town fathers (who frowned on Sunday dancing), one of our bands —an "American Swing Band"—took over the City Hall each Sunday night and played for a servicemen's dance. All the repressed jitterbugs lately yanked out of zoot suits picked up a double-jointed WAAF, rolled their pants legs, and "cut a rug." The girls as a rule, being pretty impressed with Yanks anyhow, took to this violent form of exercise with enthusiasm, discarded formal evening wear in favor of slacks (to the utter horror of the town mothers) and learned to cut a pretty decent rug themselves.

The male natives preferred to stand well back from the side lines, where they had a chance to survive, and mutter, "Thim bloody Yanks dance all over the plice."

In all fairness, we tried several of their dances from time to time and found them all something less than exhilarating. Particularly were we discouraged with the Canadian barn dance. This little number consisted of everybody circling the floor to the strains of what might have been the Dead March from Saul. At fairly irregular intervals the music quavered and broke in a manner that suggested the orchestra had just decided to give the whole thing up. While the leader argued it into resuming, couples joined hands, did a one-two-three-slide movement, followed that with a couple of spins, and, disentangling themselves, the lady moved on and the man turned back, theoretically in time to meet, rhythmically, the lady behind him.

True, this dance had a certain element of surprise. Having finished the required number of spins and twirls with

a rather large hefty girl, I would turn to meet my next partner spread-eagled like an all-American tackle, only to find that I was practically overpowering some diminutive four-foot-ten slip of a girl. And finishing with her, I would turn and embrace some tall beanstalk of a girl, gathering her to me just about at the hips, and possibly catching a stinging slap in the face for my error.

I noticed, too, that the first time around, any number of ladies, young and old, met me literally with open arms and a beaming smile, thinking no doubt, Ha! A handsome Yank! Usually they started a conversation that ended with a short exclamation of pain, and following a few brief twirls, they left, without regret, and feeling, I surmised, like hockey players after a particularly bruising game.

The second time around they met me with no enthusiasm whatsoever and kept me, literally, at arm's length. The third time around they broke and ran. I am strictly a fox trotter.

The traffic too, like the dancing, caused us a certain

amount of trouble. Traveling as it did by the left, it continually appeared from the wrong side while we were looking the other way. It seemed for a time that our effective strength might be considerably reduced without our ever seeing any combat, and it was months, really, before we learned which way to look when crossing a street.

The trams we caught on to quite quickly. In fact, being open, as they were, on both sides, we caught on to them very quickly indeed, usually on the dead run. This may not have been as safe as the loading plan generally in use by American Yellow Zephyrs, but it was certainly speedier.

When approximately twenty-seven hours of our freedom had passed, we crawled into one of a variety of establishments (the Hop Inn, for instance, sponsored by the Salvation Army) that offered beds to servicemen at ridiculously low prices. All the beds having been taken long ago, we usually settled for the top of a pool table, and dropped off to sleep.

From which we woke at 7 A. M., not necessarily refreshed, but with an excellent idea of the true significance of that expression "behind the eight ball." We might have slept longer but somebody always wanted to play pool. Once on our feet, we crept off in the direction of Central Station and waited for the "leave train" that would take us back to camp. Some of us, the confirmed topers, waited in the bar across the street, making a last-minute raid on the "bottle department," that they might be prepared for the trip.

I waited in the station restaurant where, being a serviceman, I could drink "real coffee" while probably more deserving civilians struggled along on a variety of substitutes, none of which resembled coffee in the slightest degree.

En route to camp we entertained each other with detailed accounts of the "time" we had had and what we had done with or to whom, planned what we would do on our next pass, slept, and drank.

Once off the train we negotiated (one way or another) the half mile to camp and slunk past the M. P. at the gate because, chances were, we had broken the 96th Article of War, the one that says soldiers will not do any of those things that might be a reflection on or unbecoming to a "member of the Service." Our thirty-six hours were over. We were ready to maintain freedom rather than enjoy it.

I THINK it was the trip to town that convinced us. Whatever it was, we woke up one morning and opened our eyes and there it was, staring us right in the face, the realization that "this Country is at War."

And did any of us forget it, we were forcibly reminded immediately we tried to buy anything. The only thing Australia had plenty of was "shortages."

Actually we servicemen were considerably better off than the civilian population, that being another big change from the States as we'd last seen them. In most cases, what there was the "mil'try" got first chance at. This, however, did not apply to clothing other than "issue." If we wanted pajamas we must produce coupons; and we didn't have any coupons. This led to a number of arguments with all manner of clerks, who were invariably polite but firm.

One case in particular I'll never forget, and believe me, I've tried. In town one day, three of us, finding ourselves with nothing to do between "closing time" and "opening time," wandered into a large department store, promptly demoralizing the entire staff. We lurched through the chinaware department to the horror of the section manager, who could only clasp his hands and pray and hover around in a position to catch us did we altogether lose our balance and start falling through a quantity of glassware. We rode the elevators, completely unnerving four female operators with our lecherous urgings to "stop between the floors." Presently one of us, a former insurance salesman, got lost. The two of us who were left did not bother about him (we found him later, and anyway he'd reverted to type, stumbled into the stockroom, and tried to sell nonexistent policies to a couple of packing boys, age fourteen) and continued riding the elevators until somebody pushed us off on "Lingerie."

A poorer place they couldn't have picked. My companion, an ex-golf pro (his subsequent actions, while probably no reflection on golf pros in general, are nevertheless an interesting phenomenon), immediately decided he must buy his girl a present. Nothing would suit but a pair of silk step-ins. Willy-nilly I went along with him. We found sub-department "Step-ins." The clerk, an obviously self-conscious young woman, became quite panicky the moment we hove in sight and made little fluttering movements with her hands, as if to shoo us away. But Al was in no mood to be shooed anywhere. Lurching toward the counter, he said loudly, "I wanna buy a pair of them pants," and that there might be no mistake about what it was he wanted to buy, he pointed a wobbly finger in the general direction of a particularly pink pair of step-ins displayed on the counter.

THE clerk, poor girl, became quite pink herself and after a couple of false starts, managed to gurgle, "Do you have any coupons?" Well, no, Al didn't have any coupons, but he brushed that aside as being altogether irrelevant, and repeated (louder than before), "I wanna buy a pair of them pink pants." Right about here our clerk, I am sure, would gladly have given us the entire stock and thrown in her own undergarments for good measure. Not being able to manage that, she blushed a deep purple and sidled off like a wounded crab. She was replaced by a decidedly prim old wench who stated quite definitely that unless Al had coupons he was just wasting every one's time and had better take himself off at once.

But Al insisted. More or less falling over the counter, he picked the step-ins off their rack and held them up for all to see. The old wench tried to clutch them away from him, but Al eluded her and held his treasure even higher. By this time people four or five aisles away were bugging their eyes out, and I felt like the class-play Juliet when her bodice ripped. Al was apparently oblivious to

all this. Falling across the counter again, he breathed alcoholic fumes in the startled face of the clerk and became lewdly confidential. "Look," he hiccuped. "All I want is one pair. They're for my girl. They're jush the kind she likes, see? With elashtic tops." And he vigorously demonstrated the elasticity of this particular pair of step-ins. Whether from the fumes or the horror of it all, I don't know, but the old wench gave up at that and reeled off in the manner of Our Nell on finding she'd "been done wrong." Two floorwalkers appeared, forcibly

removed the unmentionable merchandise from Al's hands, and rapidly propelled him out the tradesman's entrance. As far as I know, his girl struggled along on last year's undies and her own coupons.

Had we ever held any doubts regarding the nearness of the war, that experience quelled them.

With the realization that "this is a country at war" came a new slant on things. We took a notch in our mental belts. So O. K., we were at war. We wrote home to that effect, told our folks all about the real meaning of war, and while we may not have actually mentioned our wonderful spirit of self-sacrifice in so many words, we pointedly implied that what we were suffering was just that. Frankly, it wasn't.

Once we got used to shaving out of a helmet, shaving out of a helmet didn't seem like much of a sacrifice. In fact, almost everything, once we got used to it, could be done with a minimum of the spirit of sacrifice. Of course, we never admitted as much, even to ourselves; we only admitted (over and over) that we "could take it" and were certainly tougher and incomparably superior to those troops back home in garrisons where, we remembered, they mopped the floors every day; we mopped our floors not at all. There weren't any mops.

Yes, we bore up wonderfully and lived quite happily with practically none of the comforts of life until presently our fairy godmothers, disguised as the Quartermaster Corps, installed a few comforts of life that left the Diggers assigned to our camp literally slack-jawed with amazement. Foremost of these comforts were our cots, which we took for granted, only complaining bitterly because they were three days late in arriving. The Diggers, on the other hand, hung their chins on their chests and gasped, "Gawd! You chaps 'ave bloody beds!" Now an Army cot is *not* a Louis XIV canopied four-poster by any means, but we couldn't very well say so when every Digger who saw a Yankee cot reverently tried its resilience and muttered in an awed voice, "A bloody bonzer stretcher, that's wot she is, mite."

Some three weeks after our cots appeared it was rumored we had a stove. Personally I didn't actually see any stove for several days, nor did I feel a hell of a lot warmer as I crawled out of bed in the dim gray light of dawn. Still, I was pretty sure we had a stove. Spotlight insisted, almost every night, that I "G'wan out an' get some wood. You ain't no better'n anybody else," in a manner that suggested *he* didn't think I was even as good as anybody else. It was while bringing in an armload of wood that I eventually found our stove, smack in the center of a crowd of soldiers that I'd imagined all along as being a crap game.

About as large as a pony of beer, this stove was utterly inadequate as far as heating the wind tunnel we lived in was concerned, but psychologically it was a great help. Often several of us would hover over it, spreading our hands or even opening our shirts, only to find, when somebody took the top off to dispose of his chewing tobacco, that there was no fire. We would immediately clap the top back on and melt away lest Spotlight discover the lack of fire and pack us off to get wood.

Above everything else that made our lives livable was the Australian version of a service club, the local Red Shield Hut. Run by the Salvation Army, this haven featured a fireplace and hot coffee, and made me wish to heaven I hadn't been so close with my nickels and intent on a double bank every time the Salvation lassies passed through the poolroom back home. I'd like to go on record as saying that our Salvation Army was so far ahead of the USO when the going got tough that, will it make General Booth any happier, I'll take coffee instead of a hostess from here on in. And that is a very large statement.

But then it was a large hut. Half of it (the unheated half) was divided into a library and a writing room. The remaining half was all "lounge" except a few square feet at one end, partitioned off to form living quarters for the staff, which consisted of a captain, who doubled during services on the cornet, and a younger man (a cadet, we gathered) who played a heavy hand of organ and led hymns in an echoing baritone. At one end of the lounge was the coffee bar. This oasis dispensed coffee and biscuits (tuppence), milk and biscuits (thrippence), straight biscuits (six for tuppence), and broken biscuits (free) at specified hours during the day and from 7 P. M. until closing. As the coffee was considerably better than any brewed by our own cooks, everybody, with or without an excuse, tried to drop in for a couple of cups during the course of an afternoon. Spotlight, being a naturally vicious character, usually dropped in too, with a great display of stripes and authority, and dragged off anybody he knew and suspected of being there on "government time."

OPPOSITE the coffee bar, at the far end of the lounge, was a piano and a ping-pong table. There was an electric iron and facilities for pressing clothes at the other end of a long line of guys, all with three complete wardrobes over their arms and a set expression about the lips that behooved people with nothing but a pair of pants they had better try again some other week. There was a radio that couldn't be heard when the iron was going, and, consequently, wasn't heard.

Halfway between the iron and the piano was the center of all life, the spot we dreamed of from the moment we got up in the morning and crawled into a damp clammy pair of pants—the fireplace. In front of it were perhaps half a dozen battered cane chairs, permanently occupied from the moment we arrived in camp, and behind them some three dozen soldiers waiting to pounce did anybody that was sitting in a chair show the least sign of getting up. Above the fireplace, in large red letters on a white background, was the searing message: "My Strength Is as the Strength of 10 Because My Heart Is Pure." Day after day and night after night I sat and read and reread those words until I wanted, more than anything else, to smash a coffee cup over some peaceful soldier's head, just to prove I still had a mind of my own. It got so bad I began signing letters "My Strength Is as the Strength of 10 Because My Heart Is Pure." Which was a fair indication of the shape I was in, but impressed a great deal certain narrow-minded aunts and one particularly narrow-minded and suspicious young lady acquaintance who mostly suspected that I was literally steeped in sin.

Well, I wasn't. In fact, twice a week, every Wednesday and Sunday night, I sang hymns. I didn't have to sing hymns either. Actually there was nothing compulsory about it, but in order to hold my spot by the fireplace I had to stay where the hymns were being sung. Possibly I could have just stayed and sat without participating, but

I didn't have the necessary moral (or immoral) strength to sit and mentally view burlesque shows while everybody else stood up and hymned. So I stood with them and hymned too, after a fashion, and bowed my head (reverently, I hoped) at the right places (I hoped), and kept one foot on the seat of my chair lest some not so hypocritical soldier tried to steal it. Following the hymns and a short exhortation on the "Right Way of Life" by some imported character who had invariably tried the "Wrong Way" himself but urged that we do without such personal reconnaissance, there were movies (usually an inferior sort of travelogue), and following the movies, free coffee. That, I gathered, being our reward for trying, if only for a little while, the Right Way of Life.

Whether through a desire to get warm or obtain coffee free, or possibly because they wanted to sing hymns, there were always a goodly number of soldiers attending these services. All of whom got beamed on by the captain commanding this particular Salvation Army outpost, and some of whom, at least, must have felt as much a fraud as I did when the recipient of a particularly personal beam. But of one thing we were sure: If we survived, in spite of the "very unusual weather," we could thank the Red Shield Hut and its fireplace, and hot coffee and warmth generally, both physical and spiritual.

As a further aid to our survival we were presently issued winter caps and two more blankets. Most of us had already gone into "longjohns," although I fought against it. Having survived the last six Minnesota winters in nothing heavier than a T-shirt, it was almost a matter of pride. But pride or no pride, I got all blue, and finally, as a sort of compromise, I put on longjohn tops and both my pairs of pants, fatigue, herringbone twill.

All of which gave me a decidedly lumpy appearance that was nothing to be proud of, but certainly simplified the laundry problem.

As a matter of fact, it soon appeared that we might do something more than survive. We got paid, in Australian money, for two full months, plus what was due us following the raise in pay as finally passed by a Congress we had cursed for five months as a worthless, imbecilic, blubber-headed bunch of penny-pinching old misers trying to stall our pay raise into an election issue, plus that twenty per cent for overseas service. All in all, a considerable amount of money, seeming more than we had ever received before, it made for a decidedly better payday than any we had known in the States, where as a rule we'd stood in line for nearly an hour and received the something less than munificent sum of seven dollars and twenty cents, that being the only part of our pay we couldn't lay hands on in advance.

Probably it was just as well we had so much money coming to us. Otherwise, since nobody, including the Finance Office, was as yet too adept at figuring the rate of exchange, certain avaricious soldiers would undoubtedly have wailed to high heaven about they'd been underpaid. As it was, we got a handful of pound notes, about the size that it is popularly believed would "choke a horse," and many of us secretly decided we had been overpaid. Naturally we said nothing at all about that.

WHEN the first troopship full of Americans dropped anchor at a Port of Debarkation, every household in Australia put a pot of tea on the fire and sent the children posthaste to catch a Yank. We knew of this fact before actually docking ourselves, were all in favor of it and, once landed, obligingly went out of our way to help things along. Wandering through the countryside of a Saturday afternoon we would always manage to show up at a particularly inviting home along about three o'clock and moon around, even hanging over the front gate on occasion, until somebody came out, invited us in for a "spot of tea." A "particularly inviting home," in this case, was not necessarily a house with spotless stone steps and well-trimmed hedge, but rather one whose inmates were notably hospitable and included a couple of desirable daughters.

Frankly, the actual "spot of tea" was used by all concerned as little more than an excuse to meet each other. It corresponded, though on a somewhat higher plane, to a jaded American business man's suggesting to his secretary that "we go out and have a bite of lunch together." And it was not the purely social custom where loose-tongued old ladies gathered to thoroughly shred the neighborhood reputations that I had always imagined it to be. Tea was a regularly scheduled meal, served sometime in the late P. M. Just which of our meals it corresponded to we never quite figured out, Australian eating habits, to our way of thinking, being pretty confusing any way we looked at them.

As near as we could ever gather, the first meal in the morning was breakfast. O. K. But the next meal might be dished out about 10 A. M. (which made it "morning tea"), or it might be delayed until approximately noon, which made it "lunch" or "dinner," depending on whether it was hot or cold and whether or not there'd been any morning tea that day. The next meal was THE "tea," but was variously referred to as "tea," "a spot of tea," and "afternoon tea." Under special conditions it might even be "supper" or "dinner," depending on whether it was hot or cold, how many meals had already been served, what the last one had been called, and, in some families, who was there to eat it. Shortly before retiring there was still another meal, which the natives usually claimed was supper and we insisted was "just something to eat before going to bed." As we often told them: "All you do all day long is set the table and wash the dishes and wonder what you're going to call it the next time you eat." They told us: "But three meals a day aren't enough! That ruins your stomach." The only thing we were ever sure of was that did we show up at the right gate about 3 P. M. and look sufficiently wistful, we would probably get something to eat, and, call it anything we wanted to, it would still be food. We didn't actually chalk the right gates, as would hoboes of even average intelligence, but we passed the word along.

OUR first "spot of tea" was quite an occasion. Five of us, something less than twenty-four hours ashore, were meandering along a back street in the little town nearest our camp. We weren't actually angling for an invitation to tea, though a couple of us had mentioned it as a possibility; we were only hanging around because Al swore he'd seen some girls going into one of the houses. So it came as a bit of a surprise when this pudgy little man appeared on his front porch and said, "Well, what do you think of Austriilia?"

We mumbled one thing or another and he chirped something else and we hung over his hedge like so many starving puppies until he came down off the porch and invited us in to look at his car. Which, being no bigger than a good-sized baby buggy though evidently powered with something (possibly a squirrel on a tread-mill), intrigued us a great deal. Our newfound friend invited us to tea, where we met his rather stringy wife, happily gorged ourselves on a variety of tasty little cakes, discovered that "hot buttered scones" were nothing more than baking-powder biscuits, discussed *ad infinitum* the States and Australia, and found, when it was all over, that we guests had somehow managed to use less than half the available silverware. Particularly Harold, he who had lost his mess equipment on board ship and survived thereafter with nothing but a spoon, shocked our hosts by using nothing but a spoon throughout the affair.

Luckily this first tea was served on a table, which meant we could lean on our elbows and talk, with gestures, to our hearts' content. Most of the subsequent teas we attended were served catch-as-catch-can. Which meant we all sat around on the edges of our chairs (like so many convicted murderers waiting for the jolt of 2,000 volts at state expense), balancing our tea on our knees, wondering whether said tea stained a uniform beyond repair, and hoping against hope that the inevitable "accident" and splash and sputtered apologies and dashing after rags to clean up the mess could this time be avoided. As with everything else, there was a shortage of chinaware, and a really serious accident (say two cups and a saucer) would go a long way toward pruning a budding friendship.

Some of us tried to solve the problem by installing small flat boards in our pants legs, just above the knees, but it made for a very odd sort of walk. I heartily dis-

liked catch-as-catch-can teas because, being a guy who can't talk without gestures, I necessarily remained stupidly silent with both hands clutching my cup at all times. Which led people to think "what a dull boy he is" and pass me by when handing out invitations to "come again." Eventually, of course, I mastered some of the elementary aspects of juggling and no longer had to refuse a second piece of anything merely because I didn't know how I could manage it. I caught up on my conversation too, often gesturing airily with a large piece of insufficiently mortared sponge cake and literally scattering crumbs to my audience.

As a flying start on a career of teaing we set out that first day to talk an arm off and bore beyond words our host and his stringy wife. We told them of our adventures in convoy on the high seas, how we suffered aboard ship, how stifling the weather had been, how we had literally come through it all by the skin of our teeth, being a bare one thousand miles away from the Coral Sea Battle shortly after it was all over.

We spread it around quite some that we had indeed had experiences, and undoubtedly impressed our host with our willingness to share them.

When we had talked ourselves into a state of exhaustion, he casually mentioned that he had been a missionary in Rabaul when the Japs landed there. Escaping inland, he'd crossed the island on foot, fought his way south in an open boat, the target of half the Japanese Air Force, eventually reached Milne Bay, and been evacuated from there to Australia; where he was happily tending another flock and slowly regaining the thirty-five pounds he'd lost. He told this much as we would have explained our whereabouts of the night before had we come in exceptionally late and aroused the family suspicions—apologetically, fluffing over the high spots. He said his wife had been much luckier; she'd left Rabaul on the last boat and suffered nothing worse than two bombings all the way to Townsville.

We thought of what we'd suffered. A shortage of Coca-Cola and no female companionship. On the way home we agreed that what we'd often heard was true—Americans talk too much.

Not that we shut up; we merely agreed that it was true and went on talking. We didn't like mutton and said so, over and over. The natives couldn't understand this as a rule, but one Australian war correspondent, visiting us for a few days, notched himself a small niche in the Hall of Something or other by dispatching a masterpiece of understatement to the effect that "we had not learned to relish mutton to any great extent but still preferred beef."

To any great extent, hell! Given a choice, we would have preferred our war correspondent, who *was* rather chubby.

OF course we only got mutton once a week—on Thursdays. On Saturdays it was pork; on Sundays, ham. We learned to tell what day it was by the appearance of our mess kits. During a protracted potato shortage, we got macaroni and complained bitterly about that. When the shortage eased off we complained about the size of the potatoes. We stated, emphatically, that the food wasn't like the food "back in the States." Well, it wasn't. And at first the natives, on hearing such statements, only muttered in their beer about the "bloody war" and remarked that *they* had gotten to the point where they were substituting rice for macaroni. Later, when it appeared that we weren't actually out staving off a Japanese invasion, but were, in fact, possibly more interested in certain little invasions all our own, the natives became more straightforward about the whole matter. Following Thanksgiving we were forced to admit that we'd had a "real meal, with turkey, an' dressing an' everything," and we inquired of our civilian friends, "What'd you have?"

"Ham," they told us. "You Yanks got all the turkey."

Following Christmas we were again forced to admit that we'd had "a real meal, with cranberry sauce an' fruit salad an' all the turkey I could eat"; and we inquired again of our civilian friends, "What'd you have?"

"Ham," they told us. "You Yanks got all the bloody turkey!"

Following New Year's we kept out of sight.

LIKE all troop movements, our particular troop movement was preceded by a solid month of rumor-mongering. As soldiers, we were supposed to know the dangers of a loose lip, and we agreed the civilian population should be kept in the dark regarding our proposed whereabouts. But among ourselves we loosened lips like a bunch of Ubangis learning "Peter Piper picked a peck of." We were going to India, China, New Caledonia, Port Moresby, Darwin, Perth. Even the decidedly ugly rumor that we were going back to the States and reorganize made its first appearance. In short, as usual, we were going every place anybody knew the name of, as long as it was north. After two winters in a row we were pretty sold on the land of perpetual summer and went around screaming, "North! North! North to the sunshine!"

Possibly we screamed too loud, or maybe we hinted too broadly, or perhaps they had other sources of information; but, whatever it was, the civilians round about were never at all in the dark concerning our plans. As a matter of fact, they knew a hell of a lot more about the whole business than we did. It was discouraging. We tried, naturally, to impress various young ladies with guarded remarks concerning our imminent departure, this time for "the front." "Yep," we told them, "I guess this is the last time I'll ever see this town. And maybe it's the last time I'll ever see you, honey!"

"Shoo!" they told us. "You'll be in again. You ain't leaving for a fortnight yet. I know. My old man works for the rileway." Often they went on to tell us where we were going (within a hundred yards), how long it would take, what route we would travel, what we would see along the way, and how we would like it after we got there. One young lady gave me this rigmarole three times, and accused me, the fourth time, of being a boy who cried "Wolf!" (She accused me of *being* a wolf, too, but that's another story.)

Anyway, she was right (about our departure, I mean). We didn't leave immediately. We hung around for nearly three weeks, got ourselves alerted twice with no sign of a troop movement, turned in our winter caps and overshoes (and what a happy day *that* was!), drew mosquito bars, listened to sundry lectures on sundry poisonous insects we might expect to encounter, and mongered more rumors, until it was generally agreed that rather than "serve in silence" we should always repeat what we heard and rapidly drive stark raving crazy all the enemy agents who might be tapping us for reliable information. Our C. O., a sensible man, suggested that rather than talk so much we would do well to get rid of the stuff we didn't need and devote some energy to laying in a supply of cookies or something. We had heard that en route we would eat at Australian camps and "you know what that means."

We certainly did. With visions of water tanks full of mutton stew staring us in the face, we got down to business and religiously stole everything edible we could lay hands on. We cleaned the canteen out of tinned fruit and chocolate cookies, then went to work on the mess hall. We stole bread and butter, cream cheese, jam. Sergeant Rubitkish, through a masterful bit of scheming, smuggled four six-pound cans of high-grade pork sandwich meat out of the Officers' Mess. Al, on K. P. for the day, slipped off with two dozen eggs, hid them under his pillow, and slept on his hands and knees for a week lest he break them. Feeling, he said, not unlike a setting hen in the meantime.

At the last minute Nickel Plate Baker, the first sergeant, showed up with a wheel of cheese and a sack of oranges.

OUR train arrived at two thirty one morning. We clambered aboard in the darkness—our little group, with Nickel Plate's authority, grabbing an end compartment and refusing to let anybody else in. I'd come halfway around the world at this point and, from the way our train was pointing, it appeared that I was starting back. So far, it had all looked disgustingly alike—and that disgustingly like a blacked-out freight yard at three in the morning. It looked somewhat better when we at last got under way and skimmed (if it is possible to "skim" at twenty-five miles per hour) along through the open coun-

tryside. Presently we settled down to sleep out what nobody expected to be a particularly comfortable night. Nobody was disappointed.

After flipping several coins and arguing for some time, I ended up with a length of hard leather seat that would have cramped a dwarf. (I am five feet ten in my stocking feet and I sleep with my shoes on.) Still, I fared better than Izzy and a character named Whitey, who, having lost the toss and the argument, shared a similar seat just across the aisle and sat up all night glowering at my relative comfort. I slept some between stops that drove my head through the end of our compartment, and woke at 5 A. M. to find Whitey slumped on the floor and Izzy huddled in his overcoat, with his gloves and overshoes on, a raincoat wrapped around his legs, and his overseas cap pulled down about his ears. He looked like Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, Third Class, Non-smoking.

Thus we rolled north to the sunshine, much as our ancestors had rolled west to the Golden Gate by oxcart, and at approximately the same speed. Our train was composed of reconditioned rolling stock on loan, I think, from the National Museum. It was "Second Class." That is, the compartments were only partially enclosed, and any soldier who had the nerve to break up four poker games, wake half a dozen customers asleep with their feet across the aisle, step on a couple of others asleep in the aisle, and spill several checker games might wade the length of the car. There were more such nervy soldiers than you might think. And as luck would have it, our group had grabbed an end compartment before ascertaining the location of the door marked "Men's Water Closet." Said door was at our end. Day and night for ninety-six hours a variety of strange clumsy soldiers bumped and smashed their way through our home in search of this door. We longed for the comparative luxury of a "First Class" carriage, where each compartment had its own water closet and offered as much privacy as could be expected, considering the acute shortage of rolling stock.

At times five soldiers in the same compartment, be it First Class or Second, can be several too many. Each night we tried a different sleeping arrangement, none of which proved too successful. I tried to sling a hammock, using my shelter half and a couple of convenient baggage racks. Three nights in a row Tex, a pessimistic soul, warned me: "She'll never hold, Jack." Three nights in a row he was right. And while it made him less pessimistic (happy even) to watch me crashing to the floor like a dead-ripe tomato, Al, who slept beneath me and aided a great deal in breaking the fall, was never at all impressed with the humorous aspects of the situation.

USUALLY we stopped three or four times a day, but no matter where or when or how often we stopped, when we did, we ate. Some days we ate twice, most days we ate three times, and on one memorable day, for no apparent reason, we ate no less than six times. Not at Australian camps, either, as our C. O. had feared, but right at the stations. The food was prepared by a variety of Women's Volunteer Groups, and while it ran to fat pudgy bright-red mutton sausages, it was still much better than we had expected. Some places served a tastier lunch than others, and most of us, when later discussing the trip with friends who had come on a different train, referred to towns not by name but as "that place where they gave us cocoa."

Certain whistle stops with practically nothing to offer in the way of municipal advantages still loom large in our memories because they gave us "seconds."

Naturally it didn't take us long to catch on to this eating deal. Did somebody say, "Hey! We're coming to a town!" everybody grabbed his mess kit and hung far out the nearest window in direct violation of an order that said "Heads or limbs will not protrude through car windows." Immediately the train slowed to a reasonable speed we hurtled through the doors, lit running, and kept on running to the spot we presumed would be the head of the chow line. Or most of us did anyway.

Other soldiers concentrated on what female companionship these various stations offered. The way it worked out, what girls could be found, could be found with their backs to a wall, surrounded by half a hundred such drooling soldiers, all talking at once, and firmly convinced that they, personally, were making a *big* impression. Some two-cylinder Boyers, laboring under the mistaken impression that they were "irresistible," would insist, following a brief twenty-minute acquaintance, that all concerned kiss each other a fond farewell before our train pulled out and carried us off to "the front." Very few were in any way as irresistible—or successful—as they had imagined they would be.

When we did get under way, everybody hung through the windows again, screaming and waving good-by. Not once, at this stage of the game, did we miss singing a solid version of Chattanooga Choo Choo. And until you have heard five hundred male voices raised in a raucous rendition of "Pardon me, bo-o-o-oy," accompanied by a gasping locomotive and interspersed with shrill whistles as we swept by some particularly juicy bit of Australian pulchritude, you haven't heard anything. Literally, we went north to a boogie beat.

Always, too, as we were leaving, certain soldiers who had delayed too long with one of the girls who happened to be around came dashing down the platform frantically searching for their compartment and, were they unable to find it, leaped aboard at the last possible moment and crowded into any old compartment, much to the disgust of the rightful occupants. Later, unless these late comers ran into some old friends, they would usually attempt a hazardous trip back to their own compartments, using a narrow guard walk that ran along the sides of the carriages and any convenient windows they could hang onto, always hoping that nobody would open a door and brush them off into space. All this to the utter horror of our train commander, a major who figured his chances of a lieutenant colonelcy would be better if he arrived without any men "Missing, Lost in Transit."

He need not have worried really. At least six of us were in much better physical condition when we arrived than when we left. Having little to do but eat and watch the countryside, we did just that. And thanks to our being somewhat too enthusiastic about laying in a supply of stolen food for the trip, we had, as Sergeant Rubitkish put it, "More than any six hogs could eat." Actually we had around 180 pounds, which figured out to a little better than seven pounds per man per day, or four pounds more than we could comfortably consume. We ate steadily, all day long, and anybody that refused anything was considered a downright saboteur. We gave stuff away, some to other less fortunate or less-well-prepared soldiers, or now and then, when we stopped far out in the country for a "latrine call," we sent the small children who invariably showed up uninvited at these affairs staggering home under the weight of everything we could press upon them.

Nickel Plate's wheel of cheese haunted us, becoming grimier and smellier and less appetizing with each passing day, until, in desperation, we dropped it out the window while crossing a particularly high trestle.

We presently again arrived safely at a destination and detrained, wonder of wonders, at three o'clock in the afternoon. We whispered it around that somebody would certainly get chewed for letting us arrive any place in the daytime, and agreed that in this case it might have been just as well for all concerned had we arrived in the dead of a very black night. Our destination, at first glance, appeared something less than intriguing.

It was flat, hot, dry, and dusty, with here and there a few palm trees that we might eye suspiciously. We loaded into trucks, and rumbled down narrow twisting roads, meeting at every corner a plunging six-by-six truck with a maniac at the wheel. Eventually we came to a sign "Hq Co" and turned into what appeared impassable jungle. The trucks stopped, we unloaded. Somebody pointed and said, "Your tent is over there, about a hundred yards. Don't get lost, an' hurry back. We're messin' with M Company."

We were "home" again. We were north. North to the sunshine! Now and then a small patch of said sunshine filtered through the foliage. "Well," said Tex, "anyway, she's dry."

One of the old boys said, "Haw! Dry, hell! The rains are coming. In about two months, a guy told us. An' when it rains here, it rains for two months every damn day!"

It seemed reasonable enough. The next time we moved, we were going to India. For the monsoon.

The first time we stood retreat at our new home, the C. O. informed us that what we were now in was a "staging area." He implied, without actually saying so, that this knowledge should imbue us with a proper spirit of resolution and a love of rigid training. All work and no play makes Jack a tough soldier. Usually it makes him mad at the whole world too, which is the right attitude.

Though not without a struggle. Training was indeed rigid. The old Army tradition, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off, did not, it seemed, hold good in a staging area. They, instead, were given over to "organized athletics," which, while possibly a form of recreation synonymous with "time off," entailed a two-mile hike to the nearest piece of open ground that would accommodate a company doing anything more extended than lock-step dancing. As a matter of fact, we hiked every day, which is indeed a great deal, learning to knock off with a fair degree of nonchalance fifteen miles per every five hours, and working out in the meantime some decidedly cynical little gags regarding our supposedly "motorized" regiment. A fair sample being: "Don't worry about it, Jack. Just recap my knees and I'll make 'er." As the dusty weeks marched by at a steady cadence of 120, we agreed that perhaps a little rain might not be so bad at that, did it bring us a few hours of "bunk fatigue." And we learned to look forward to Sunday, which was still a day of rest.

When it was thought that individual soldiers were sufficiently trained to take care of themselves and their equipment, unit problems were instituted. Transportation being "authorized" on these occasions, we would load into our vehicles and roll through the countryside, eventually bivouac in what—it was hoped—was "our area," become "tactical," sit around for several days completely in the dark as to just what the hell was going on, learn one morning that we were no longer "tactical," and come back to camp.

THESE problems taught us that a battalion in the field is far from the compact unit that "dresses right" on a parade ground, whole companies having an ugly habit of becoming hopelessly lost, and large numbers of men, with vehicles, consistently taking the wrong turns. All this without the added confusion of the "roar of battle," the worst horror of war that we encountered being the perplexing directions given us by various civilians, all of whom insisted on referring to places as they were colloquially known rather than as they were marked on our maps.

Outside of the general confusion, our problems were chiefly notable for the utter lack of restraint shown by practically all of our drivers when confronted with long stretches of open road after weeks of driving on twisting tracks at a top speed of not more than fifteen miles per hour. Three that I knew, having the bad luck to meet (practically head-on) a brigadier general while traveling at something considerably in excess of the recognized limit, were ignominiously deprived of their vehicles and reduced to Basic Privates, as of then.

We learned to ride nonchalantly in the back of a jeep, and decided that primarily our problems were not intended as training ventures at all, but were merely a means of impressing the civilian population with the wheeled might of the American forces overseas.

Personally I was impressed not so much with the

wheeled might of the American forces as with the peculiarly tiny part my life and limb and well-being played in the general scheme of things. I realized—for the first time—that whole companies, regiments even, could and would be serenely, if not cheerfully, sent to slaughter did an occasion arise where the "objective" was worth the casualties. And I was reminded of a phrase I'd read some place in an account of the French-Indian Wars: So-and-so (a pretty rugged character, I'd gathered) had come down the Hudson or up the Hudson or across the Hudson with "two hundred rifles." Well, here I was, a "rifle." Gas-operated, perhaps, instead of flintlock, but still a "rifle."

We learned to think accordingly. We grew contemptuous of the amenities and niceties of life; we developed an attitude that resembled not at all the Golden Rule; we learned to rely on and look after and out for ourselves—the hell with anybody else. We slept with our socks on. We got tough.

Our "staging area," it seemed, had been eminently successful.

While the rigid training that we underwent in our staging area taught us, it was claimed, some very valuable things, our daily lives taught us at least as much. We lived in tents in the woods. Of course we couldn't say as much in our letters, nor could we send home any photos that might give an inkling of our whereabouts. In fact, several soldiers who tried to palm off some ancient prints taken during the Carolina Maneuvers were informed by the censors that such pictures couldn't be mailed under any circumstances. They had an "identifiable background." Thanks to this policy and (naturally) an enforced silence regarding our recent troop movement, families, mothers, wives, sweethearts, etc., "back in the States," thought we were still wherever it was we had been since first arriving in Australia. It was their idea that we still lived under tin; they saw pictures of Quonsett huts, and wrote us saying it was certainly nice we had clean cement floors underfoot.

Well, to begin with, our floors were sand—a peculiarly fine, dirty, dusty, gritty kind of sand that got in our beds and our shoes and our hair and our guns and took the enamel off Izzy Popopliss' false teeth. Later we got sawdust, and bit by bit, through a variety of nefarious schemes, most of us sooner or later acquired some kind

of a real floor. Sergeant Rubitkish's tent (he happened to command a particularly sticky-fingered crew) managed to steal a large number of empty beer boxes which enabled them to floor their entire tent with boards that advertised in big black letters, "XXXX Bulimba Beer." It made a very nice floor indeed, with a sort of linoleum effect, but sometimes when Sergeant Rubitkish's crew crawled out of bed following a night of inebriation and got smote in the face with dozens of big black XXXX Bulimba Beers, they wished they'd stuck to sawdust.

When it got dark we went to bed. Later on candles were issued after a fashion, but we lowly privates saw very few of them. Spotlight, Nickel Plate, and the rest of the "Old Guard" cornered the candle market and used candles in a manner that led us to believe that they must certainly be eating them, Eskimo style, or at the very least burning them at both ends. Eventually, of course, most of us obtained, in one way or another, some sort of a kerosene lamp. We relied on the government for our fuel, stealthily raiding the kitchen tank each night after dark, and thus, no doubt, adding considerably to the eventual cost of the war. But, we figured, what the hell? If we live through this trouble, we'll probably spend the rest of our lives paying for it, so let's get our share now. And if we didn't live—well, the eventual cost of the war would be no skin off our nose. George, g'wan up an' swipe some kerosene.

Some days, for one reason or another, we were short of water. Not to the point of suffering perhaps, but short enough that four or even five men might find it necessary to wash in the same basin. Whether or not the fifth man in such cases emerged any cleaner for his efforts was highly debatable, but it was generally agreed that were the shortage acute enough the same water could be—and was—used as long as it would pour. Come to think of it, some of us who had favored numerous and prolonged baths in civilian life must have suffered at that; but most of us just dispensed with washing until our fingers stuck together.

We learned too, and quite rapidly, that a lot of other things that are supposed to drive those women who are described as being "good housekeepers" stark raving mad, are just plain silly. I've got an aunt who can't stand flies. If just one little fly gets inside auntie's house she sounds a call to quarters, arms herself with flit and swatter and goes after that fly, spraying and swatting indiscriminately.

Well, hell, auntie. We lived (intimately) with a variety of creeping, crawling, flying, fluttering, slithering, burrowing, web-spinning things that hummed, buzzed, chirped, squeaked, croaked, droned, shrilled and bit, stung, wounded, nibbled, annoyed, clung to, and walked over us. Through long familiarity, my almost pathological fear of spiders dwindled to a mere distaste, and I flicked them away with my fingers as well as the next man. Anything, that is, up to the size of large tarantulas that looked not unlike the creations of some inexperienced but aspiring milliner. Having never seen any scorpions before, I didn't know enough to be afraid of them, but said, "Oh, look at the little animals!" until somebody told me, "Jeez! That's a *scorpion!*" and informed me it was better to kill them promptly with a large stick than admire them. All of us learned to shake our shoes before putting them on and to dress in one minute flat.

ALMOST to a man we grew or tried to grow a mustache, something that we had probably all longed to do back in civilian life but hadn't had the necessary strength of spirit to try where there were people around—particularly young ladies—who might scoff at us. Army regulations state quite definitely that enlisted men will and must be "clean-shaven" at all times. But we were a long ways from the War Department, and most of the C. O.s concerned, probably in the interests of morale, allowed that at least a part of our faces might be something less. Consequently a truly amazing variety of hairy growths sprang up and were carefully nurtured. Most of them withered and died just previous to their owner's going on pass. Some went to seed, spread like ivy, and the C. O.s—this time in the interests of sanitation—demanded that they come off. Some turned up missing following a particularly quick shave. I deliberately removed mine the day after somebody said, "Wipe the cocoa off'n your mouth."

When it came to amusing ourselves, we had the usual games of chance, the regimental band, and movies. However, our company neither approved of nor appreciated the regimental band. This organization was quartered next to us and from very early in the morning until very late at night they practiced a variety of tunes on a variety of instruments, never more than four of them on the same tune, but all favoring heavy bass notes that made the trees quiver. They ate with us too, which made our chow line considerably longer, but were excused from furnishing any K. P.'s, another unending source of hate. We discussed all kinds of sabotage that we might wreak on our band. Particularly we wanted to pour sand in the bass horn.

Otherwise we relied on our cinema, which, like the best in the States, had stars on the roof. As a matter of fact, the stars were the roof. Mostly the pictures themselves appeared to have been knocked out by Hollywood in something less than thirty-six hours for a cost of not more than seventy-five dollars, including the première, but they were still movies. Generally each picture was shown three nights running and we attended three nights running, until some of us who had also seen the same feature a couple of times in civilian life could, with little or no effort, repeat all the punch lines from memory. Naturally enough, certain characters *did* repeat all the punch lines from memory, usually just prior to their appearing on the screen. We cheered madly when a familiar place or the old home state was mentioned. To a man, it seemed, we shrieked and whistled if a silk-clad feminine leg so much as flashed across the screen. We longed for those good old-fashioned newsreels full of sweepstakes winners and bathing beauties instead of London's latest blitz. We watched travelogues of Tahiti and Havana ("the Pearl of the Caribbean") and Tasmania and Old Mexico and wished that just once Mr. Fitzpatrick had gone to Kalamazoo.

All in all, we liked our "staging area" better than we had liked our "bloody resort plice," but we were still a long ways from home—a hell of a long ways from home—and overwhelmingly anxious and eager to see something, anything, that reminded us of the Main Streets we had known "back in the States."

YES, we were a long ways from home. And just exactly what did we think about the whole business? Frankly, we didn't give the matter a hell of a lot of thought at any time. Arrangements that would make for warmer sleeping, future passes, the ever-threatening Duty Roster, rumors, those and—the feminine companionship being what it was—fading mental pictures of a lot of girls in movie magazines, those were the things that filled our little minds.

Until one morning the newsboys who daily stormed our camp met us with late-edition headlines that screamed: "JAPS THRU THE GAP—32 MILES FROM MORESBY."

We were alerted. They let the bars down. And when it has to, brother, this Army can move.

Willy-nilly we stripped off our denims, threw them in a truck that roared away, "To where they're dyeing them," somebody said. Not of a material that could be readily dipped or dyed ourselves (a fact, we agreed, that must surely have broken the quartermaster's heart), we were presently issued half-pint bottles full of greenish fluid. "Skin dye," the guy said who was handing them out, and dashed off, his bare legs slapping through the brush. Ordered, "Give out these bottles" by a harried supply officer who was in no mood to be reasoned with, our hero hadn't had a chance to find any pants after removing his denims. He spent most of the day dashing thither and yon in a baggy pair of G. I. shorts.

We struck our tents, rolled our cots. Word got out that "You can take whatcha can carry on yu back." For the first time our packs were too small. Suddenly we had too many clothes. A raincoat, a sweater, a field jacket—which to take? It never rains all the time—throw away the raincoat. A sweater? You won't need it where you're going, Jack. A field jacket? Hell, throw it away. And it was literally thrown away, wherever the owner happened to be when the idea struck him. Scattered heaps

of every conceivable item: clothing, equipment, shoes, shirts, garrison hats, two bicycles, a hand-powered sewing machine, shoe polish, shaving lotion, prized photos. The chips were down. Most of us took soap instead of the home-town sweetheart, and cigarettes had a priority on both.

But parting with some of our dearly beloved treasures was tougher than saying good-by the day we left for the induction center. I particularly noticed one Johnson, a stolid character who had but recently, and at the expense of considerable effort, acquired a high-class kerosene lamp. For nearly twenty minutes while the War Effort went on full blast around him, Johnson sat mournfully on his cot, with three bars of P & G laundry soap in one hand and his wonderful lamp in the other. He fondled it, but, unlike Aladdin, no good genii played Johnny-on-the-spot. Instead came Spotlight, roaring, "C'm'on, Johnson, get your tail in gear!"

Lined up at eight-thirty, our C. O. warned us of a split-second transportation schedule that would brook no lagging; questioned us concerning our water, rations, ammunition, and dog tags. His voice, in the darkness, sounded as if he were being strangled. Nickel Plate then called the roll. For one awful moment I thought: I'll be damned if I answer! But I did, in a voice that sounded strangely as if I were being strangled.

We loaded into trucks by the glare of headlights. A rasping voice, later identified as a brigadier general's, said quite distinctly, "The HELL with the speed limit! You get these men to Rauser [NOTE: Name is fictitious] Field in time for breakfast."

The ride to the field was, all in all, fairly miserable. We talked a little, now and then, about nothing in particular. It was better than just sitting, and much, much better than sitting and thinking. We slept some, between jolts. At one point I amused myself with some morbid guesses on who, of the men in our truck, would be the first to "go." And I tried desperately to go back to sleep.

We arrived in time for breakfast—at 3 A. M. We sloshed it down, stood around in the grayness while half a dozen transports waddled roaring to the camp.

As ordered, we broke off in groups of thirty, trudged across the ramp, loaded into the bellies of the transports, deposited ourselves on the floor. We took off.

There are no windows in transports. Probably it is just as well. But Sergeant Rubitkish, a man who would look on the bright side if his parachute failed, put it in words.

"I'm damn glad," he said, "there wasn't nobody around to say g'-by to."

THE END.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

LIMIT OF DARKNESS is **Howard Hunt's** second novel about men at war. His first, East of Farewell, is about a "tin can" which undertook the tough job, early in the war, of shepherding the transports across and searching out the subs.

This one is about Navy flyers whose assignment is an even tougher one. These are the lads who, with limited equipment, and in substandard living conditions, fly the strikes that are aimed at the Japs from Guadalcanal.

Hunt employs the same technique here that was successful in his first book. He brings us close to the living conditions of his characters, to their daily routine.

Howard Hunt

He sketches in their backgrounds and keeps us aware of the fact that they are living, when we view them, tautly, in a drama that will soon explode into action, danger, and perhaps death.

It is an effective method in most respects, for Hunt is a remarkable observer. In Limit of Darkness you feel the heat and the dampness of Guadalcanal, you can almost hear the mosquitoes, taste the unpalatable food and the bitter smoke of the perspiration-soaked cigarettes. You are in flight when the planes take off and you watch the instruments as tensely as the pilot. It is your fight when it comes and you are watching the planes of your own comrades when they get it.

But there the technique falters,

James Truslow Adams

for although you know what they have done and felt; what they have worn and eaten and thought; what they have written to their wives or girls, and what letters they have received—you find that the individual characters blur. Only one of them begins to emerge as a definite personality, and that just as the book closes.

This may not be a fault. Perhaps it is more important to Hunt that you experience what his flyers do than that you explore any of them as a person. If so, he succeeds brilliantly. He begins at sunrise one morning and takes you through the whole day—one of the hot, heavy, humid days of Guadalcanal. He prepares you for the strike that is coming that night—a bombing of a Jap base, timed with the torpedoing of some Jap ships and the laying of mines to close a harbor.

He concerns himself principally with four of the men who fly out on that strike. Of the four, three do not come back to Henderson to land as the next day's dawn breaks and the book closes. Two have been shot down; the third has made a forced landing somewhere in the Pacific.

It is here, in the story of the strike and the flight homeward of one of the pilots that the book gathers extraordinary power. In a radio conversation between the pilot who will make it and the ship that won't, there is some of the finest, the most gripping, and the most poignant writing of this war.

Published by Random House, N. Y. Price, $2.50.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS continues his invaluable contributions to American history. His latest is **Album of American History,** a beautifully integrated and well arranged volume, containing illustrations of all those things that form a background to history in action. If you want to see how our forefathers dressed, what tools or utensils they used, what their houses and their world and they themselves looked like, what toys amused their children, what books they read, and what weapons they used, you will find it here. It is a fascinating book, an enlightening one, and a treasury of information.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Price, $7.50.

The Amazing Story of ROMA *wines...*

MADE IN CALIFORNIA, FOR ENJOYMENT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

In Havana...

At the famed Hotel Nacional de Cuba, ROMA Sherry precedes a happy dinner party.

THIS scene in Havana is typical of wine lovers in many a corner of the world. To *them* ROMA California Wine is an imported delicacy—to *you* an inexpensive delight for everyday enjoyment.

You are more fortunate. ROMA Wines come to you from our own wineries—in the heart of California's finest wine grape areas.

You do not have to pay high duty and shipping costs . . . but can enjoy ROMA whenever you wish—at *prices unbelievably low* for wines of such distinguished character.

As a result, ROMA Wines are by far the most popular, the most widely-enjoyed of all America's wines . . . the world's outstanding wine-values!

Discover today how much they add to your meals . . . how much they delight friends when you entertain. Get a supply of your favorite kinds—at your favorite dealers. Enjoy them every day.

Roma Wine Company, Fresno, Lodi, Healdsburg, Cal.

ROMA California Wines include: Port, Sherry, Muscatel, Sauterne...Claret, Burgundy, Zinfandel ...Champagne and Sparkling Burgundy.

BUT—BEFORE YOU BUY WINES BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

ROMA *Wines*

America's Largest Selling Wines

Serve Chilled

TUNE IN ROMA WINES' "SUSPENSE"—C.B.S., Thursday nights (Mondays, in Pacific Time Zone). See your newspaper for time and station.

A DATE FOR SATURDAY NIGHT

Continued from Page 17

every innocent-looking object afloat, just in case.

"Yep," I said. "Just an apple crate."

"Uh-huh. But right in the wake of that raft and tug." He turned his head and snapped an order to our radioman. "Pete, that tug we just passed had a radio antenna up. See if you can get him on the radiophone."

PETE fiddled his dials and spoke into a mike—and handed the mike to Jim, while we all heard the tug answer on the loud-speaker.

"Tug Aphrodite, Warren Fuller, master."

Jim said sternly, "Aren't you aware, Captain Fuller, that no debris of any kind is to be thrown overboard from a vessel? Unless you actually want an enemy submarine following you."

"Yes, sir, I know the regulation, but I thought that it applied to convoys."

"Primarily. But submarines are known to be along this coast. I'll ask you to observe the rule."

"I'm not aware of having broken it."

"We have sighted an apple crate in your wake."

"Oh! Just a moment, sir. My daughter does all our cooking in the shack back on the raft. I have a telephone rigged to the shack that I can connect in on this—"

He stopped talking, and a girl's voice spoke:

"I'm afraid I'm to blame for that apple crate in our wake," she said. She had a nice voice, and she sounded honestly rueful and ashamed. "I'm terribly sorry!"

"That doesn't help much when a torpedo hits."

"To make amends," the girl said, "I've just done some baking, and—well, could you men use a couple of fresh hot blueberry pies?"

"Blueberry pies!" I echoed. "Tell her *yes*, Jim—with thanks!"

But Jim Wyatt frowned and said, so solemnly that I was fooled for a minute and thought he was serious, "Sorry, Miss Fuller. If you'd said peach pie, or French apple, I'd have accepted, but not blueberry pie. Only New Englanders can make blueberry pie."

"But I lived at my grandmother's house near Bennington, Vermont, and she taught me to make blueberry pie the way her grandmother taught *her*, so I assure you that my blueberry pie is the real genuine article." And then she said, almost breaking my heart, "But maybe I've been fooling myself. I'll just throw these pies to the sharks."

"Hold on," Jim said. "We're coming after them."

We had been making our turn all this time, and now we nosed down toward the raft and Jim signaled our engineer to slow the engines. We came down low, with just enough way to keep us hovering over the big raft.

The girl came out of the shack. She was carrying a basket and she waved to us. We let down a line. At close range she was even prettier than through the glasses. She had slipped on a sweater and slacks, and she was really shaped to wear them. She smiled up at us, and it was a smile you couldn't resist. I focused the binoculars on her—and it was like drawing her lovely face up close enough to kiss.

"Very kind of you to give us these pies," Jim said as she tied the basket onto our line. "My name is Wyatt, Lieutenant Jim Wyatt. This is Lieutenant Ames, and Ensign Aughinbaugh. What are you doing next Saturday night?"

She laughed, nodding to me and Augie.

"Why, we hope to be tying up in San Diego."

Jim said, "After all, I'll have to tell you how we liked the blueberry pies and how to improve your baking. Next Saturday night in San Diego would be a very fine time to do it."

"Can you bake, Lieutenant Wyatt?" she asked.

"No, and I can't lay an egg, but I *can* tell a good egg or a good pie, and I like good eggs and that's why I'd like to see you Saturday night. Can do?"

She laughed again, but shook her head, her bright hair catching glints of light in the sun, and said, "Sorry, but I really can't. I've got a date."

UP ahead, the tug had slowed, and as the raft neared, a big man jumped onto it and ran toward us.

She said, "That's my father coming. Guess he wants to talk to you."

Captain Fuller's weathered face was very serious, and his deep voice sounded worried as he called up to us.

"Lieutenant, I've been wanting to notify the Navy—I was afraid to radio it and maybe cause a false alarm. Five hours back we passed what looked like a floating mine."

"Where did you sight it?" Jim demanded crisply.

"Just off Point Mugu."

"We'll look into it, sir. Thanks for telling us. Miss Fuller," Jim went on

To shave in less time, feel refreshed—
Enjoy real comfort, look your best,
Use Thin Gillette, the keener blade...
The finest low-priced one that's made!
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10c
Outlast Ordinary Blades
Two To One
Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

then, to the girl, "we'll probably pass over you on our return flight. And if your pies have done you justice, we'll blink a light."

She nodded, and with a twinkle in her eyes she said, "And if you find that you do need a chaser of baking soda, just drop a line and I'll pass up a package."

"And how about Saturday night in San Diego?"

"Sorry, but I promised my brother we'd go see his wife and new baby and stay for dinner."

"Do that on Sunday. Where is your brother? I'll phone him—"

"He's engineer on the tug ahead, pulling us."

"I'll have just Saturday night—Sunday I'll be on duty again. Ask your brother to let you off, won't you?"

She laughed again, then said, "All right, I'll talk to him. Tell you what. When you pass over us again, if there's a red sweater hanging on the clothesline—I'll meet you in the Y. W. C. A. lobby Saturday night. But if there's a blanket on the line, then I can't make it."

"O. K.," he said. "See you Saturday night!"

"Maybe," she corrected, but she smiled. . . .

TWENTY miles farther north, off Point Mugu, we sighted in the water below a big black globe with projecting horns.

"It's a mine, all right!" I said excitedly.

"Uh-huh. Loose from its mooring." Jim Wyatt nodded. He gave orders. Two of our men aimed machine guns at the thing and exploded it. Spray geysered hundreds of feet into the air and Queenie rolled way over on her fat side from the air blast.

We circled the area then. Jim suspected we might find more mines. From our altitude of five hundred feet we could see some seventy feet into the water. And we sure *did* find more mines! We found a line of them right across the routine sailing lane of coastwise vessels!

"But they weren't there on our last patrol," I blurted. "And none of the other blimps sighted them!"

"Which means," Jim said, "that those mines were laid very recently. Possibly just last night."

"Only a Nip sub could have done it!"

These mines were not floating but were moored at the most effective depth under water. We had to set them off by dropping depth bombs, spacing three of them in a long careful line. We sure jarred sea and sky there for a spell. Believe me, it makes you feel humble and scared to realize how much destruction is concentrated in those iron packages.

As we resumed our patrol north, we strained to spot a masked periscope on the surface, or the stealthy whale-like shadow of a pigboat in the shallow depths. We sighted nothing.

And finally, after completing our run north, we turned about and put in at Lompoc, our auxiliary field, and landed to fill our gas tanks. It was night, and we felt sleep-goofy from strain.

And while we were there—toward midnight—by radio came word that two cargo vessels had been torpedoed off the coast. Two of them! An oil tanker and a munitions ship. Right in the steamer lanes over which we had flown that day. Two vessels that broke and sank with a good part of their crews not a half hour apart. The news hit us right on the chin.

We were up and off again well before dawn; and when day broke, we were studying the sea with a tension that let us miss nothing. The air was calm and the sea like glass. Even a periscope a long way off would kick up a white wake easy to spot. And now we could look down into the clear depths for some ninety feet, I judged. But we sighted nothing suspicious, and our detectors picked up nothing suspicious.

We passed the spots where the tanker and the cargo vessel had been torpedoed. Debris and oil slicks were plain signposts. Coast Guard craft had already arrived to pick up survivors and hunt for the pigboat.

They had no luck. Neither did we.

Later, we flew in sight of the tug Aphrodite again. Those blueberry pies had been darn good, and I guess we all had our eyes on the huge raft for a glimpse of Miss Fuller. As a token of appreciation, we had picked up a couple quarts of ice cream at Lompoc we intended to lower to her.

Approaching the big raft, we nosed down, and Jim signaled for slow speed. I had the field glasses. Something in the broad wake of the raft caught my eye, and I focused on it. *Well, I'll be damned!* I said to myself. I saw newspapers floating in the waves. Garbage must've been wrapped in the paper, because I saw potato peels and apple cores on the water. . . . Then, as we drew nearer the raft, there in the water was a carton that had held canned tomatoes, and an empty corn-flakes box.

Jim hadn't been daydreaming. He snapped, "Say, is that refuse floating behind the raft?"

"Looks like it," I said uncomfortably.

His lips compressed. "But I *told* her," he said.

We were getting close to the raft now, and I looked forward toward the clothesline beyond the shack. Jim was looking, too. If a red sweater hung on that line, it meant Miss Fuller would keep that date with him in San Diego, Saturday night. If a blanket was hung there, her final answer was no.

I HAD the glasses, so I saw what was on the line before the others, and inwardly I jumped, surprised.

There was no red sweater hanging on the line. It was a khaki blanket. In fact, *two* blankets!

And then we were close enough for the others to see. Ensign Aughinbaugh uttered a low whistle.

"She not only says no; she says no—*no!*" I exploded. "She not only turns you down; she rubs it in!"

Jim Wyatt's face was a hot chagrined red.

Tactless dope that I am, I said, "Let's keep going—"

"Of course not," Jim said crisply. "I ain't licked."

He had judged speed nicely. We came down some twenty feet over the shack at just the speed of the raft. Miss Fuller had heard our motors, for now she came out of the shack, carrying a basket. She waved to us.

I dropped a line down, yelling, "Hello!"

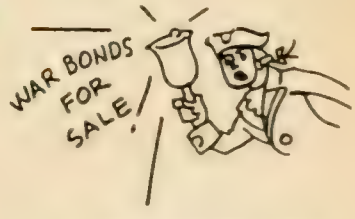
"How were those blueberry pies?" she asked.

"Swell!" I shouted.

"I've got some more for you," she said, lifting the basket. She was wearing a yellow sweater and blue slacks, and the wind was in her bright hair, and she looked even prettier than she had the first time. From the corner of my eye I could see disapproval and

Alone in a forest of pencils!

Dixon Ticonderoga—the pencil that gives you smoother writing—quicker responsiveness to flying thoughts. Distinguishable from all others by its handsome green plastic ferrule with the double yellow bands—and its firmly held rubber eraser. Always ask for Ticonderoga by name—and look for the green plastic ferrule with the double yellow bands.



The fine American Pencil with the fine American name...

TICONDEROGA

Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J4, Jersey City 3, N. J.

chagrin fade right off Jim's face. He couldn't stay mad, looking at her.

"Where's your red sweater?" he demanded. "The one that belongs on the clothesline?"

Crisply she said, "Sorry, lieutenant. No date."

I had hauled up her basket and now lowered the two quarts of ice cream to her.

"Oh, th-thanks," she said. "This is so sweet of you."

Jim wasn't hanging around. He'd led with his chin, and regretted it. He rang for full speed and we pulled up and away pronto. The girl waved, but he wasn't looking. He sat staring straight ahead, his jaw set hard. But he gave himself away.

Abruptly he muttered, so low I was the only one who heard, "Damn it, *one* blanket would've been enough!"

"Forget it," I said.

He didn't forget it. We made a sweep out to sea, and we were plenty busy; yet Jim kept frowning as if he was thinking hard and getting more puzzled by the minute. I said, "She isn't worth worrying about, Jim."

"Oh, yes, she is!"

"Nuts. She's just a flighty dim-wit. Look how you told her not to heave any more refuse overboard into the wake, yet she went right ahead and did it again. After she said she wouldn't. That proves she's a dope."

"Oh, no, it doesn't."

"O. K., what does it prove, then?"

"I don't know. I just—*don't—know*," he said, and he sounded troubled. . . .

AT noon, Ryan, one of our radiomen, served up lunch. For dessert he set in front of each of us a slab of Miss Fuller's last blueberry pies. It still had a luscious warm aroma, and I lifted my piece to take a big bite out of it—even as I saw Wyatt, who'd already bitten into his pie, stiffen and stop chewing.

And then I tasted my bite with the whole inside of my mouth—and I spluttered like I'd bit on a dead mouse.

Aughinbaugh demanded, "What's wrong with this stuff?"

Jim Wyatt just sat there as if he didn't hear.

I blurted, "So help me, she used salt instead of sugar in this pie! What a lousy idea of a practical joke!"

Augie said charitably, "Aw, now, maybe it was an accident. Maybe she got the stuff mixed—"

"Not that girl! She's too smart to make a mistake like that!" I said.

"You're right, Red," Jim said.

"It's just her idea of a joke on the boys!"

"You're wrong, Red," Jim said.

"Well, if it ain't a joke, and it ain't a mistake," I demanded, "then what in blazes is it?"

"Maybe we better go back and find out."

And Jim put down his plate of pie and slewed around in his seat and worked controls to put us into a full one-eighty-degree turn, and signaled for top speed on the engines.

I demanded, "Just what've you got on your mind, Jim?"

He seemed worried and preoccupied. He said, "Red, I like that girl. I like the kind of girl I think she is."

"You made up your mind in a hurry!"

"I did. Yesterday."

"Maybe you made a mistake."

His mouth tightened. "You got to have faith in people, Red. You got to believe in them, or you may miss out on crucial things."

"Meaning what?"

"Blast it, Decker, is it necessary to salute me every time we pass each other?"

"That I don't think she could possibly do something that's dumb or crude."

"Good Lord, you just won't look facts in the eye! Boy, she's made a sucker out of you."

"Either that, or— Damn it, let's go see!"

He nosed up toward a patch of clouds that was on our route; and he told me to study the tug and log raft through the glasses from as far off as I could spot them.

When we finally came out of that long stretch of clouds, the Aphrodite and her log tow were in sight. I focused the binoculars on them—and started in surprise.

"What d'you see?" Jim demanded.

"Here," I said shakily and handed the glasses to him. "*You* look!"

He did, and I saw him stiffen; and then he said coolly, "Seamen on the raft. Assembling a machine gun."

"Jim, are they—"

"They're Japs," he said.

"B-but where'd they come from!"

Instead of answering, he gave orders to ready our own machine guns; then he handed the glasses back to me.

Peering through them, I saw the men on the raft suddenly hurry into the girl's shack.

"They've spotted us!" I said.

Then I saw Miss Fuller come out of the shack with a basket of clothes which she started hanging up. I told Jim. "That means they figure maybe we haven't seen them. They're making the girl carry on as usual. . . . I think I'll drop a bomb beside the raft."

"Why?"

"I got a hunch."

"But a depth bomb might break those logs apart!"

His lean face went white but he said nothing.

At a thousand feet, we approached the log boom. Miss Fuller did not look around but kept busy hanging up clothes. *She's got orders*, I figured, *and they're watching her close!*

We came over the raft. Beside me, Jim sighted—caught a sharp breath—and then he pulled the depth bomb release.

A can dropped away. I leaned over to watch it fall.

The girl saw it. Down below, I saw her start running forward on the raft. Then the bomb hit the water, vanished in spray, and let go. A fat geyser ballooned skyward, and underwater the explosion set up a huge roiling of concussion that boiled to the surface like a volcanic eruption. The cigar-shaped raft, for all its bulk, seemed to lift bodily. Heart in my mouth, I looked for the veining of chains through those logs to snap. But they held, *they held!* . . . Back toward the stern, however, on the seaward side, something collapsed. *"Good Lord, a piece of camouflage!"* I blurted. Painted canvas, held by two-by-fours, lined with strips of bark to make it look like part of the raft! It collapsed, going overside—

And left uncovered the conning tower and part of the deck of a submarine lashed to the side of the raft. Stocky little men swiveled a light antiaircraft cannon around on the conning tower to aim at us—and other men burst out of the raft shack with that machine gun. Tracer spat skyward at us, and I jarred out of my first surprise enough to groan at thought of what a target our blimp made. Like the side of a barn, only bigger!

"Help me turn her!" Jim ordered me. "We'll put a bomb right alongside that conning tower. Lift 'er!"

Old Queenie lumbered around in a turn that was actually fast for her, but seemed achingly slow. Behind us, our men were streaming machine-gun slugs at the sub, to drive the Nips from their guns; but Queenie yawed and rolled, making aim difficult; and fast as one Jap gunner dropped, another took his place.

And their machine-gun lead was ripping through the cabin and through our envelope. That didn't last—McComas and Augie, from cabin windows behind me, shot the Nip gunners off the raft. But explosive shells from the small cannon on the sub's conning tower were getting the range—tearing into Queenie's silk flanks and bursting. Slashing big holes in the blimp's fat sides. If the separate ballonets lost too much helium, we'd plunge into the sea. *Come on around, Queenie!* I prayed. *Turn, blast you; turn!* For if we didn't put a bomb on the sub soon, it was going to be too late.

Behind me I heard Augie groan; and I jerked around and saw him slump against the wall; and beyond him, McComas went limp at the knees and hit the floor. And I realized, looking out the window, that though we had forward momentum we were dropping—as if our gas bags were coughing out helium.

"Bomb away!" Jim yelled then.

I SAW the bomb falling, and I tensed. We were too low over the sub! Our own bomb blast would hit our tail.

The little Jap ack-ack gun was still spurting fire at us as our bomb hit the water alongside the conning tower of the sub. *That finishes you!* I yelled inside my mind. Then the blast came. The sea seemed to lunge at us, and our blimp went skyward as if catapulted, rolling on her beam ends—and I saw the silk envelope ripping plumb apart; and then we were plummeting toward the water.

But I got a glimpse of that sub as we fell. The pigboat had rolled to the surface—and she was torn wide open, plates sheared and crumpled inward and fuel oil streaming out of her. She rolled and went under and vanished in a boiling chaos of water and oil slick.

And then we hit the waves, and water enfolded us.

Somehow I got Augie out of the cabin window and lunged for the surface with him. But the huge area of

the blimp envelope had settled down on us. Our Mae Wests had inflated as we hit the sea, but in spite of them the weight of Queenie's skin threatened to drag us under. For a wild struggling moment of blackness I had the feeling of being engulfed by the tentacles of an acre-wide octopus. I whipped my knife from my belt and slashed at the silk, tore and cut blindly. We broke through then, onto the surface, and the sunlight glaring down onto my face was heavenly relief. I still had hold of Augie, and around me I saw Jim Wyatt and the rest of the crew, all except young McComas; and even for him I didn't feel too bad. *We made 'em pay off big for you, boy. But big!* We'd paid off for those two cargo carriers, too. We'd licked that sub!

CAPTAIN FULLER'S tug picked us up. Miss Fuller helped bandage our wounds. From them we got the story.

The submarine had pulled alongside them at night. Fuller had had no chance to radio an alarm, for first thing he knew of the sub's presence was when the Japs shot his radio antenna away. Then they had come aboard and shot two of his men, and had taken over. The sub had been damaged by depth bombs after torpedoing some vessel. The Japs evidently had to keep her on the surface while making repairs. So they had made her fast to the raft and before daylight they had rigged a clever camouflage over her conning tower. With her hatch open but masked, and her deck under water, and her engines silent, they had figured on escaping detection. . . . They had set guards on the tug and in the shack on the raft, and had warned the Fullers to carry on as usual.

When Miss Fuller told them she had promised blueberry pies to the crew of the blimp, the officers had decided it would be smartest to make no variation from routine aboard the raft. They had let her pass up the pies to us—but a machine gun had been pointed at her every moment. Her lips were shaking as she finished the story.

"I wanted to put a note in the basket with the pies, but they watched me so closely I had no chance to write one. I tried *so* hard to think of a clever way to let you know about the sub. But I was too scared. All I could do was silly things like putting salt in those pies."

"Listen," Jim said fervently. "You did all right!"

"Because you understood," she said, and her eyes were shining.

We had two prisoners. When the fight had started, there were two Japs on guard on the tug. When their sub sank, they had decided to be practical, and they had surrendered.

A destroyer came out and took us aboard. Standing at the rail, we waved to the Fullers.

"Say, I forgot something," I blurted. "I was going to ask Miss Fuller for the recipe of that blueberry pie she makes—to give my wife."

Jim said, "I'll get the recipe for you Saturday night."

"You mean you *have* got a date with Miss Fuller?"

"I *have* got a date with Miss Fuller."

"But she turned you down!" I said.

He grinned at me. "She did not."

"She sure did! Her answer was no!"

"She said no—*no!* Remember?"

"You mean you changed her mind?"

"I didn't have to. She said no—*no!* And two negatives, my boy—two negatives make an affirmative!"

THE END

Coach and bus operators know that new AC Spark Plugs mean *better engine performance* and *gasoline economy*. They also know that *regular cleaning and adjusting* make those spark plugs *perform better, longer.* When plugs must be replaced, you, too, can be assured of utmost reliability by specifying AC Spark Plugs.

CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

AC SPARK PLUGS

ARMY NAVY

BUY WAR BONDS – BRING VICTORY QUICKER

"IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH —BUT WE CAN DO IT!"

Continued from Page 15

ridge, and trying to get the ones on the reverse slope," he said. "You can see the targets if you use field glasses. When they're really knocked out, those guys up there will go forward. They're just inside the safety zone now, but at that they're working a lot closer to the fire than we used to back at home." He smiled proudly. "We know our job now," he said.

Suddenly the fire ceased, and the doughboys rose from the ground and surged forward, moving smoothly. They reached the top of the ridge and were outlined on the sky line for a moment. A captain hollered, "Get off that sky line, you boneheads!" Then they went on down the other side of the ridge to "get" positions there.

"That's not so bad—but they still haven't got it quite right," said the captain. "We'll try it again tomorrow, and get it perfect."

ON the other side of the hill, the doughboys, machine-gun and mortar crews had gathered to listen to criticism of their work. They listened seriously, gazing out at sea or at the ground. Some one said, "O. K. Let's get back," and they formed in threes and marched off to their billets. The "problem" was an impressive performance. Except for the absence of Germans, it might have been any one of a dozen small attacks in Tunisia, attacks which no one reports but which eat up men and equipment as surely as Stalingrad or Alamein, and contribute as greatly to victory.

The equipment with which American soldiers are training now is to a great extent the equipment with which they will attack Hitler's European Fortress. Two years ago, when the Army first came to Britain, it was a commonplace to say that it was the best equipped in the world. This was true as far as clothes, food, and engineering material were concerned, but combat revealed some weaknesses in the weapons. These weapons have now been improved or replaced. Some of the new field guns are far ahead of anything the Germans have yet used in any theater, and they are served so well that the gun crews look like automatons as they go about their tasks.

But there is the feeling among officers and men alike that the last two years have taught that, good though material may be, it is no better than the physical and mental condition of the men who use it.

Mentally and physically, our troops here are superior to any others I've seen in four years of war, not excepting the panzer grenadiers of crack German armored divisions, the durable Britons of the Guards, or veteran tank outfits like the Seventh Armored Division. They have a mental keenness which exceeds that of European soldiers, and after a training which in some cases has gone on for four years they've developed a remarkable physical stamina.

This latter is being built up to peak for the invasion. Infantrymen tramp winding English roads every day, and there is not a company which can't do its twenty-five miles a day or its sixteen miles in four hours. Artillerymen rattle off with their guns in the middle of the night to ford English trout streams and plow across the soft English countryside until the dawn finds their big guns on a hilltop covering a quiet English cathedral town. Engineers, the handy men of modern war, bridge rivers, "delouse" mock mine fields, and sharpen their rifle eyes for the business to come—which inevitably must bring its full share of fighting and building and destroying for this ubiquitous corps.

As a result of all this, the soldiers are as fit as they've ever been, and healthier than those in the Mediterranean theater. You see them in the English market towns without their overcoats, reassuring anxious English mothers: "Why, this ain't cold. Why, ma'am, out in Duluth this time of year. . . ." The hospitals have been gratifyingly empty of patients from among the soldiers training in the field, although there have been a number of cases of flu among headquarters troops.

Generally, the Army is healthy and fighting fit, and one sergeant confided sorrowfully, "These guys are so fat and sassy it's gonna be hard to hold them, once they get going." He thought for a moment and then added, "They got to be that way, I guess. It's gonna be tough."

This theme runs through all the soldiers' talk, coupled with the unquestioning belief that, tough though it may be, they can "take" the Germans. None of them talks of honor or glory or freedom, and any interested person who does is greeted with cold cynicism. The soldier knows vaguely that beyond sweat, mud, and blood, he is fighting for certain principles. But he feels this personal knowledge is enough, and he's usually unfriendly toward politicians or chaplains who attempt to enlarge on the principles.

One thing that struck this correspondent was the immense pride which so many of the soldiers have in the Army. Many of them entered the service four years ago, when the Army was using stovepipes for mortars and trucks for tanks in maneuvers. Today they find themselves well armed, well drilled, and well led, and they're immensely proud not only of themselves for changing from civilians into soldiers, but of the government's ability to do the job.

Because of this, most of the G. I.s with whom I talked had a profound admiration for both President Roosevelt and General Marshall, to whom they ascribe the mounting efficiency and power of the Army in which they serve. It is not a political sentiment but one compounded of the realization of the distance they've come in four years and pride in service.

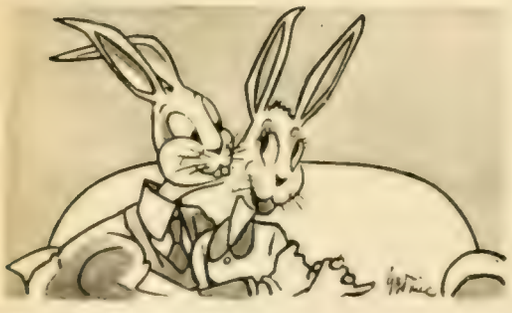
TOWARD the invasion they display a seeming indifference. They make none of the bloodthirsty remarks which are commonly attributed to soldiers before a great offensive. But they are absolutely confident that they are better fighters and soldiers than the Germans, although in the next breath they will borrow an English phrase and concede that "old Fritz is a soldier."

Combat experience in Tunisia, Sicily, and Italy has raised the standard of our noncommissioned officers and our officers. Some of the officers with whom I've talked recently were "noncoms" in Tunisia and have been commissioned to new outfits.

These new officers have distinguished themselves in training for invasion. One general told me, "They may be a bit short on theory, but they're damned good when it comes to keeping men moving under fire—and that's one of the arts of war just as much as moving divisions on a map."

They are civilian soldiers, but it must not be thought that all of them are in field commands. The intelligence officer of one of our finest infantry divisions was publicity man for a wine growers' association before the war. Many other staff officers of proven ability came into the Army from important civilian jobs. There are publishers, lawyers, newspapermen, and municipal officials serving in positions of great importance in this Army which, perhaps more than any other ever raised, represents the American nation in arms.

As a counterbalance there are West Pointers who, despite the gags and ribbing from the civilian soldiers—they call West Point "the Trade School"—are looked up to by the rest of the corps of officers. Now that a great part of the Army is trained, one finds more and more "Pointers" in field units rather than in the training centers. I met one twenty-six-year-old lieutenant colonel who will go far if his reckless gallantry



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

BUNNYMOON: Two rabbits on their wedding trip.

DEEPLOMACY: Davy Jones' politics.

COMICKS: Irish comedians.

WOMINN: Hotel exclusively for the ladies.

SEE! I OWE! He hasn't paid his union dues.

VASSALINE: Ointment for a slave.

ANCHORCHIEF: For holding the nose of a ship during a blow.

COFFICE: Every one at the plant has a cold.

DIREDEM: A dreadful crown.

DEWTY: A Californian's job when some one asks him if it's raining.

"O. K.! I'll give you an I O U!"

doesn't end his career. As professional soldiers they are far ahead of their counterparts in the British Army, although they naturally lack the experience of both British and German officers.

The ordinary soldier's attitude toward West Pointers is a revealing change from that of two years ago. Over the last beer before the pub closes, G. I. Joe will admit that although West Pointers "are hell" on discipline, drill, and dress, they "don't make many mistakes and they don't get you killed for nothing."

RELATIONS between the ordinary fighting man and the High Command are not, of course, intimate. Since the Supreme Command of the Allied Expeditionary Force was set up in London, General "Ike" Eisenhower, supreme commander, General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery, commander of British ground forces, and Lieutenant General Omar Bradley, senior commander of U. S. ground forces, have done their utmost to make their figures familiar to the man who'll pull the trigger. Eisenhower is an almost legendary figure, commanding as he does the entire operation, but Montgomery is much closer to our troops. They like him even though they are amused at his penchant for publicity.

The reason for their affection is simple, and it is not that Montgomery is the only senior general of the Western powers who in a long series of battles has never been defeated. It is that Montgomery is known as a soldier who never strikes until he is fully prepared. Our soldiers, like the British, know that Montgomery is not a "waster" and that he has the habit of victory.

Bradley is an austere, somewhat distant figure who has earned the admiration of many by his classic calm during the bombardments in Tunisia and Sicily. He is very popular among the officers, who attribute to him almost supernatural ability to solve tactical problems in a few hours by ordering a series of attacks which with mathematical precision bring about the desired answer to the tactical situation.

Generally, however, what affection the men have for their generals is centered in the divisional commanders. Each has his own nickname, and it is frequently scurrilous, but for those for whom they have a genuine liking the troops will do anything.

At present, despite the intensity of their training and the prospect before them, our soldiers are enjoying life. They are living in a pleasant quarter of England; their chow is, by field standards, good, and their billets are comfortable.

Some of them are living in schools and hotels, others are in Nissen huts or British barracks. With typical American ingenuity they've gone about making even the barest Nissen hut more comfortable. They give dances for the local girls, adorning the bare walls of the barracks or town halls with Rabelaisian frescoes which they fondly believe imitate those of El Morocco.

It is a small unit which doesn't have its own dance band, and the night air round any camp is lively with the songs of quartets.

Our people have made a tremendous impression in a section of Britain traditionally conservative and hostile to foreigners. For one thing, they are much better behaved than the English expected. A man who ran a tobacco shop in one small town said, "They are the best behaved soldiers I ever saw," and an elderly woman who ran an isolated pub added, "They're so polite." The chief complaint is that the soldiers are addicted to sorrowful ballads at such advanced hours as ten o'clock at night, when most rural Englishmen and their wives are in bed. But that is a minor point—and, as one farmer said, "That song they sing about the railroad is quite nice!"

On the other hand, most of our Americans are impressed by the generosity of the British. "You get asked to dinner on Sunday," said a corporal of artillery, "and you get turkey and pudding and lots of beer and whisky. Maybe at first you don't realize that's all they have for the week, and even if you do you don't want to hold back, for fear of hurting their feelings."

Many of our divisions are quartered in agricultural sectors which suffered heavily from casualties in the first grim year of the war. Kids from all over America have been welcomed by English families whose sons died at Dunkirk, Trondheim, Calais, Narvik, or Louvain, or are in prison camps. "I feel as though I were really doing something for my Bert," one farm wife said when she told me how she walked a quarter mile each morning with a handful of fresh eggs for an American battery.

OUT of this intermingling and the fighting of the last two years has come a new respect for the British as soldiers and civilians. The soldier has heard too much about Africa and Sicily to believe the old story that the British aren't fighting—or he's been there himself and has learned on the battlefield that they certainly are.

On top of that has come kindness from British civilians. It's no wonder that even the most rabidly anti-British soldier of two years ago now admits, "These guys are O. K. to fight beside."

Today our troops are healthy both mentally and physically, and are exceedingly well trained and equipped and well led. They have the correct mental attitude toward what is coming. "It's gonna be tough—but we can do it!"

THE END

Advertisement

"It's either a forest fire or Paw's on a rampage again because he can't find his Wheaties."

We'll bet it's Paw. He's a mighty hard man to deal with when you hide his Wheaties. As you would expect, if you are a Wheaties man yourself. There's nothing quite like those whole wheat flakes with the "second helping" flavor. Go ahead—have some more! Every morning.

AN OLD WORLD FAVORITE OF AMERICAN QUALITY!

DON Cossack BRAND VODKA

IMPORTED PRODUCT OF CUBA

IMPORTED

100 PROOF

100% IMPORTED CANE PRODUCTS

A PRODUCT OF CUBA

M. S. Walker, Inc.
BOSTON, MASS.

The Blade With The MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

Marlin HIGH SPEED BLADES EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢

TRY MARLIN SHAVE CREAM
Lather or Brushless

MARKWELL
STAPLING MACHINES

STAPLE SAM
THE MARKWELL MAN SAYS—

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

We have a MACHINE and STAPLES for every OFFICE and INDUSTRIAL PURPOSE

MARKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.
200 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK 13

THE REVELATION OF KWAJALEIN

Continued from Page 23

Jap planes destroyed that day at Roi was eighty-one, and no Jap plane inflicted the least damage on our own flyers. (Eighty-three more enemy planes were shot down elsewhere in the Marshalls that day. We never saw another one in the air.)

On D-plus-One day, when the Marines landed, the battle presented some very curious aspects from the air. Leaping from their boats onto the beaches, our men first dived for cover and then realized that cover was not very necessary, except at one or two points where the enemy showed a little strength. So they stood up and moved about as if slightly bewildered by the lack of resistance—clustering about their officers for instructions before they started walking slowly, warily inland.

They looked up and waved toward our planes in the air, and glanced backward at their own amphibious tanks, crawling out of the water and up the beach and forming up to spearhead the advance. We could see them all shooting, and fanning out and quickening their strides. And soon the enemy resistance had resolved itself into perhaps a score of isolated points. A blockhouse here, a concrete pillbox there, a fortified command post yonder would fire upon the Marines. And the Marines would spread out, surround the position, and call up tanks. No additional foot soldiers would be needed. That accounted for the novel sight of a squad or two of Marines only a couple of hundred yards away from some of the fighting, but paying no attention to it, and, instead, standing around and talking or sitting down to drink out of canteens and enjoy the shade.

The oddest sight of all was a company of Marines, backed by three tanks, battling methodically against a crew of Japs in a pillbox—while less than 400 yards away another company of our fighters, stripped to the buff, were enjoying a swim.

BUT the extraordinary thing is that very few of the defenders went into the pillboxes at all. Nearly all who did not die from the bombardment died in the open. The Marines I talked to said, "They seemed to know their number was up, and they preferred to take theirs with rifle bullets rather than with those flame throwers poked through the slits of the strong points."

As the Marines moved relentlessly across the islands and toward the seaward beaches, we could see the defenders run out of the fortified places and huddle like animals in a trench, waiting for the death that would come inevitably from the rifles or from the machine guns of our low-flying planes.

At one point, the last shallow beach before the endless Pacific began, eight or nine Japs were sitting on the sand, their backs against the walls of a machine-gun nest. One soldier rather feebly manned the gun, firing at the planes which swept past. The others just sat staring. The man in the center had a sword which he held pointed toward the sky. It flashed brightly in the sunlight, and fighting planes were attracted by it. When they came up they leveled their guns.

But any impression that these Japs were committing suicide by waiting patiently for our fire is wrong, I think. They simply did not have the numbers or the weapons with which to fight. Their thinking does not include the civilized custom of honorable surrender. They did not want to die, not by any means. There was nothing they could do about it, because in order to live they had to kill us first, and they had no way of killing us.

So it was with the four vessels our destroyer got that night I spoke of. They were not committing suicide. They were simply doing the best they could. If they were coming to reinforce Namur, they were too little and too late. If they were trying to escape from Namur, it was almost pitifully hopeless, because the sea was swarming

"Loomis, can you take a dare?"

with their enemies and they had no armed protection.

This poverty of force, this need to spread thin and weakly the resources of men and weapons at hand, is spreading all through the Japanese military and naval establishment. In numbers, their Navy in these waters is somewhat weaker than the fleet we brought out. But they could have made a fair fight of it. Yet they did not dare come out to resist this seizure of their islands. And remember that these were the cherished Marshalls, where the Japs have spent cunning and treasure, labor and human life for twenty years building what they considered an impenetrable eastern wall to their Empire. At any rate, they called it that often enough, even while denying to the world that they fortified it at all.

I think these are obvious lessons from the Battle of the Marshalls:

The Japanese are seriously weakened, more seriously than many of our people are willing to believe. They are desperately hurt in the air. They are badly off balance. It is likely that they are even experiencing the beginnings of fear. If these things are true—and after two months in the Pacific I sincerely believe they are—then this is our hour for boldness, our moment to prevent them from regaining their balance. Our chief enemy now is not the Japanese military machine, but distance. Supplies and ships, ships and supplies. Those are the conquerors of distance. Given them, and given the indispensable boldness, such as was displayed in the air raid on Truk, we are close to victory.

THE END

Do's and Don'ts

every woman absentee should know

A WAR-PLANT NURSE WROTE KOTEX that their greatest number of absentees are women who miss 1 to 3 days of work each month, frequently on "problem days". These hints are just a few of the many in the new 24-page booklet we offer *free* to help you feel better and stay on the job *every* day. Lost days mean lost lives!

DON'T wrestle with these heavy jobs on "difficult days". Straining is harmful, and your foreman would rather give you lighter work at this time than have you on the absentee list. Send for the new free booklet "That Day Is Here Again" for tips on how to lift the *safe* way!

DO but don't overdo, and you needn't skip the "swing shift"! But why not wait for the waltzes and rhumbas and leave the jitterbug tactics 'til next week? Sit out a dance now and then . . . to look at the stars or hear a life story. You can always say your feet hurt.

DON'T get the late-at-night cocktail habit . . . too much stimulation is bad at any time! And on these days, more than ever, you can't afford that logey, let-down feeling! Make it a rule to get your full 8 hours sleep *every* night! You won't be a sissy . . . you'll be smart!

DO watch your diet. Eat less starch—more salads! To help avoid constipation, get more greenery in your diet: leafy vegetables, for instance. Eat lots of fruit. Drink water a'plenty. If you should need a mild laxative, besides . . . take it. There'll be no harm done and you'll feel better.

DON'T be a Chill Jill! Chills usually cause trouble, so dress warmly on these days. Avoid catching cold . . . getting wet feet. When you have a stormy-weather date, you needn't take a rain check if you wear rubbers or carry a bumbershoot. Otherwise, wait 'til the sun shines, Nellie!

DO send for this free booklet —lost days mean lost lives!

"That Day Is Here Again" contains 24 lively pages of do's and don'ts for war-workers' "problem days". A *full page* of suggested exercises to curb cramps. When to see your doctor. Facts for older women; and for when the stork's expected. Plain talk about tampons. We take pride in bringing you this authentic information just as we take pride that more women choose Kotex* sanitary napkins than all other brands of pads put together.

To get your copy free, just mail name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. L-4, Chicago 54, Illinois.

TO WAR-PLANT NURSES AND PERSONNEL MANAGERS. We'll gladly send you free a new instruction manual, "Every Minute Counts". It's a "refresher" course for plant nurse or doctor—makes it easy to conduct classes on menstrual hygiene. Specify if you also want free jumbo charts on Menstrual Physiology. Address Kotex, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois.

(*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

"WHAT can I do to get an overseas assignment?" That's been one of the most frequent questions in Old Sarge's mailbag, week in and week out. It has come from men who have worn Uncle Sam's uniform for a few months, a year, two years, or longer.

Well, there's assurance now of overseas service for thousands of enlisted men who have been stuck for long periods at fixed stations in this country.

The War Department, in a new directive, has ordered a change of status for E. M. in all branches of the Army who have served a total of more than twelve months at fixed stations or overhead activities in the United States. They are to be reassigned to units or to mobile activities ultimately destined for overseas.

Cuties?

It's part of the general shift of Army operations from the defensive or preparatory stage to the offensive. About one third of the Army's strength was overseas as 1943 ended. Another third is expected to go during 1944. So the Army can start shifting large amounts of administrative and overhead personnel from domestic establishments to foreign theaters.

Enlisted men under thirty are being reassigned first, according to their length of service in the United States. Next come men over thirty, reassigned in order of age, the youngest first.

Two classes of personnel are specified as exempt from reassignment. One group comprises returned vets, men who have served in overseas commands at any time since December 1, 1941. The other includes men "possessing highly specialized skills which cannot be utilized fully in any unit destined for overseas."

Men being reassigned must meet the physical standards already prescribed for service abroad. These follow generally the standards for Army induction.

"The Army will no longer need all its present troop housing facilities and it will be necessary to place a number of camps, posts, stations, and other installations on a caretaker basis, and to return many of the civilian installations and facilities which previously had been taken over by the Army," the W. D. explained.

Replacement of some of the reassigned E. M. will be necessary. The replacements will be made first from civilians, then from WAC personnel. After that, in order, they are to come from the ranks of men permanently disqualified for overseas service, men returned from overseas duty, recently inducted men with physical handicaps, and men with less than twelve months' service in fixed installations in this country.

So, you see, the program is a comprehensive one. It seems likely that few G. I.s will be disappointed in their hopes of overseas service, provided they are within the scope of the order.

OLD SARGE.

BALLOT FOR EDDIE CANTOR G. I. JOE CONTEST

My Candidate Is: .....

Service ..... Rank .....

His Home Address (Street) .....

(City) ..... (State) .....

His Exact Age ..... yrs. ..... mos. Height ..... ft. ..... in.

Weight ..... Is He Married?

If so, has he children? ..... How many? .....

How long in Service ..... months. Serving in U.S. ..... Overseas .....

Your Own Name .....

Address .....

ATTACH A LETTER TELLING IN 100 WORDS OR LESS WHY YOU THINK YOUR CANDIDATE SHOULD BE G. I. JOE AND MAIL TO EDDIE CANTOR, BEVERLY HILLS, CAL.

For full details listen to Eddie Cantor Wednesdays, 9 P. M., E.W.T., on NBC Network.

What eye rating, with or without glasses, must a soldier have for overseas duty?

Pvt. J. B.,
c/o Postmaster, Los Angeles, Calif.

If you meet the minimum induction requirement of 20/400, correctable to 20/40, you may be sent overseas.

* * *

Sarge, please do something quick for, or about, that corporal out in New Guinea who wants to have the U. S. gals put in Mother Hubbards for the duration—just so he won't be so homesick when he sees a pin-up picture! Ain't he heard of the new troop rotation plan under which all soldiers are going to be sent home after two years' foreign service? I bet the Corp. would beef his head off if he got his turn to come home and found all the cuties promenading around in ankle-length skirts, bustles, and gaiter shoes, like he recommends.

Pvt. E. K., Keesler Field, Miss.

You've got something, E. K. Probably the corporal didn't realize how much his plan could add to the horrors of war.

* * *

My husband, a lieutenant, has been missing in action for six months. What has been done with his personal belongings?

Mrs. X, Butte, Mont.

Personal belongings that cannot be returned to the next of kin, for any reason, are sent to the War Department Effects Bureau, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

* * *

Your article in January 29 This Man's War had some valuable information for soldiers and sailors interested in adding to their education while in the service. Your suggestion about the U. S. Armed Forces Institute, Madison, Wisconsin, was both timely and correct. We would like to add another means by which members of the U. S. Marine Corps, and also Naval personnel attached to a Marine base, can complete education interrupted by entrance into the service. Through the Marine Corps Institute, Washington 25, D. C., officers, enlisted men, and members of the Women's Reserve may continue their formal study, without cost, while in the service either in this country or abroad. They may enroll by writing the director of the Marine Corps Institute.

Sgt. B. T. Leonard, U. S. M. C. R.,
Cherry Point, N. C.

Thanks, Sergeant. I'm glad to pass the word along about the Institute's good work.

* * *

My son has been studying at an Eastern university as a Marine Corps Reserve member of a V-12 training unit. He is anxious to get into the Army Air Forces. If he is accepted as an A. A. F. cadet, will the Marine Corps release him?

D. D. D., Portland, Ore.

If your son presents an appointment as an A. A. F. cadet, he will be eligible for discharge from the Marines.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

WHO *IS* WHO IN '44 BASEBALL?

Continued from Page 19

are 4-F. They are Andy Pafko, Pacific Coast League's most valuable player and leading hitter (.358); Johnny Ostrowski, Los Angeles home-run king, and Ed Sauer of Nashville, Southern Association batting champ (.368) and most valuable player.

The Cubs could be really hot.

BOSTON BRAVES—The Braves have a new manager this season, Bob Coleman, replacing Casey Stengel, and at this writing their chief loss has been Johnny McCarthy at first base. But they still lack championship caliber and figure to be a second division club again.

To replace McCarthy, Coleman has Clarence Etchison from Hartford, and Kerby Farrell. Connie Ryan returns to second and Billy Wietelmann, 4-F, to short. Eddie Joost is slated to remain at his job in a war plant and Steph Shemo, 4-F, or Ben Geraghty may play third. Another rookie is Damon Phillips from Syracuse.

The returning outfielders are Charley Workman, 4-F, Tommy Holmes, Chet Ross, and Elmer "Butch" Nieman.

Both Clyde Kluttz and Phil Masi, catchers, are 4-F. Another backstop is Stu Hofferth, who was the American Association's most valuable performer last season while hitting .301 for Indianapolis. Pitchers Armand Cardoni and rookie Carl Lindquist are 4-F, and Nate Andrews, Red Barrett, Ira Hutchinson, Al Javery, Jim Tobin, and Danny MacFayden are expected to be on hand for mound duty.

NEW YORK GIANTS—Last year the Giants slipped from third place to the cellar as the selective service raised havoc with their line-up, but this year Manager Mel Ott, although in 1-A himself, has a slew of "rock-bottoms," and if some of his youngsters come through he may bring his team in much higher. There are some fifteen 4-Fs listed on the roster.

Ace Adams, Cliff Melton, Harry Feldman, Ewald Pyle, Frank Seward, and Bill Voiselle are all 4-F pitchers, as may be Rube Fischer. In addition, there are Johnny Allen, thirty-eight, Johnny Wittig, Ken Chase, and three former servicemen, Ken Miller, Ken Brondell, and Walter Ockey.

The catchers, Ernie Lombardi, Gus Mancuso, Ray Berres, and rookie Joe Stephenson, are all 4-F. For the infield Ott has Phil Weintraub, 3-A; rookies George Hausman, 1-A, and Hugh Luby, Billy Jurges, 4-F, Roy Nichols, discharged from service, and Napoleon Reyes, a Cuban.

In the outfield are Johnny Rucker, 4-F, Ducky Medwick, Ott, Charley Mead, and Bruce Sloan, 4-F.

PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES—The Phillies claim the distinction of having their new owner, Bob Carpenter, in the service, as well as such important players as Schoolboy Rowe, Dee Moore, Danny Murtaugh, and Merrill May.

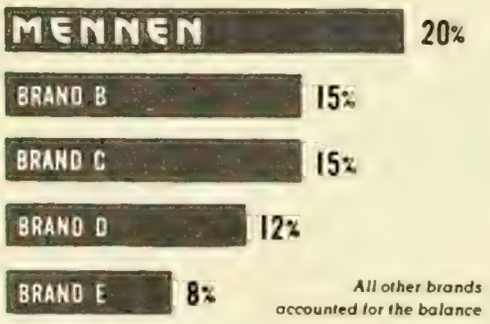
It may be that Manager Fred Fitzsimmons, who is over thirty-eight, will return to the pitching wars. Others in the rock-bottom class are Rogers Hornsby McKee, seventeen, Charley Schanz, Moose Fralick, John Donahue, all 4-F, and Barney Mussill, a 1-C southpaw. Veterans are Jack Kraus, Bill Lee, Dick Barrett, and Al Gerheauser.

If Babe Phelps, obtained from the Pirates, doesn't report, Fitzsimmons

(*Continued on page 68*)

MENNEN LATHER SHAVE WINS DERMATOLOGIST POLL

In a recent nation-wide poll, more dermatologists say they use Mennen Lather Shave than any other brand... one third more than the next leading brand! Here are the final poll results:



All other brands accounted for the balance

This clear-cut preference on the part of these distinguished physicians is real evidence of the superior quality of Mennen Lather Shave. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the choice of America's highest authorities. They give you the secret of easy shaving.

— plain or menthol-iced in jar or tube

A Novel Radio Program
"Ed Sullivan Entertains"
CBS Monday nights
7:15 pm EWT 9:15 pm MWT
6:15 pm CWT 8:15 pm PWT

PAYS accumulated
ACCIDENT BENEFITS for Accidental Loss of Life, Limb, or Sight up to **$6000.00**

For LOSS OF TIME! Accident Disability Benefits up to $100 a month for as long as 24 months, or **$2400.00**

SICKNESS BENEFITS For Loss of Time due to Sickness, a maximum Monthly Income of . . . . . **$100.00 PER MO.**

HOSPITAL EXPENSES for Sickness or Accident, including $5.00 a day for hospital room, up to **$650.00**

***all around* PROTECTION!** . . . Accidents happen to 20 persons every minute of every day, and sickness strikes when least expected. So why take chances? NOW you can have all-around insurance protection, backed by an old-line LEGAL RESERVE Company for less than $1 a month. Policy pays for ALL accidents, ALL the common sicknesses, even for minor injuries; and disability benefits start from very first day

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION required! No red tape! Policy issued BY MAIL at BIG SAVINGS. Ages 15 to 69. Actual Policy sent for 10 Days' FREE Examination ACT NOW! Write for it today No cost No obligation. No salesman will call

FREE 10-Day Inspection Coupon

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
468B Service Life Bldg. Omaha, Nebr.

Without cost or obligation, send your GOLD SEAL $1-A-MONTH Policy for 10 DAYS' FREE INSPECTION

Name _____
Address _____ Age _____
City _____ State _____
Beneficiary _____

ACCOUNTANT
BECOME AN EXPERT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $2,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Personal training under supervision of staff of C. P. A.'s. Placement counsel and help. Write for free book, "Accountancy the Profession That Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 431-HA, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

Waterproof, shockproof, radium dial and hands, anti-magnetic, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. HS 121—15 jewels, stainless steel back . . . $39.75
No. HS 331—15 jewels, stainless steel case . . . $49.50
No. HS 328—17 jewels, SELF-WINDING, stainless steel case . . . $59.75

POSTPAID FED. TAX INCL. • MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

Write for Free Illustrated Booklet "HS

BELL WATCH COMPANY
Time and Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N.Y.

I'LL GO MY WAY

Continued from Page 30

"Poor baby," he would say. "If you'd give it up and get out of New York—"

She would smile and reach for his hand. He would kiss her, understanding. After a while he understood so well that he never bothered to make the suggestion about leaving New York any more.

She pulled the twisted string of her black kid gloves back and forth through her hands. She was sharply aware of each small thing in the room. The cork-tipped lipstick-stained cigarettes that were Elaine's brand. The small square silver compact with the initials E. D. scrawled boldly across the front of it. The brandy glasses on the floor before the ashes of the fire. The radio had been on when she came in, very softly. They must have fallen asleep with it on and awakened so late—or so early!—that there was no station on and so they forgot to turn it off.

She spread out her hands in little upright fans on her lap and stared at them blindly. Lines from an old speech she had made before the Scarsdale Woman's Club came back to her:

"And when our men *do* come home from war, we must be prepared for changes in them. It's our job to make their readjustment as painless as possible."

A little round of applause had followed that. She had been talking directly to girls like Stevie Wilson, who might be maudlin and oversolicitous of Bill if he were to come home wounded. Girls like Loretta Macy. But not any one so bright and capable as Miss Casey Corliss, who knew the answers to practically everything. And now see what she had done!

"Don't you think it's time you got a job?" she had said, in effect, to Jerry. "Don't you think it's time you forgot the war? Come, Hayes, don't mope. All that's over now. Snap out of it."

Those weren't the words, but the inflections had been there, and the impatience and the intolerance. And Jerry hadn't been able to stand it any more. His pride or his temper or something hadn't been able to take any more of it, so he had turned to Elaine, who adored him and told him so. And after that—after that, everything would seem to indicate that her husband had simply walked out on her. Because he wasn't in New York and he wasn't in Comanche, Texas. Mrs. Hayes had seemed bewildered and confused at the thought that Jerry's wife didn't know where Jerry was.

"Oh, he'll turn up," Casey had said. "It's just that—I don't know which way he's gone—yet."

"HAVE you looked under the beds?" Ben Rider asked jokingly from Hollywood. Everything amused him because he thought there were very few things in the world worth serious consideration.

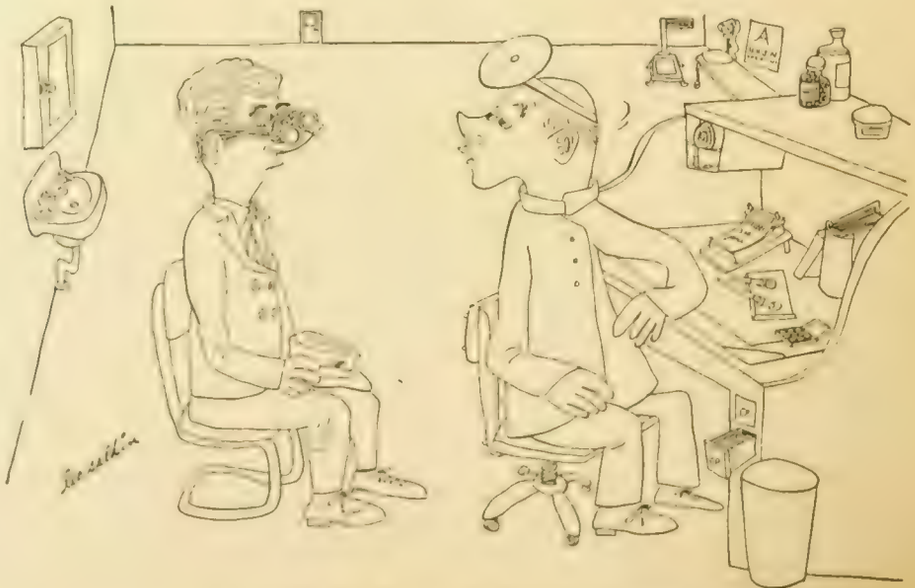
"For heaven's sake, be serious. Jerry's gone. Walked out. Something— Maybe—maybe it's the war. Maybe it's amnesia. Maybe I should go to the police."

"And stir up a lot of cheap publicity? Don't be crazy. Listen. The only thing to do in a case of this kind is to do nothing. Just sit tight and wait. The chances are that your door will open tonight or tomorrow and a very penitent and shamefaced Jerry will walk in on you. If he doesn't, we'll see a lawyer about putting detectives on his trail. I've got to be in Washington on Friday. I'll fly up to New York and see you over the week-end."

Mag proffered almost the same advice. Mag's charming apartment in Gramercy Square certainly did not look like the abode of sin, though Casey knew, wishing she didn't know, that it was just that. She knew Carl Lamont, who was an artist, and whose commission in the Navy excused him from participation in the war. He drew posters for the OWI and for naval recruiting stations, urging other young men to do what he had so happily been able to avoid. "After all," he'd tried to explain to Casey, "I'm a lot more useful where I am than I could possibly be getting blown up on a destroyer or something."

Jerry had been in Tunis, Casey remembered, when Carl had spoken like that, and her reply had ended their friendship. She wanted to leave now before he should come in. I do hope Carl marries Mag, she thought. And answered it immediately, cynically, with, Why? Why should you hope that? You put so much more into a marriage. It hurts so much more when it ends. Does everything have to end? Isn't there any happiness left in the world?

"I just don't know what's happened,"



". . . and what seems to be your trouble?"

her voice was explaining to Mag while her thoughts continued, confused and blurred. "I don't know what to do—where to look. Maybe he *is* on his way to Texas. Maybe the train is delayed or sidetracked or something." And then her eyes lifted to Mag's face. Haggard, tired eyes. "No," she said. "No. It isn't any of those things. I'm just kidding myself. *Then what is it?*"

Defeat and heartbreak were there in her voice. It proved that if a woman lost out in the game of love, no other triumph was important to her.

"I think what Jerry's done," Mag said slowly, "is just a sort of reflex action of the emotions. He was tired from two years of war, and he came back to something he couldn't keep up with, so he just walked out on everything—on what was expected of him and what he expected of himself. I think if you just sit tight and wait, he'll walk back in on them again."

CASEY played a little game, a foolish, childish game. But she thought that perhaps if she never told any one except Mag and Ben that Jerry had left her, if she pretended he was away on a visit, maybe he would come back.

"He's visiting his parents down in Texas," she explained to her mother. "I wanted to go with him, but Harry needs me around for a while yet."

Across a luncheon table, Loretta Macy, busy with her own happiness, barely took in the fact that Jerry was away.

"Honestly, Casey, you don't know how wonderful it is to have money of your own! But isn't that silly! Of course you know. You have twice—three times as much as I have! But I'm saving every penny I make, and in just a little while now, Jim and I will be able to move into a small apartment of our own here in town."

"How is Jim?"

"He's all right—I guess. They offered him his old job back in the brokerage firm he used to work for. And at his old salary, too. He just can't seem to get *started.*" Loretta thought out loud on a small frown, exhibiting more impatience with Jim than she ever had before. "But when we get into town, away from his parents' coddling—"

"Yes," Casey said, and out of her new, bitter wisdom, she wondered about it. "How is Stevie? Jerry was so worried about her the last time he saw her."

Loretta's face clouded over. "I really don't know, Casey," she replied slowly. "She never leaves the house and she never asks any one over. Her mother's funny about it, too. People say she's—she's gotten queer."

Jerry had warned, "You ought to see a lot of Stevie if you can, Casey. Bring her into town. Get her mind off things. She's on the ragged edge. And Bill was my best friend. He'd want us to take care of her."

THE songs this year were all nostalgic songs, concerned with loves who had gone away, and even the revivals of old songs were things like I Don't Want to Walk Without You, and How Much Do I Love You? How Much Would I Cry? And Casey sat at small tables in night clubs up and down Fifty-second Street and listened to them and wished that people would find something else to sing about.

It was two weeks since she had returned from Hollywood and turned the key in the lock of her apartment and walked in to find it empty. Jerry's clothes still hung in the closet, exactly

For those who enjoy fine liquor

Rum is the Drink AND Riondo is the Rum

GOLD LABEL

WHITE LABEL

Try it and you'll understand why thousands everywhere are saying—

"Make it with Riondo"

PUERTO RICO'S FINEST

86 PROOF · SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK

as he had left them; all his uniforms cleaned and pressed and neatly stored away in tar paper. Jerry had taken nothing with him but the clothes he wore. She had not seen or heard from or of Elaine. For all she knew, Elaine might have gone with him. Jerry might have been in the next room while Elaine answered the phone that morning. How she must have savored that moment of triumph when she could say, "There's no one by that name here—" secure in the knowledge that Jerry was in the midst of leaving his wife, if indeed he hadn't already left her.

It was just another war marriage that had gone on the rocks. That's what the lawyer with the amazingly thick head of white hair had tried to tell her, letting her down gently. Ben had insisted that she see the lawyer, an old friend of his, Larry Hibbs.

"OH, yes," Mr. Hibbs had remembered. "He came to see me about a job. He seemed perfectly normal—"

"He *was* perfectly normal," Casey snapped.

"Yes," Mr. Hibbs said, "of course. I offered him a job, though I must say he didn't seem eager to take it. Chances are we'll find a lot of that with our returning heroes. A reluctance to settle back in the humdrum, everyday business of earning a living."

"Mr. Hibbs, what do you think I should do? How can I go about trying to find my husband? I've got to find him. I've just got to. Even if he doesn't want me back. If I can just—just talk to him."

"Now, now, Mrs. Hayes, there's no need to blame yourself for all this." His eyes had told her that she was a bright

"Here's another example of how our people are taking to American ways."

pretty young girl and there were a good many men, including Mr. Hibbs, who would be glad of an opportunity to help her to forget. "We'll contact the Missing Persons Bureau—we'll do it quietly, of course. No use getting it all over the newspapers. We'll do everything we can. You might try hiring private detectives, but that'll run into a lot of money."

"I don't care how much it costs. Money isn't good for anything, anyway. Not any more."

Mr. Hibbs was startled. That was almost precisely what her husband had said. It was a very foolish remark, of course.

"Well, suppose I get to work on it. I'll keep in touch with you." And then he had added, "But, after all, Mrs. Hayes, how many of you young girls, married to men who are almost total strangers to you, can expect such marriages to last? In a situation of this sort, it's foolish to blame yourself."

And listening to Mr. Hibbs, Casey could have wept for Jerry and, in a way, for herself. What chance had they with people like Mr. Hibbs running loose in the world? Jerry must think we're a fine lot, she had thought. A fine selfish, narrow-minded, bigoted lot, these people for whom he went to war. Fifty dollars a week because you'd had no experience. They don't pay, apparently, for the experience you *did* have. "Jerry," she said to him with her heart, wherever he might be, "darling, I'm sorry. I'm sorry!"

AND now in this night club that was no different from a dozen other such places that Ben had dragged her to, telling her to forget, to wait, to sit tight and wait, she listened to a girl singing, "You went away and my heart went with you . . ." And all of a sudden something snapped. Some dull lethargy born of weariness and despair and confusion was ended. And, Why am I sitting here like this with Ben Rider? she asked herself, like a person coming out of an anesthetic to find herself some place where she didn't belong. What am I *doing*, letting people talk me into sitting around waiting for my husband to come back to me? Why don't I go and *find* him?

(*Continued on page 62*)

LIGHTER MOMENTS with **fresh Eveready Batteries**

"Hold everything, Sarge, we're having lobster for supper!"

POWER and compactness are essential to batteries used in "walkie-talkies" and other Army and Navy equipment. Because "Eveready" "Mini-Max" batteries combine both, all we can make now go to the armed forces. It's worth keeping in mind, next time your dealer says he can't supply you.

There's only one real "buy" today, and that's War Bonds. Buy them as big as you can, as often as you can!

The words "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Co., Inc.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

Sail on to Victory—buy an extra War Bond today.

Model of 79-foot viking long-ship built about 900 A. D.

What a GREAT DAY of discovery!

NO HARDIER seamen ever sailed over the ocean than those who manned the dragon-headed viking ships. In just such a vessel, Leif Ericsson, called Leif the Lucky, steered toward the setting sun and sighted the mainland of North America . . . . almost five centuries before Columbus. ☆ Even today, when all the world has been mapped and charted, we can still be explorers . . . . in our own fashion. For instance, if you are still unacquainted with the merits of G & W Five Star, we suggest that you try this delicious blend and enjoy *an adventure in flavor.* As the first fragrant drops cross your lips, we believe you will be thinking "What a great day of discovery!"

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

86 proof—75% fruit and grain neutral spirits

G&W Five Star

BLENDED WHISKEY

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED . . . . FOUNDED IN CANADA 112 YEARS AGO

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1. Scratch your head and see! If you find dryness or loose dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil! Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps hair well combed all day without that greasy look! Grooms without grease! No more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

SPECIAL NOTE TO BARBERS...

Use Wildroot Cream-Oil sparingly. Pour into the palm of your hand just enough to cover a spot the size of a 25¢ piece. Rub hands together, apply to hair and massage scalp with finger tips. Hair may be dampened if desired before combing.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

(Continued from page 60)

In instant, unconscious reaction to the urgency of her thoughts, she half rose from the table.

Ben's hand was on her arm instantly. "Sit down," he said, in a voice he had never used to her.

She had never seen Ben's face look like that. She had never seen the amused blue eyes look so cold and hard. She was forced back into her seat by the pressure of his hand on her arm.

He said, "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

This is how he must look when he's directing a play, she thought crazily. Or telling some woman—and he'd told many—that they just weren't going to play any more.

"I don't want to sit here drinking while Jerry might be sick some place. I was a fool not to go to the police. I'm going to them now. I don't care about the scandal or the publicity. I've got to find him, Ben. I've just *got* to!"

"The Missing Persons Bureau is busy trying to find about a hundred thousand men like Jerry Hayes who have decided to leave their wives."

"Mr. Hibbs said private detectives. He said he'd find out what it cost and do something, but he didn't, and I will, now. I'll borrow the money."

"Have you any faintest idea how much it costs to hire detectives to find some one?"

"No." Her lips moved stiffly. Her face felt stiff. The little girl with the big voice sang, "And if there's some other way to prove that I love you . . ." and Ben was beginning to tell her the truth. He wanted to hurt her now. He loved her or hated her enough, finally, to want to hurt her.

"Listen. I'm crazy about you, but if you think I'll lend you twenty or thirty thousand dollars to help you find your lost young love, you're off the beam. You're all wrong. Especially since it would be money wasted. Listen, Casey. Stop kidding yourself. Jerry doesn't want to be found. Not by you, anyway."

"What do you mean?" She kept hearing it. What do you mean, what do you mean, what do you mean? How many times had she said it?

"I tried to help. I was as worried as you at first. The guy'd been wounded a couple of times, and he'd gone through plenty out there, and he might have—well, been hit by amnesia or something. So I went to a detective agency that Hibbs recommended. The best in town. But when I explained what I wanted—or, rather, *who* I wanted—and showed them Jerry's picture, the man looked at me as though he thought I was crazy. He said, 'Why, that guy's wife was in here a week ago. She gave us a check for twenty-five thousand dollars and told us to find him, no matter what it cost.'"

Casey was watching his face and his lips, and her brain was trying to make sense out of all this. "That guy's wife." Elaine. *Damn her, damn her, why wouldn't she let him alone?* How dared she say that she was Jerry's wife!

"And I said, 'Oh, I see.' I said, 'I've been out in Hollywood and I haven't seen Mrs. Hayes for a while, so I didn't know she'd come to you herself. I'm an old friend of the family.' I said, 'And you found him, of course—'"

The room was spinning now, sickeningly. Faces and the purple spotlight and the waiters and the noise. The deafening, maddening, nerve-racking noise that she wanted to scream against. And yet when she spoke, it was a whisper, barely audible.

"Please shut up, Ben. Please be a nice boy and do shut up now."

They were both standing. Her hand fumbled on the back of her chair for her wrap. Ben said, "You might as well hear it now—"

You might as well hear it now, you might as well hear it now . . .

"They said, 'Oh, yes. We always find our man. We found him all right, and I guess she did, too. Anyway, the case is closed.'"

"When?" she said.

"About a week ago." And then she said, "Oh." Just "Oh," like a little girl who has asked a question and received an answer which she accepts without understanding.

"You see, Casey," Ben said gently, "in real life there's just one reason why a man leaves his wife. He leaves her because he doesn't want to live with her any more."

What will Casey do now? Next week's installment tells how she finds Jerry, far away from New York and Texas, and the decision she makes about their future.

HARDTACK

BUT FOR THE MARINES

Continued from Page 25

turion thought that, the Centurion was nuts. Where weeds and other noxious vegetation had danced, the lawns of the Drury place were now carefully tended greensward. The house had been repaired and wore a new and seemly coat of white paint.

"Isabel," he said, "I have just come from Sicily. I didn't know it at the time, but we seem to have had comparative peace over there. But cheer up, child, I'm here now."

"I fail to see," said Miss Marlowe, "what difference that makes."

"Don't you see, Isabel, that I am prepared to fight on your side? Together we will bring this—this connection of mine, for whom I blush, to heel. And some day, perhaps— Hold it, Walden. You're getting out of bounds. But look at the facts, Isabel! Here you are, certainly the most beautiful girl in America. Now I—I am not—ah—unpleasing. At least, that's what a little number in Palermo told me recently. And—"

"You should have stuck to the little number in Palermo," Izzy managed to wedge in.

"I pass over that unkind remark to say that, all this being so and we living cheek by jowl, it's a natural. The situation may be charged with dynamite. Who knows?"

"I know," said Isabel.

"What do you know?"

"I'll be enchanted to tell you." Isabel put down her paring knife and her eyes became as round blue ice cubes. "I know, first, that you're the most long-winded man I've ever met. Secondly, I'm not the slightest bit interested in knowing you. And, thirdly, even if I were, I—"

She hesitated. Ball Turret Gunner Walden's heart came up into his throat.

"You're not going to tell me," he practically babbled, "that—that there's another guy? I couldn't take it."

Izzy gave him a queer wintry look. "Take it or leave it, Mr. Walden. He's a—a marine."

Garry's heart dropped into his stomach. He managed a smile, a ghastly affair. "A marine? They ought to keep those guys locked up in the halls of Montezuma."

"And that," Isabel gathered her paraphernalia and arose, "is why all the dynamite in this situation wouldn't blow the down off a thistle. Good-by, Mr. Walden."

"ONCE in my youth," said the Centurion, "I sat up with a sick calf. He was a bright and interesting companion compared to you."

The Centurion's expression was blended of understanding and amusement. "Go outside," he suggested. "Breathe deeply of God's pure air. It heals the soul."

"Nerts," said Garry. But he did go out. He wandered down to the evergreens and gazed longingly over the hedge toward the Marlowes'.

The harlequins came bounding up full of loathsome *joie de vivre*, sniffed at him, found him wanting, and departed. A bird on a bough tittered. And over at the Marlowes' there was no sign of life. The world reeked.

Garry walked disconsolately away, cursing an unknown German. If it hadn't been for that German, he wouldn't be here, definitely nuts for a platinum blonde, spurned by same and by every one else, it seemed, including dogs.

As for the blonde, he had learned that she put in the golden hours by (*a*) helping her aunt run the tearoom, (*b*) working at the Red Cross, (*c*) USO-ing at a near-by camp, (*d*) going to the city at intervals and driving for the Motor Transport Service, (*e*) eating and sleeping, presumably.

This program left her little time for disabled turret gunners, even if she had been interested. Even if there weren't a— A murrain on marines, thought Garry Walden violently. With a little wangling, life might have been very beautiful but for the marines.

He sat down on the grass and smoked a reflective cigarette. He wished now that he had eschewed certain valiant utterances until he'd gotten a complete file on Isabel. But, while uninformed, he had intimated bravely that in no time at all he would have the Centurion groveling at Izzy's feet. And then Izzy had blasted his life with her repellent leatherneck and . . .

At this point the Walden brain spake unto Walden. "Listen," said the Walden brain. "Quit moping. Either get the woman out of your head or get in there and pitch. You've wasted a week."

"Huh," muttered Garry glumly, "how you going to pitch to somebody who's about as available as a bashful will-o'-the-wisp?"

"She's available at times, you dope," said the Walden brain. "You could at least see her." And then, miraculously, the Walden brain produced a wave. . . .

TO the casual observer it might have seemed that uncle and nephew were merely strolling, arm in arm, in mutual serenity and affection. But the casual observer couldn't have seen the peculiar grip that Garry had on the Centurion's wrist.

It was a kind of jujitsu hold, painful in the extreme when pressure was applied. Garry applied pressure now, because the Centurion was balking on the threshold of the tearoom.

"Ouch!" hissed the Centurion. "Leggo, you dam' fool. I refuse to enter this place. You got me here by chicanery and a dirty Japanese trick, but by Godfrey—"

"Shut up," said Garry. "You're eating here and liking it. You're going to approve of these charming women and stop badgering them. Tonight begins a beautiful friendship."

"I warn you," quoth the Centurion, "that you'll rue this day. You'll—Owee!"

Garry gave him a firm shove. "In," he commanded, "and no monkey business. Remember, I am right behind you."

The Centurion swept glacial eyes over little tables with shaded lights and snowy cloths.

"Humph," he sniffed. "Trumpery place."

Izzy Marlowe, in a low-cut black gown, was hostessing. At the appearance of the Centurion, her hostess' smile, warm and lovely a moment ago, became a fixed glassy thing.

The Centurion looked at Izzy, then at Garry. And into his eyes came a glitter. He thumped his way to a table. Izzy hovered.

"Good evening, young woman," said the Centurion, basso profundo. "Is there anything fit to eat in this establishment?"

"Plenty," Izzy said shortly.

ADVERTISEMENT

"I'm thirsty—let's go haunt the Pepsi-Cola bottling works!"

THE HOME FRONT

"Another inoculation. I hope it's anti-freeze this time!"

"We'll see about that," the Centurion rumbled. "I want a steak. Underdone. And hurry it."

"You order from the waitress, not the hostess," said Garry nervously.

"Don't tell me how to order. I was giving orders before you were born."

"Couldn't you at least have been polite?" Garry inquired, after Izzy left.

"You've got to be firm with these restaurateurs," boomed the Centurion, grinning horribly.

The steak was a work of art, sizzling, beautifully browned on top, rare and tender when sliced. But after one bite the Centurion signaled Izzy imperiously. Izzy was now helping the waitresses by passing a kind of departmentized dish cargoed with piccalilli, pickled beets, horse-radish, and suchlike indigestibles.

"IS there something the matter?" she asked coldly.

"There is," stated the Centurion. "Briefly, the steer that yielded up this beef was doubtless infirm in the year 1769. Furthermore, it's practically—Ounch!"

Garry had kicked him smartly under the table.

"You wanted it underdone," Izzy pointed out.

"Don't argue with me, my good woman. I say this steak is raw. I say, moreover, that I am not equipped with dinosaur teeth."

Garry said, "Ssh, for the love of Pete!"

Isabel said resignedly, "Very well. I'll have it taken back."

The Centurion encircled the plate with both hands. "No, no," he said in a martyred tone. "I'll suffer through it." Then he perceived the departmentized dish. "Ha! What's that you've got there?"

Izzy held the dish at arm's length, as one who proffers a light snack to a king cobra. The Centurion speared a piece of pickled watermelon rind and champed on it.

"H'm," he said critically. "Not bad. Give me more."

He seized the dish and flagrantly scooped all of the watermelon onto his own plate. Garry, sick with mortification, prayed for the sudden collapse of the roof. Izzy looked like St. Cecilia in a mood to chew railroad spikes.

"Now you've torn it," moaned Garry, when St. Cecilia finally marched off, cheeks flaming. "She'll never look at me again."

"This watermelon is very tasty," said the Centurion irrelevantly. "Have some?"

"No," snapped Garry. "And I hope you choke on it."

Eyes gleaming wickedly, the Centurion finished his meal. He ate everything within reach. Then he stalked out, leaving Garry to pay the check. Garry had to pay Izzy.

"Gee," he said lamely, "I'm sure sorry. I don't know what got into him. He must be tight."

Izzy said, from between clenched teeth, "If you ever bring that old—old devil in here again, Garry Walden, I'll strangle you with my bare hands."

Two days later the Centurion played host to the Gaffers Club. This was a social organization in the city, consisting of twenty-odd elderly gentlemen. The Centurion was perennial president of this august body. And once a year he threw a party on its behalf.

The entertainment took the form of loosing the visiting firemen on the local golf links. After which the Gaffers repaired to the club bar and thence to the dining room.

"Want to join us today?" the Centurion asked Garry, as he left for the station to meet his brood.

"And dub around with those museum pieces? No, thanks."

Garry had a thin time until dinner. He had a thin and lonely time during dinner. Then, at eight thirty, just as he was about to settle down for a thin time with a mystery novel, the phone rang.

It was the Centurion. The Centurion had lost a pair of pince-nez. He had had them on while poking around in his tomatoes that morning. Would Garry see if he could rescue them before they got trampled?

"And just who," said Garry acidly, "would be trampling in your tomato patch at this time of night?"

The Centurion sighed over the wire. "Must my glasses lie rusting and mildewing because you're too indolent to walk a couple of hundred feet?"

"Oh, all right," Garry grumbled.

He found a pocket torch and proceeded to the garden. On the edge of it, he stopped short. He was not alone.

A gay young moon patrolled the sky. Its white light picked out Izzy Marlowe, who was doing a little picking on her own account. Izzy, heedless of the low-cut black hostess gown, was corralling the Centurion's tomatoes as if her life depended on it.

Garry approached quietly and spoke with some hauteur. "By what right," he inquired, "are you vandalizing this garden?"

Izzy neither jumped nor turned around. "I was afraid you might show up," she said, ravishing a vine. "Please go away."

He stared at her bent back. "Well, of all the crust!"

"On second thought," Izzy said, in a queer grating voice, "don't go away. If you've a shred of gentlemanly instinct, you'll carry these tomatoes over to my place." She indicated the basket. "If you would be so kind?"

Hypnotized by her stern finger, Garry assumed the white man's burden. Then he remembered the Centurion's pince-nez and promptly forgot them again. Nuts to the Centurion's pince-nez!

"What the devil's the matter?" he demanded, stumbling in her wake.

She made a grr-ing sound. "Your uncle, of course."

"What's he done now?"

"You'll see," said Isabel grimly.

The Centurion's car was parked at the roadside between the Marlowe place and the Centurion's own domain.

"All seems well on the Rappahannock," he said, puzzled.

"That," said Izzy, "is what you think. Listen! Without a word of warning, four taxis and your uncle's car drove up here half an hour ago and disgorged heaven knows how many men. Well past the regular dinner hour, mind you, when all the best stuff was gone. So they're taking what they can get. And I told your uncle—he seems to be the scoutmaster or something—that there just wasn't anything for salads. So he offered some of his tomatoes, which was only right, since his dogs—"

"Hey!" interrupted Garry. He was getting something. Pince-nez languishing amid tomatoes, eh? The Centurion was a smooth old bird.

"Look," said Izzy, mind elsewhere. "We'd better get these things into the kitchen."

THE kitchen was a madhouse. Cooks cooked and slaveys slaved. Waitresses, harried wraiths, slid in and out. Izzy's aunt, a dignified gray-haired lady, flitted hither and yon like one going nuts in a genteel way.

A slavey took the tomatoes. And at that point the Centurion wandered amiably into the kitchen. He gave the impression of having taken complete command.

Izzy put hands on hips. "Now, really, Mr. Walden—"

The Centurion grinned. "Been looking for you, Miss Marlowe. Did you get the tomatoes? Ah, there you are, young Garry. I—" He broke off, espying a jar of pickled watermelon rind. There was a spoon handy. He acquired both, then made motions for Isabel and Garry to precede him out of the back door.

The Centurion led the way to a dining-room window. "See any one you recognize?" he asked Isabel.

Isabel shook her head. She gazed with dismay upon the Gaffers, who had overrun the place like locusts.

But Garry spoke out of turn. "I see, among other disgusting sights, a horrible old jerk with his napkin tucked into his collar."

"Precisely," said the Centurion. "For your information, that is none other than Mr. Wesley Pyne."

Garry looked blank. But Izzy gave a cry. "Wesley Pyne? You—you mean *the* Wesley Pyne? The man who writes that column—Wine and Dine According to Pyne—in the Sun-Dispatch?"

"Quite so," said the Centurion, fishing up pieces of watermelon. "Wes is a charter member of the Gaffers. Well, it occurred to me that with him in the vicinity, I had a splendid opportunity to make up for certain"—he hesitated guiltily—"past rudenesses, snap judgments, preconceived notions, and a recent display of rather—ah, low-class humor. I purposely didn't phone you, Miss Marlowe. Wanted Wes to see that it was no put-up job on my part."

"B-but—" began Izzy a trifle dazedly.

"In a day or two," continued the Centurion, "your establishment will be getting quite a puff in Wes' column. He assured me of his intentions. He has never eaten such food. So you may presently expect the world to beat a path to your door."

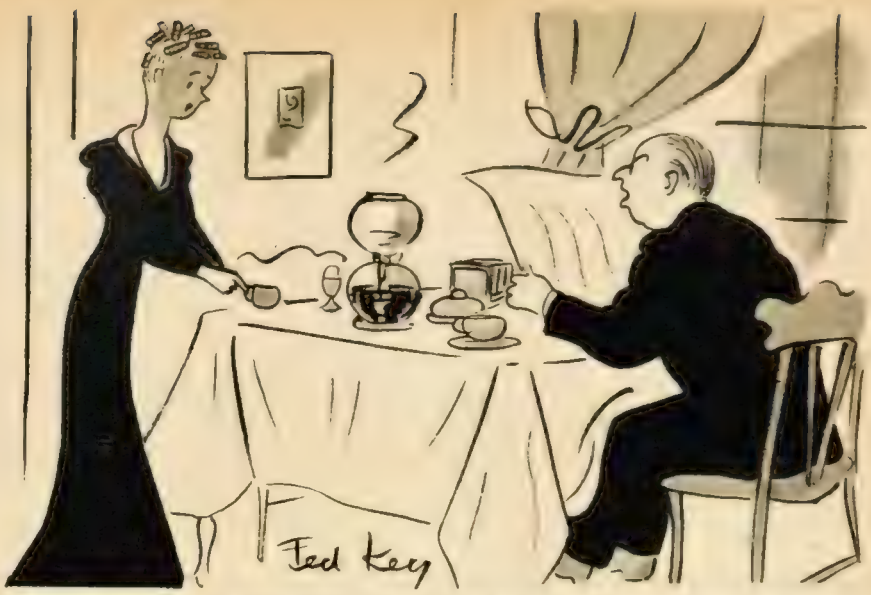
IZZY gaped at him. Izzy said finally, "Oh, Mr. Walden, Aunt Mildred will be so pleased!"

"And Aunt Mildred's niece?"

Aunt Mildred's niece did something totally unexpected. She stepped forward and kissed the Centurion emphatically. "You're really an old lamb," she said.

The Centurion smirked. Then he put on his pince-nez, winked broadly at Garry, and walked jauntily away.

Garry looked at Izzy with wistful eye. "If you're passing those around—well, I can't get you into the headlines. But, after all, I did lug tomatoes."



"Would you like to know why I hide behind a newspaper every morning?"

"Why, you poor neglected thing!" Izzy kissed him lightly on the left temple.

He was pleased but far from satisfied. "Very sweet," he said. "I hope, though, that you don't brush off your marine that way."

"What marine?" said Izzy, not thinking.

Her tone was a dead giveaway. Garry jumped, then tumbled. "Izzy! There is no marine!"

"There is, too." She made a rotten recovery. "There's a whole corps."

"You know what I mean." The Walden heart tore at its moorings. "Just why did you invent that guy?"

Her eyes, tawny pools in the semi-dark, didn't quite look at him. "Because I—I—oh, I was feuding with your uncle and then you came along and I sort of knew I was going to like you—and I thought you might be a—a complication."

"I'm going to be a whole network of complications," shouted Mr. Walden. "I—see here, Isabel! If you were in love with a turret gunner, just how would you kiss him?"

Isabel looked at the moon. The moon must have said, "Why don't you show the dope?"

"Like this," said Isabel, and showed the dope.

THE END

THIS IS KNOWN

BY

Medical Authorities

about PHILIP MORRIS

WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, *EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION* OF NOSE OR THROAT – DUE TO SMOKING – EITHER *CLEARED UP COMPLETELY*, OR *DEFINITELY IMPROVED!*

Facts reported in medical journals on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors . . . *Proving this finer cigarette is less irritant!*

PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
PHILIP MORRIS
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
Finest flavor... less irritant... America's FINEST Cigarette!
Call for

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

SPECIALISTS: Mrs. Dorothy Hunt, mother of two, is the first woman fire watch in any U. S. shipyard. Employed in the Todd shipyards, Hoboken division, she goes aloft when necessary, descends into ship holds, and works a fifty-hour week. Previously she operated a machine in a dress factory. . . . Anne L. Peacock of St. Louis is one of the country's turtle authorities, but has abandoned turtle chasing for the duration, to become a Spar. Though she weighs only a little over a hundred pounds, she can look a fifty-pound turtle in the eye without flinching, and handle him with ease. After the war

she plans to accompany her father, also a turtle lover, on a trip up the Amazon River to trap turtles unknown in the United States. . . . Women ordnance workers at Fort Dix, known as WOWs, repair trucks and automobiles of all sizes. Mrs. Agnes D'Elousa is a mechanic working on heavy units in the vehicle assembly. She has two sons, one a major, the other a sergeant overseas. Eleanor Bove, who used to clerk in a five-and-ten, works on carburetors and ignition. Other specialists among the 698 women employees at Fort Dix are laundresses, seamstresses, stenographers, and clerks. . . . The A & P has employed 125 women as butchers in eighty-six New York stores. . . . Gertrude Ederle, who swam the English Channel in fourteen hours and thirty-one minutes on August 6, 1926, has become a specialist in another field. She is a plane instrument inspector in the American Export Lines instrument shop at LaGuardia Field, where plane instruments are checked, overhauled, and repaired. She does skilled precision work, and is considered an expert.

RACKET: A friend who owns no vacuum cleaner regularly receives post cards from a so-called appliance service company telling her, "A service check-up on your vacuum cleaner is now due."

WASTE MOTION: Imagine how Phil Spitalny felt when he learned that after endorsing a batch of checks, he had thrown them in the wastebasket and mailed the detached statements to his bank for deposit instead of the real mazuma! It took weeks to get new ones issued.

DIZZY: High point in interior-decorating nonsense is the room shown in one of New York's large stores, featuring a dozen vases fastened to the walls in four rows, the top one almost up to the ceiling. There is no hint as to how the housewife could possibly change the water and clip the stems of the flowers without using wings. . . . The most uncomfortable interior-decorating suggestion is advanced by another store which shows chairs whose seats are festooned with shells. Ouch!

HOME TRUTH

I'm like a furnace to my child—
When I go out, it drives him wild.
He shrieks with savage melancholy!
But when I'm on the job, by golly,
The lad ignores me on the whole
Exactly as we do the coal
That's in the cellar, till it's gone.
At which point, how we carry on!

SPRING FOLIAGE: Simplicity, spiced with imagination, is the keynote of Hattie Carnegie's custom-made collection for spring. Dark wool cape suits are dramatized by bright print blouses. One is a great little two-timer. Take the wool skirt off, and you'll find a slender one-piece black-and-pink-printed dress which you had thought was only a blouse. Add a matching printed jacket, and presto, you have a lightweight suit for summer. Several coats have brilliant linings. . . . Margaret Sullavan, lovely star of The Voice of the Turtle, wears a gray suit with a jade green silk blouse, the suit jacket lined with the same bright green.

ARMY HUMOR: John Daly of the Columbia Broadcasting System reported this G. I. communiqué from Cas-

sino, where our soldiers were engaged in house-to-house fighting: "We captured five living rooms and three dining rooms and have advance patrols in a kitchen." . . . A London newspaper cartoon pictures a stevedore looking at swarms of American soldiers disembarking from a transport. He is saying, "If another American troop transport unloads here, this island is going to sink." . . . An American lieutenant in England writes, "During December I attended a school for British and American officers. There is a difference in the way we tackle similar problems, but we usually get the same answers. When faced with a problem, a British officer retires to his room with a pot of strong tea, locks the door, wraps a towel around his head, and broods for about five hours, while under the same circumstances an American officer jumps in a jeep and tears around the countryside for the afternoon. But both come out with the same answer!"

THEY PUT WINGS ON THE IMPOSSIBLE

Continued from Page 27

the small models, data were compiled which enabled the aircrafters to determine if the design was thoroughly workable. At the same time the "mock-up" enabled them to obtain the countless details needed in the actual construction of the real plane.

Only after the wind-tunnel models had been tested and the "mock-up" made and checked was the real "X" plane constructed and flight-tested. If the flight tests of the "X" plane proved successful and the military was satisfied with its performance, an additional contract, usually for thirteen planes, designated as "Y" planes, was awarded. If these "Y" planes also proved satisfactory during several months of operation, then the final production order for fifty or one hundred planes was awarded and production started.

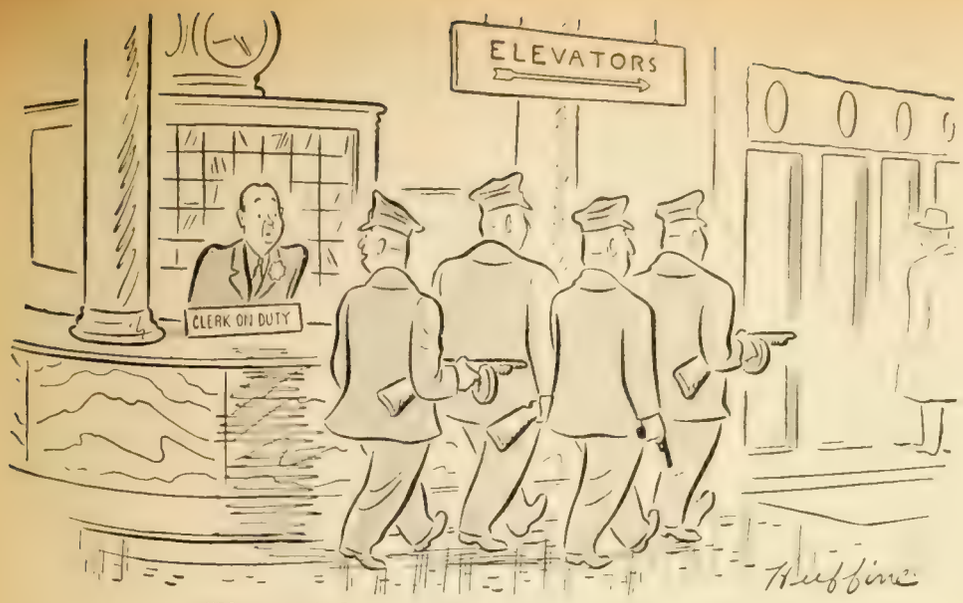
The valuable information collected from the wind-tunnel tests, the "mock-up," the "X" and the "Y" ships was, of course, incorporated in the final plane, and therefore the production tools required little revision once the actual production of the plane was started.

HOWEVER, that is the way it *was* done. Nowadays "time tears on" and many of these operations have been telescoped. The "Y" planes have been eliminated altogether and the "X" or experimental plane is built and flight-tested while the wind-tunnel model is also being built and tested. Just about the time the construction of the "X" ship is really under way, the detail design of the final production ship starts, and many times only partly completed drawings are rushed to the Purchasing Department so they can arrange for the supply of countless parts from outside sources, which may require six to ten months for delivery.

When it is known that the Curtiss (P-40) Warhawk contains more than 20,000 numbered and controlled parts, plus about 100,000 standard parts—like rivets, nuts and bolts, and clamps—it is not hard to account for the prematurely gray hair predominant in the Purchasing Department. The P-40 is just "small potatoes" compared with the Curtiss (C-46) Commando. This giant cargo plane contains over 460,000 rivets, more than two miles of rolled aluminum alloy structural sections, about five miles of various sizes of wire, plus a proportionally increased number of parts and assemblies! Is it any wonder that planes of new designs are not available immediately?

In addition to the countless forgings, castings, rolled structural sections and myriad parts which must be purchased, the tools and jigs for machining the parts, holding them while they are prepared for assembly, and the actual fixtures in which they are held for assembly must be designed, made, checked, and tested.

Trucks, automobiles, refrigerators and washing machines are a fairly definite problem, and the approximate quantity to be produced is known in advance. Airplanes are different. To begin with, the first planes are usually wanted in a hurry, but the number which will be *finally* ordered never is known! This rush to get out the first planes means that temporary tools and hand methods of laboriously making the individual parts are used. Complicated shapes are



"Never mind announcing us—we're unexpected."

often made from several small pieces riveted or welded together while the special parts or tools are being made.

These slow and expensive methods are, of course, changed just as rapidly as the production tools can be made. The punch presses can start turning out hundreds of pieces each hour only when the necessary dies have been made. Automatic machines must be set up to make special parts, but, once set, they certainly produce. The giant hydraulic presses must also have their massive draw dies made before they can produce in a matter of seconds a part which formerly would take hours of hand labor. With these production machines, all parts of any one kind are *exactly the same.* This makes mass production possible.

Much of the labor now employed in the production of aircraft is entirely new to the industry or is of the semi-skilled type. To make it possible to turn out the uniformly perfect work required in aircraft construction, it is essential that tools and jigs be as highly perfected as possible. When these tools and jigs are complete and available, then the production of high-quality parts is a simple matter for the average worker.

This, of course, puts a heavy demand on the highly skilled toolmakers, who are all too few for the volume of this necessary work.

THE airplane is a complex machine, and all through the various stages of manufacture the parts are inspected for size, fit, hardness, correct assembly and alignment, and each test is certified by the inspector's stamp.

While the real production tooling and processes have been getting in motion, the military have been observing the performance of the few planes in actual service. Factory representatives are also in the field, checking operations, talking with pilots, and gathering opinions. Reports from both sources flow back to the plant, recommending that some detail be changed to give better visibility for the pilot or perhaps greater maneuverability. Possibly they suggest how certain parts may be attached or rearranged so the ground crews can service them more easily.

Almost before the planes are flowing smoothly down the production lines, these suggested changes are studied by the engineering staff. How will these changes affect the servicing of the planes already in the field? Will the spare parts be interchangeable? Are the changes important enough to require that they be incorporated in all the planes now in service? These are just a few of the questions that have to be answered before a decision can be reached.

If it is determined that the changes are desirable, they are translated into an "Engineering Order"—"EO" for short. These EOs are the nightmare of the production department, for they may require the simple rearrangement of a small part or assembly, or they may cause an entire jig or fixture, representing thousands of man-hours of labor, to be altered or entirely discarded, only to be replaced with another requiring as many thousands of man-hours to make.

The old saying "Nothing is permanent" must have been first uttered by a harassed aircraft executive. The changes are never-ending, but the increased speed, ceiling, firepower, range, and carrying capacity of all our military planes are conclusive proof that the American aircraft industry has profited by experience and has translated this experience into better performance of our planes.

Nothing has been said about the many original and outstanding tools and processes developed within the industry. Many of these methods of fabrication and new materials will be diverted to domestic channels when they are no longer needed for war. Our homes, our automobiles, our household appliances—almost everything will be affected by the developments which have been perfected of necessity during this period.

WHEN you see a formation of warplanes streaking across the sky, their engines roaring a deep-throated challenge, remember the workmen who built the airplane plants, the men who designed and tested those planes, the men and women who labored both day and night to speed delivery of vital parts to the plants *on schedule* so that the long production lines could be kept rolling without pause. Working on an around-the-clock schedule, these men and women are producing the most critical and complex product on earth—in a hurry! When you see the finished warplanes thundering in triumphant echelons across the sky, be thankful that these fighters of the clouds are on *our side!*

THE END

BE PREPARED FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT

THIS HOSPITALIZATION PLAN COVERS BOTH

FOR ONLY 3¢ A DAY

You know how easy it is to run into debt when sickness or accident hit. Under the Family Mutual Plan, you'll be able to pay your hospital bills, and in case of accident, doctor expenses, and you'll be reimbursed for loss of time from work. No matter where you live, your policy admits you to any hospital in the United States or Canada. In the hospital you may have the care of your family doctor. Simply present your Family Mutual card at the time of admittance.

FOR SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT Hospital Expenses paid, up to	$540.00
FOR ACCIDENT Doctor Expense paid, up to	$135.00
Loss of Wages reimbursed, up to	$300.00
Loss of Life by Accident	$1000.00
WAR COVERAGE AND EXTRA BENEFITS Childbirth Expense paid, up to	$60.00

MAIL COUPON TODAY • No Agent Will Bother You

FAMILY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Family Mutual Life Insurance Co. L-20
Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

(Continued from page 57)

may have catcher trouble. Among his five receivers are Andy Seminick, 4-F, Bill Anske, honorably discharged, and coach Merv Shea, restored to the active list at the age of forty-three! Bob Finley and Benny Culp are doubtful.

The Phillies have bought the wandering Huck Geary from the Pirates. Other infielders are Jimmy Wasdell, 4-F, Cecil Tyson, Glenn Stewart, Ford Muller, and Ray Hamrick. They are more or less set in the outfield with Coaker Triplett, the overage and perennial Chuck Klein, and 4-Fs Buster Adams, Ron Northey, and rookie Nick Goulish. But it looks as though the Phils, now the Blue Jays, will have to use dynamite if they are to get out of the cellar.

Now let's scan the American League.

NEW YORK YANKEES—The World Champion Yanks have lost Charley Keller, Bill Johnson, Ken Sears, Roy Weatherly, Marius Russo, and Tommy Byrne from last season's squad. That's quite a hole, and, further, Spud Chandler has been accepted for limited service and is a question mark. Still, the Yanks look like the strongest team.

The pitching certainties for 1944 are Atley Donald, Walter Dubiel, Lefty Joe Page—all 4-F—and Milkman Jim Turner, who is overage. Then Manager Joe McCarthy has a long list of pitching talent to pick from if the draft boards don't pick first. There are Ernie Bonham, Hank Borowy, Johnny Johnson, Emerson Roser, Bill Zuber, Charley Wensloff, and Fireman Johnny Murphy.

McCarthy has lost his No. 1 man, Catcher Bill Dickey, but has picked up Bob Collins, thirty-eight, Joe Glenn, and Mike Garbark in case Rollie Hemsley fails to report. Even if Joe Gordon does not play, the Yanks will have Nick Etten, George Stirnweiss, Oscar Grimes, Frankie Crosetti, and Don Savage, 4-F, as infielders. And in the outfield will be Johnny Lindell, Tuck Stainback, Bud Metheny, 4-F, and Ed Levy, honorably discharged from the Coast Guard.

In short, it's hard to see the Yankees anywhere but in first or second place.

WASHINGTON NATIONALS—Ossie Bluege brought the Senators home second last year. This year he has virtually a brand-new infield, and if it clicks I'll pick Washington to win the pennant. If it fails, so will Washington.

Good Neighbor—and Old Fox—Clark Griffith, the Nationals' prexy, has a dozen Cubans and one Venezuelan on his roster—all draft-exempt. The Venezuelan, of course, is pitcher Alex Carrasquel, who turned in eleven victories last year.

Heading the pitching corps are the three knucklers Dutch Leonard, Roger Wolff, both 4-F, and Johnny Niggeling, overage. To handle their shoots the Senators have acquired the overage Rick Ferrell from the Browns. Other hurlers are ace Early Wynn, Milo Candini, Mickey Haefner, Jim Mertz, and Gil Torres, the Cuban who may well be the Senatorial dark horse.

No. 1 catcher Jake Early has been drafted, and the infield is missing five men—Jim Vernon, Gerry Priddy, Sherry Robertson, Charley Roberts, and utility Joe Jacobs. However, Bluege will have Joe Kuhel, Eddie Butka, 4-F, Hillis Layne, discharged from service, Johnny Sullivan, and possibly Harlond Clift

Right now the outfield looks strong with George Case, Stan Spence, Gene Moore, Jake Powell, and Roberto Ortiz, the Cuban.

ST. LOUIS BROWNS—It would be in

"I used to be a GLAMOUR GIRL"

WELL, you can go right on being all that's lovely. And don't do that offensive task by hand, for Sani-Flush makes toilet bowls sparkling white the quick, easy, sanitary way. Use it at least twice a week to remove unsightly stains and discolorations *without scrubbing.*

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically—even cleans the hidden trap. Each application cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No special disinfectants are needed. Doesn't injure septic tanks or their action nor harm toilet connections. *(See directions on the can.)* Sold everywhere—two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

REMOVES A CAUSE OF TOILET ODORS

AGED WITH CARE

Best for all mixed drinks

Abbott's BITTERS

★ Best for cocktails since 1872 ★

Save your

WASTE PAPER

It is urgently needed for . . .

PACKING FOOD, AMMUNITION, MEDICAL SUPPLIES

For the Connoisseur

RONRICO*

Best RUM bar none*

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free Copy. Ronrico Corporation, Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof. United States Representative: Import Division, McKesson & Robbins, Inc., N.Y.C.

Copyright 1944 *Trademarks

Some things haven't changed!

THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE

It's reassuring to find the things that live on, because they are good. Imported Mediterranean briar is one of those things—the perfect pipe material.

LHS STERNCREST STERLING

GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR

Antique and Smooth Finish.. Many handsome models.

$5

Every pipe numbered, registered and guaranteed by LHS

NEW! LHS STERNCREST 14K

Only perfect grain specimens for these de luxe pipes—circled with 14K solid gold band. Truly, "Perfection in a pipe"—$7.50

SORRY—Many LHS pipes are going to the armed services. Your dealer may not always be able to supply you.

L. & H. STERN, Inc., Stern Bldg., 60 Pearl St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Makers of famous LHS Ultra-fine $10 Certified Purex $3.50

keeping with the topsy-turvy nature of this season if the war were to bring the Browns their first pennant, but they have a "weakness" in the lack of 4-Fs on the pitching staff and in the outfield. For example, they have lost southpaw Al Milnar, ace Steve Sundra awaits Army call, and outfielder Chet Laabs expects induction momentarily.

Regular pitchers scheduled to return are George Caster, Denny Galehouse, Al Hollingsworth, Bob Muncrief, and Nelson Potter. Rock-bottoms include Jack Kramer and Sig Jakucki, both discharged from the Army, and youngsters Newman Shirley and Weldon West, both 4-F. There are two 4-F catchers, newly acquired Angelo Giuliani and Joe Schultz, and Frank Mancuso, just discharged from the Army.

In the infield are George McQuinn, Ellis Clary, and Vern Stephens, all 4-F; Don Gutteridge, Floyd Baker, and Mark Christman. Mike Chartak, Milt Byrnes, Al Zarilla, and Mike Kreevich are the outfielders, and Hal Epps is around for utility.

CLEVELAND INDIANS—The Tribe conceivably can lose more stars than any other team in the league, and where it will finish is entirely in the lap of the draft boards. Chubby Dean and Earl Center, the pitchers, are gone. Gene Desautels, catcher, is a marine, and Jim Bagby has applied for maritime service. Even Manager Lou Boudreau is 1-A. No effort is made to tell what will befall Allie Reynolds, the freshman sensation, Mel Harder and Vernon Kennedy.

The 4-Fs among the pitchers are Southpaw Al Smith, seventeen wins and seven losses, Mike Naymick, Hal Kleine, Steve Gromek, Ambrose Palica, and Ed Klieman, 23-game winner last year with Baltimore. Grandfather Joe Heving is thirty-nine and Paul Calvert is a Canadian. Catching them will be Buddy Rosar and Jim McDonnell, a 4-F from Wilkes-Barre.

Mike Rocco and Jimmy Grant of the infielders are 4-F. Ray Mack will stay on his war job. What about Russ Peters, Boudreau, and Ken Keltner? And you can put a question mark after outfielders Roy Cullenbine, Jeff Heath, and Cliff Mapes. Oris Hockett, Pat Seerey, and Paul O'Dea are 4-F.

CHICAGO WHITE SOX—The Chisox may also find themselves well pulled over by the draft boards, although they'll have a hard time to make the first division even if they're not. Missing are Ed Smith, Thurman Tucker, and Luke Appling. Bill Dietrich has been accepted for limited service, but the military has rejected two good pitchers, Orval Grove and Joe Haynes. Joining them at the outset will be Johnny Humphries, Thornton Lee, Gordon Maltzberger, and Lee Ross.

Manager Jimmy Dykes also has Floyd Speer, fifteen-game winner for St. Paul, and Ed Lopat, draft-proof nineteen-game winner from Little Rock. Tommy Turner and Vince Castino, a 4-F, are down to catch them. Mike Tresh may stay in war work.

The infield includes Hal Trosky, former Indian first-sacker, Tony Cuccinello, the ageless National Leaguer, Jimmy Webb, Cas Kwietniewski, and Grey Clarke, who hit .346 in the American Association. Floyd Rightenburg, 4-F first baseman, Roy Schalk, discharged from service, and Pete Sharp are others.

The gardeners are Guy Curtright, Ralph Hodgin, Wally Moses, Myril Hoag, discharged from the Army, Johnny Dickshot, one-time National Leaguer (.352 with Hollywood), and Ed Carnett.

DETROIT TIGERS—The Tigers' roster is not only one of the slimmest in the A. L., but it has a very limited number of 4-Fs. Tommy Bridges, Hal White, Virgil Trucks, Jimmy Bloodworth, Dick Wakefield, Ned Harris, and Don Ross are in the service. Pinkie Higgins awaits call. Joe Orengo will remain at his war plant job.

At present there are thirty-four Detroit players on the national defense list and there are expected to be more.

As a nucleus, the Tigers have such 4-F pitchers as Dizzy Trout, Frank Overmire, Hal Newhouser, and Rufus Gentry, a twenty-game winner from Buffalo; Zeb Eaton, discharged from service, and Emery Hresko, the seventeen-year-old American Legion star who hurled two no-hitters last summer. Roy Henshaw, Johnny Gorsica, and Forrest Orrell are expected to start.

Paul Richards, 4-F, Bob Swift, Al Unser, and Dixie Parsons are the catchers.

Frankie Heller, 4-F from Buffalo, may play first if Rudy York is called. Other infielders are Don Heffner, Eddie Mayo, and Joe Wood. Doc Cramer, Charley Metro, and Jimmy Outlaw are experienced outfielders.

Certainly Manager Steve O'Neill can't have high hopes for a pennant—unless it's the Army and Navy "E."

BOSTON RED SOX—Boston's chances depend largely on its infield, one of the few in the big leagues to remain intact. However, Bobby Doerr, second baseman who set a new record for consecutive chances without error last year, is in 1-A and several other Sox players are due for reclassification. There are few 4-Fs.

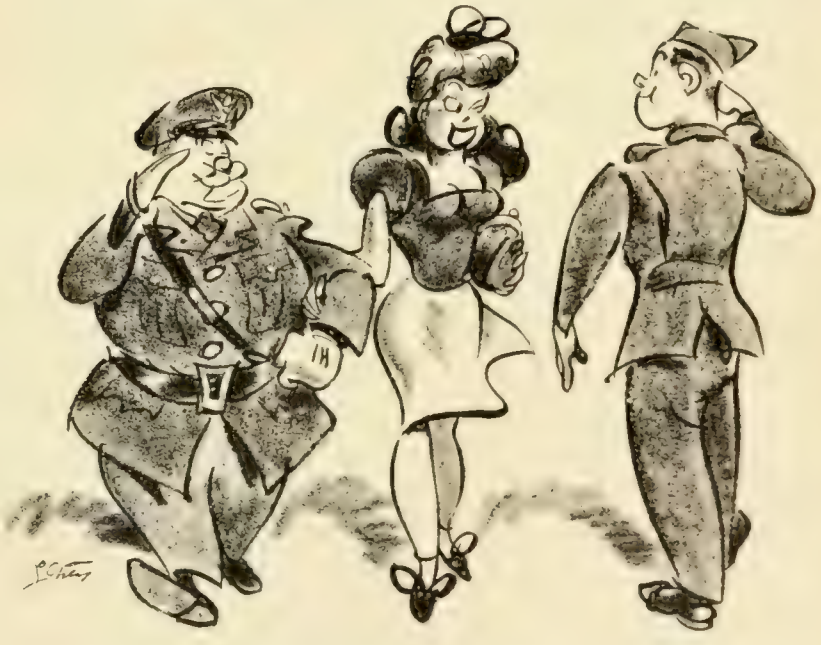
Cecil "Tex" Hughson, twenty-two-game winner in 1942, and Joe Dobson are in the service. Dick Newsome is doubtful. Oscar Judd, the Canadian, Mace Brown, Mike Ryba, Yank Terry, George "Pinky" Woods, 4-F, Emmett O'Neill, Lou Lucier, Joe Wood, Jr., son of "Smokey" Joe Wood, and Glen Hausmann are the available pitchers.

Johnny Peacock is in the Army, leaving Roy Partee, Bill Conroy, and Howie Doyle to do the catching.

Manager Joe Cronin has Tony Lupien, the Harvardian, Doerr, Lamarr Newsome, and Jim Tabor to do his infield chores and he can call on Eddie Lake and himself for utility. In the outfield he has Bob Johnson, Pete Fox, Tommy McBride, Johnny Lazor, Ford Garrison, 4-F George Methovich, and Leon Culberson. But the draft boards can change a lot of his plans.

PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS—There will be few regulars at their old positions

(*Continued on page 72*)



FROM BRASS HAT DOWN
TO PRIVATE CLANCY
IT KEEPS THE YANKS
ALL LOOKING FANCY

★ The ladies fancy that smooth look you get from a clean, quick, easy Burma-Shave. Its special ingredient ends "dry-skin" feeling. A swish of water cleans your razor. Proof of popularity—over 200,000,000 Burma-Shaves last year, and the number's still growing. BURMA-SHAVE, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

AT YOUR DRUG COUNTER,
POST EXCHANGE, OR
SHIP'S SERVICE STORE

Back the Attack!... Buy More War Bonds!

INSIDE *Paramount*

Published Here Every Month

As hair-raising an hour of entertainment as you're likely to find is Paramount's **"THE HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN,"** from the Redbook sensation and best-selling novel by W. Somerset Maugham.

• • •

This is far and away Maugham's most savage portrayal of a rogue woman. And if you remember his women in "Of Human Bondage" and "The Letter"—you'll understand what we mean!

• • •

In this amazing role Veronica Lake surpasses even her memorable performance in "So Proudly We Hail."

• • •

You'll shudder as her story unfolds at breathless pace, brilliantly climaxed by the splendid work of Franchot Tone . . . whose love Veronica uses to destroy his life.

• • •

Binnie Barnes is brilliant as the music hall queen who married into high society, but can't resist the beat when the band starts playing.

• • •

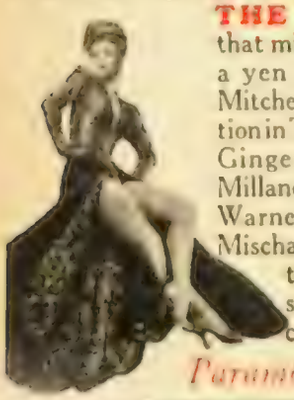
John Sutton, Henry Stephenson, Philip Merivale and Nils Asther are just a few of the others who'll make your hair stand on end and keep it that way.

• • •

"The Hour Before The Dawn," directed by Frank Tuttle, is exciting as a gun in your ribs!

• • •

And all over America eager eyes are awaiting that first dazzling glimpse of the celebrated and spectacular **"LADY IN THE DARK"** . . . that minx in mink with a yen for men. This Mitchell Leisen production in Technicolor stars Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, Jon Hall and Warner Baxter—with Mischa Auer. It's from the famous story success—and of course, it's a



Paramount Picture

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Irene Dunne and Alan Marshal watch royalty enter a gala ball in 1914.

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal, Frank Morgan, Roddy McDowall

THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER starts out as a Cinderella story, but it winds up a tragedy. The movie begins in 1914, when a typical Yankee girl (Irene Dunne) marries an English baronet (Alan Marshal) after a whirlwind storybook romance. So far, so sweet. But over the years her happiness and contentment—her personal world—is shattered by the first and second world wars.

The film is richly steeped in the good old brine of English tradition. There's a sumptuous ball featuring bejeweled royalty; a beautiful English manor house complete with rolling lawns and loyal tenant farmers; a "Nanny" who cares for the children; ancient oil portraits of ancestors; and even a family ghost.

The White Cliffs of Dover is really several kinds of picture. First, it's a beautiful love story—with Irene Dunne more appealing than ever, and Alan Marshal properly fiery and handsome as the lover. It's also a frank attempt to promote unity between America and England. It's a pretty successful attempt too, though you'll come away proud as Punch that you're an American. The scene of Yankee soldiers parading down the streets of London to The Stars and Stripes Forever will put a lump in your throat as big as a pumpkin.

Years later, in 1942, Irene Dunne comes upon her son, wounded at Dieppe.

"Shine on, shine on . . ." This buggy ride ended up in the Follies!

SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON *(Warner Bros.)* *Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan, Irene Manning, Jack Carson*

SUMPTUOUS is the word for this satin-upholstered musical based on the life of Nora Bayes and set against a background of vaudeville and Tin-Pan Alley in gaslit 1906. Ann Sheridan's unruffled pulchritude outshines even the series of eye-popping gowns and production numbers in which she sings and steps her way from honkytonk to Follies. Love in the shape of a handsome song writer, Jack Norworth (Dennis Morgan), and the jealousy of a girl partner (Irene Manning) who works in cahoots with a dastardly vaudeville mogul provide the necessary obstacles. Lots of the good old tunes are here, plus some hummable new ones. S. Z. Sakall is appealing as Poppa Karl, while Jack Carson draws a few chuckles as a flustered magician. Love triumphs in the end as Norworth and Bayes finally top the Ziegfeld bill in a mammoth harvest number complete with Technicolor moon.

"I ain't had no lovin' since . . ." Easy there, Ann. Irene's just jealous.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
LIFEBOAT (20th Cent.-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, Walter Slezak, William Bendix. Drama.
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (Warners). Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan. Drama.
SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE (M-G-M). Robert Walker, Donna Reed. Comedy.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
THE PURPLE HEART (20th Cent.-Fox). Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Sam Levene. Drama.
THE SULLIVANS (20th Cent.-Fox). Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle. Drama.
THE UNINVITED (Paramount). Ruth Hussey, Ray Milland. Mystery drama.
UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO). Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore. Musical.
VOICE IN THE WIND (United Artists). Francis Lederer, Sigrid Gurie. Drama.

Experts said we couldn't do it!
...SO WE DID IT!
PAL PRODUCED A HOLLOW-GROUND BLADE!
PAL HOLLOW-GROUND FITS IN RAZOR LIKE THIS.
FLEXIBLE AT THE EDGE
ORDINARY BLADE FITS IN RAZOR LIKE THIS...
RIGID AT THE EDGE
Pal's hollow-grinding means Cooler Shaves and More Shaves per blade because you use only a "Feather Touch". Thanks to its keen flexible edge, you shave clean, close and comfortable without "bearing down."
PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES
4 for 10¢
10 for 25¢
DOUBLE EDGE
SINGLE EDGE
Fit all regular razors perfectly

(Continued from page 69)

with the A's. Connie Mack has lined up a new group of youngsters who may give him his best team in years.

For pitchers there are Jesse Flores, Don Black, Luman Harris, Russ Christopher, Buck Newsom, 4-F, Luke Hamlin, the one-time National League "Hot-Potato," and Bill Wood, discharged from service. Others are Tal Abernathy, Carl Scheib, and Jonas Berry. Backstopping them will be Hal Wagner, Frankie Hayes, 4-F, and Lou Parisse, a youngster from Wilmington.

A possible infield is the veteran Dick Siebert at first, Irvin Hall at second, Elmira rookie Ed Busch at short, and George Kell, top minor league batter in 1943, at third. Others are Frank Juliano, Joe Rullo, and Bob Wilkins.

Jo-Jo White and Bob Estalella are the only holdover outfielders. Their mates are Rip Radcliff, Bill Burgo, a .347 hitter from Wilmington, and Lew Flick from Lancaster.

Now to sum up. In the National League it should be St. Louis first, closely followed by Cincinnati and Pittsburgh; Brooklyn fourth, Chicago fifth, Boston and New York battling for sixth and seventh, and the Phillies in the cellar. If you want a club with great possibilities, watch the Cubs.

The American League looks like a two-team battle between Washington and New York, with Cleveland going out into an early lead but gradually falling back. Third place looms as a great dogfight among Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis, and Boston. That leaves the cellar for the "young" Philadelphia Athletics. Yet those same A's may prove to be the surprise of the league.

And there it is—or, at least, there it was. Remember, a lot has happened since this was written and a great deal more is bound to happen. Indeed, the theme song for this 1944 baseball season is Anything Can Happen.

THE END

HENRY J. KAISER

The face that launched a thousand ships.
Back in those ancient days of yore
Had pretty eyes and pretty lips. . . .
Yet Kaiser launched a whole lot more!

—ERIC ERICSON.

Memory

LIKE AN ELEPHANT

Yes, people remember seeing unsightly dandruff...it's so unpleasant! So why take a chance. Banish all loose dandruff, stimulate your scalp and bring your hair under well-groomed control, by massaging daily with

JERIS

for Loose Dandruff

At all drug stores and barber shops

CASH BENEFITS FOR
SICKNESS
ACCIDENT
LOSS of TIME
HOSPITALIZATION

GET THIS PROTECTION! Here is the kind of all-around protection you need and can easily afford. Why risk your savings, your earnings, possibly your future? This generous low cost policy protects you against emergencies that happen every day! Even common sickness and ordinary accidents are covered. It is not necessary that you be confined to a Hospital to collect generous benefits according to the terms of the policy. Another important provision is CASH for LOSS of TIME from work, plus extra Hospitalization benefits. Investigate this liberal policy at once. No medical examination. No red tape. No agents. See and decide yourself! Don't [illegible] until too late — write for information TODAY!

Costs only $1 a month

POLICY PAYS
ACCUMULATED CASH BENEFITS:
Up to $7.50 Each Day while in HOSPITAL
Up to $3,600.00 for LOSS of TIME due to ACCIDENT DISABILITY
Up to $100.00 a month for LOSS of TIME due to SICKNESS DISABILITY
Up to $5,000.00 for Accidental Loss of Life, Limbs or Sight
MANY OTHER GENEROUS BENEFITS
All as provided stated in the Policy

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK CASUALTY CO.
Dept. 40-D • Rockford, Ill.

How to get "Coffee Lift" with NODOZ AWAKENERS!

For quick "pick-up," try handy NoDoz Awakeners. Contain caffeine . . . as in coffee, and just as harmless. Makes work go faster, easier, smoother.

For trial-size package, send 10¢ to NoDoz Awakeners, Dept. L-11, Tribune Tower, Oakland 12, Calif. Offer void after May 13, 1944.

TIRED? SLEEPY? NODOZ AWAKENERS KEEP AWAKE! HARMLESS AS A CUP OF COFFEE

At your druggist 25¢

Over fifty million NoDoz Awakeners have been used since 1933

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 1524, Detroit 4, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

LEG SUFFERERS

Why continue to suffer without attempting to do something? Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPE METHODS FOR HOME USE." It tells about Varicose Ulcers and Open Leg Sores. Liepe Methods used *while you walk*. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by multitudes.

FREE BOOKLET

LIEPE METHODS, 3284 N. Green Bay Ave., Dept. 61-D, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HOTEL LOWRY
ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

WASTE PAPER IS ESSENTIAL WAR MATERIAL. JOIN THE WAR AGAINST WASTE!

Women Who Suffer from SIMPLE ANEMIA

Here's One Of The Best Ways To Help Build Up Red Blood!

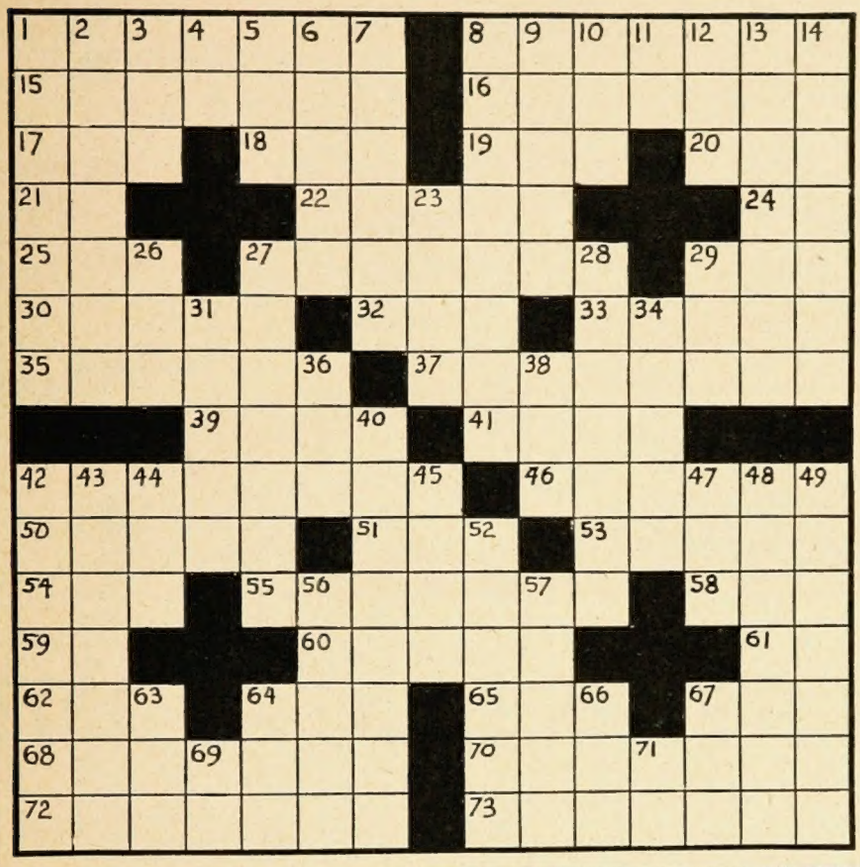
You girls who suffer from simple anemia or who lose so much during monthly periods that you feel tired, weak, "dragged out"—due to low blood iron—start *at once*—try Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS.

Pinkham's Tablets are one of the greatest blood-iron tonics you can buy for home use to help build up red blood to give more strength—in such cases. Follow label directions. *Worth trying!*

Lydia Pinkham's TABLETS

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 These bums are in the diamond business
8 A slapping around
15 It's on the road to Utopia
16 Brooklyn diamond robbers
17 Woman's great gift
18 That fellow's gal
19 It's more in Spanish
20 The highest authority in modern marriage (abbr.)
21 Waggling Tongues (abbr.)
22 Old New York jug
24 What's good for this?—Pa!
25 revo selbbub klim eht nehw od swoc dlo tahW
27 The corniest things in Mexico
29 The day the dough goes fastest
30 Fill the air with sound and fury and signify 0
32 The man with the gin
33 He was very reasonable for his age, if revolutionary
35 Running at topspeed, it will electrify you
37 Twentieth Century pilot, recently left New York for Chicago
39 •
41 Group of members of the inhuman race
42 Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx and other fly whackers
46 For whose sake should you clean your molars?
50 When landlord can't collect rent for this, he sioux
51 Jap in a furcoat
53 Test case
54 Mitey mobile mite
55 Things you find between mountains
58 I see
59 Have you done your share for this? (abbr.)

COPPERHEAD GI
ARA REINS MAN
MASHIES SPUDS
E SAND BEAN
MAIL SWASTIKA
BEVEL HASH EM
ERE EDILE DAB
RI AGAR SLINE
TEABALLS ISER
DELE TROT G
CHILI RAINIER
OUT SNORT LVI
PM VEGETABLES

Last week's answer

60 A bit of a pansy
61 Sea Wall (abbr.)
62 Popular article
64 Gathering place of the rummy gin addicts
65 Shave earth fuzz
67 Thing auctioneers are always asking "How much am I ---?"
68 Old stand-bys for horseshoe pitchers
70 One scream, one operation and one commercial equals one what?
72 Beauty lover
73 Chief ingredient of bride's first steak

VERTICAL

1 He keeps crying for a blonde
2 Gas rising from politicians
3 Dumb Cute Blondes (abbr.)
4 Peachy state (abbr.)
5 Forces of Liberty (abbr., pl.)
6 If you're looking for a good steer you might be able to use this
7 Biblical hip-wiggler
8 Muttering, as in a glass of beer
9 To do this, I sweat for you—and I do mean you!
10 Sh! It's a Z-54!
11 Yeah, as in Oh, Yeah? (Spanish)
12 Digit holder
13 ------- to the issue (sounds beastly!)
14 He thinks things are worth a trial
23 The unfair sex
26 A quarrelsome creature
27 A guide to hell
28 Handel sure could handle them, banged 'em around, too
29 Kind of nice round face
31 One sense
34 This is absolutely maddening
36 Onions Outscent Elephants (abbr.)
38 Underworld justice dispenser
40 To cross country, do this
42 Surprise! Surprise!
43 Gals
44 A little apartment
45 Sometimes I get so mad I could ----
47 An idiotic thing about the well-dressed man's throat
48 Louisiana party
49 What mama wants to be
52 Molar shellac
56 What the ham longs for (2 words)
57 You don't ----- on the way to Reno
63 Absorb the farmer's labors
64 Jack Benny is responsible for its murder
66 Women Idealize Apes (abbr.)
67 Boobs Ogle Hemstitchers (abbr.)
69 Vt.'s twin (abbr.)
71 How you start stuttering

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

When the itching, irritation and soreness of simple piles make your life miserable, get relief the simple way. Use *Unguentine Rectal Cones*, made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE.

1. *Easy to Use*
2. *Sanitary*
3. *Inexpensive*

If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Guarantee: Your druggist will refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied.

UNGUENTINE
RECTAL CONES
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off
Norwich
A NORWICH PRODUCT

PSORIASIS

PSORIASIS Sufferers: **PIXACOL** has brought relief when everything else failed. Use only as directed. Apply externally, dries quickly, convenient. Try regular $1 bottle without investing a cent! Write: **PIXACOL CO., Dept. L-1, Box 1298, Cleveland 3, Ohio.**

CALLOUSES
Doctor's Fast Relief

You'll marvel at the fast relief Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads give you from painful callouses, burning or tenderness on the bottom of your feet...how they soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive area. Separate *Medications* included for quickly removing callouses. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

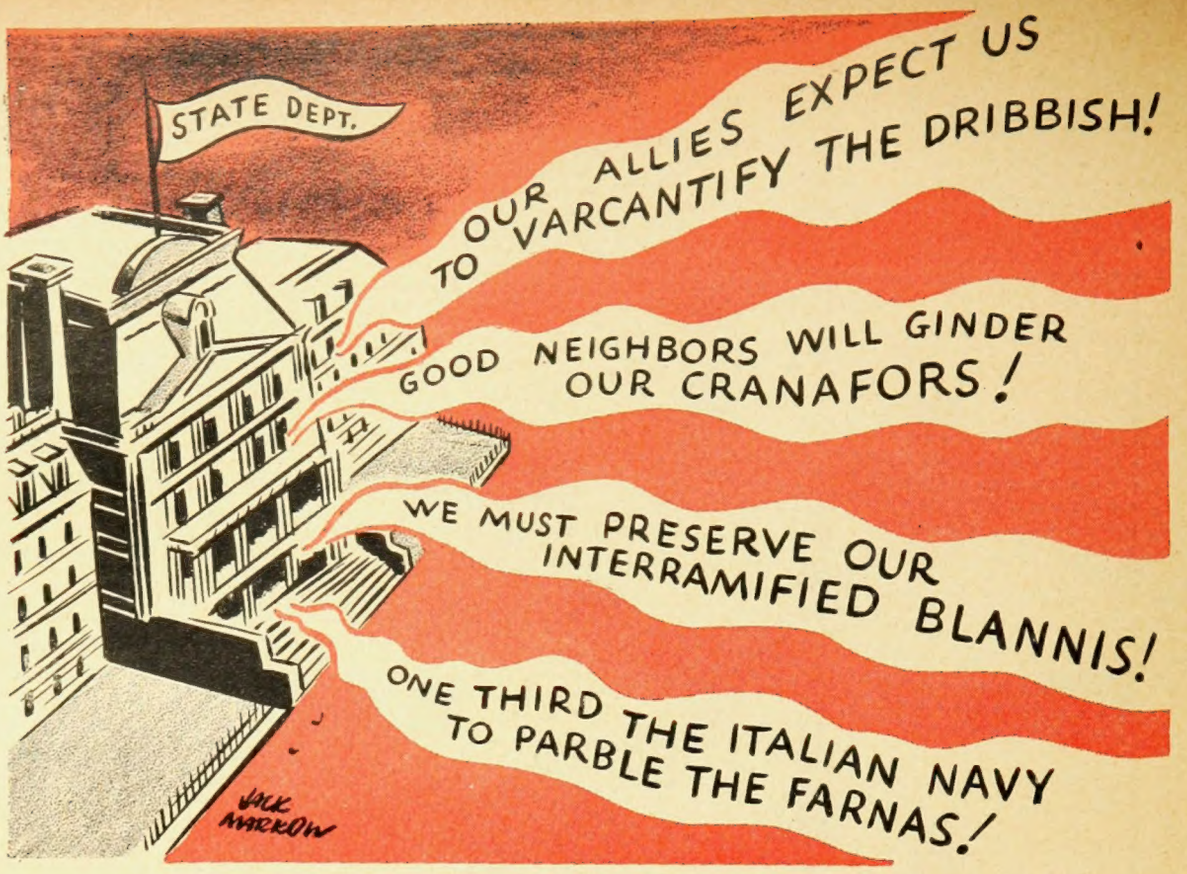
'INVISIBLE' LIQUID
proves great success for
SKIN IRRITATIONS
Promptly relieves itching—aids healing

Here's a Doctor's formula—Zemo—a stainless *liquid* which appears invisible on skin—yet so highly medicated that first applications relieve itching, burning of Eczema, Psoriasis and similar skin and scalp irritations—due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing. Won't show on skin. Apply any time. In 3 different sizes.

ZEMO

APRIL 22, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor


STATE DEPT.
TO OUR ALLIES EXPECT US TO VARCANTIFY THE DRIBBISH!
GOOD NEIGHBORS WILL GINDER OUR CRANAFORS!
WE MUST PRESERVE OUR INTERRAMIFIED BLANNIS!
ONE THIRD THE ITALIAN NAVY TO PARBLE THE FARNAS!
JACK MARROW

WHAT IS OUR FOREIGN POLICY—IF ANY?

OUR present administration, headed by a man supposed to have a sure touch in international relations, seems remarkably unable to make up its mind on what sort of world we are, or ought to be, working toward.

Our ideas for the brave new world are obscure at a time when it is most important that we of all people produce a clear and understandable foreign policy and lay it on the line for all to see. The rest of the world has been waiting for our lead. There are signs it is growing tired of waiting.

We fumble in our dealings with our allies and with neutral countries. We even fall over our own feet in dealing with erstwhile enemies. Nothing we do in the field of foreign relations is clear-cut and definite. Even Latin America goes along with us skeptically, somewhat bewildered as to our ultimate intentions. The Atlantic Charter, sometimes held up to admiration as our foreign policy, is not a policy at all. It is merely a collection of pious principles. There is nothing in it to indicate how these principles are to be applied and worked out. Subsequent events cast doubts even on our continued adherence to these principles.

We live in a dream world of our own in which we do everything by indirection. The American will seems to be in the keeping of a few officials who try to give the impression they are all-wise and know all the answers. The little information they do give out is so obscure and full of weasel words as to permit of several interpretations. When our armed forces enter a conquered country, the populace doesn't know whether to welcome us as friends or oppose us as enemies. The only certain factor to tie to is that we are fighting Germans and Japs, but a lot of people in the world would like to know for what ultimate purpose.

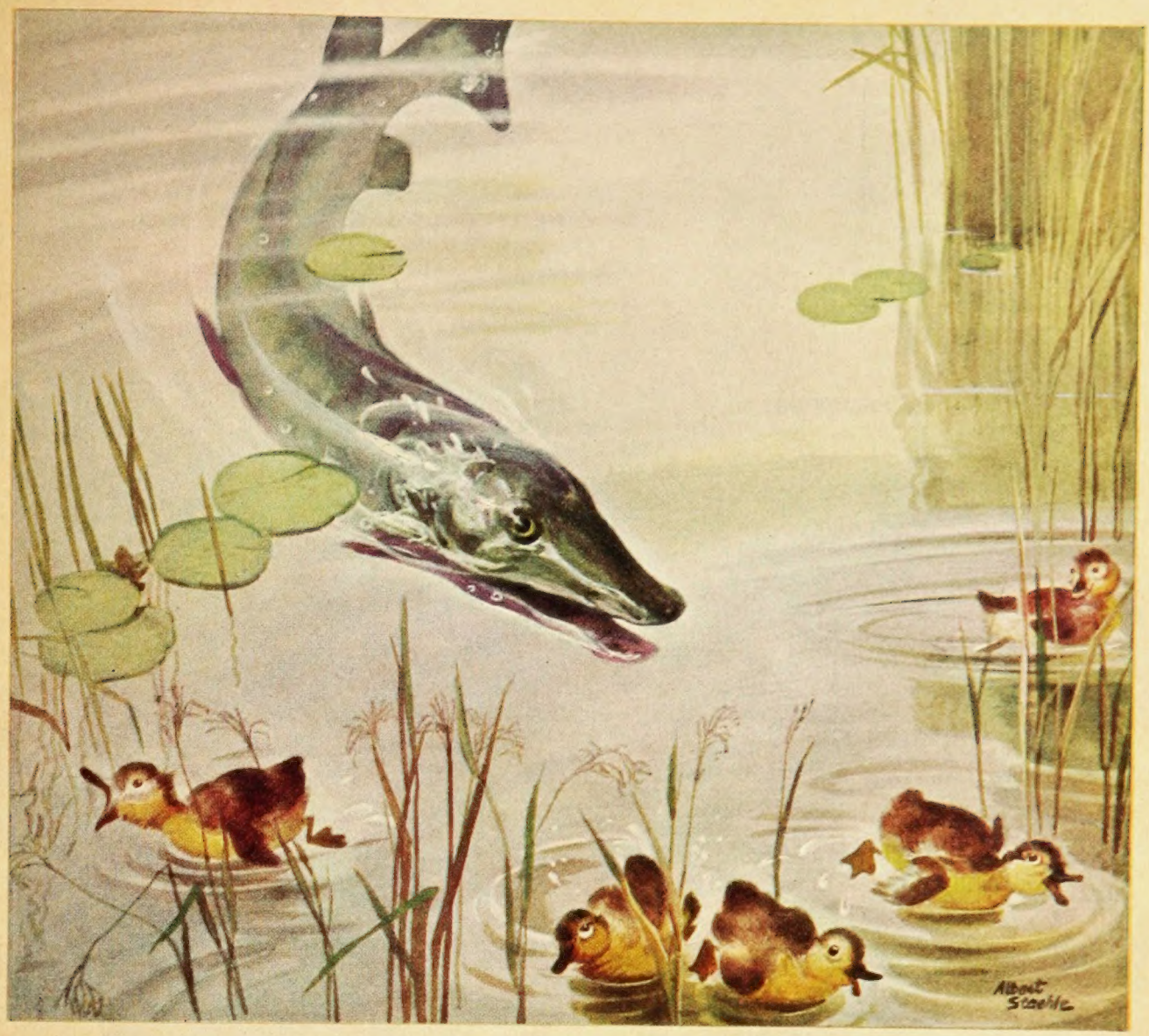
Other nations cannot tell if we intend to participate in some future form of international organization. Our own people do not know either. Do we favor destroying Germany utterly, or do we want her to remain a nation? Do we intend to support the so-called governments in exile, or will we insist upon the right of liberated people to choose new governments if they so desire? Despite the Atlantic Charter, we have not allowed the Italians to do so. Do we favor re-establishment of all the small nations of Europe, or do we think it better that they form themselves into regional confederations?

In the Pacific, what happens to the islands we reconquer? Do we keep them, or do we hand them back to the nations who formerly held them, or do we set them free? The only definite pronouncement we have made is that Japan is to be fought back to her home islands. What happens after that? Do we keep the Japs confined, or allow them to expand peacefully beyond an area which is admittedly too small to contain them? The world must have our answers to these questions.

It is high time the administration placed before the American public a definite foreign policy laid out in understandable terms. There's no reason why it can't, and no reason why the American people can't debate it and decide it now. Then the rest of the world will know what to expect of us, regardless of who is elected next fall.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL



That's not cricket, brother!

Grabbing has been made an outmoded method of getting what we want—and it's easy to see why.

For there's only so much in the national cupboard—and heaping platters for some would mean empty plates for others. That's the why of rationing—no one can fatten while you famish.

• • •

And this is the sort of reasoning that is back of the present purchase-limits placed on IMPERIAL—for there's only a certain amount of pre-war base whiskey available for the IMPERIAL blend.

With America's distilleries concentrating on war alcohol, all of us must make the present supply of whiskey last longer than originally intended.

So if you're asked to limit your buying to one bottle of IMPERIAL at a time, remember—your *one* bottle of this famous "velveted" whiskey might have been gone if someone else could have bought *two*.

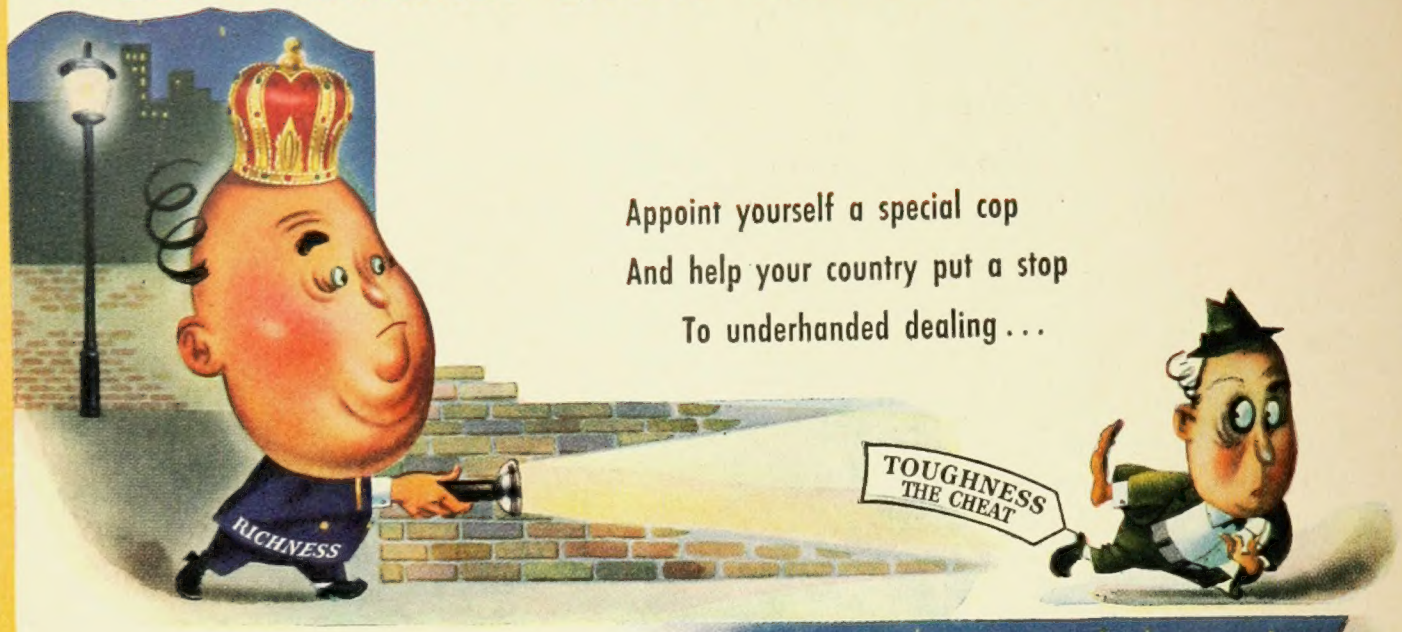
Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grain
Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

IMPERIAL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

..."velveted" for extra smoothness

A BLACK MARKET *CHEAT* HAS GOT TO BE *BEAT!*



Appoint yourself a special cop
And help your country put a stop
To underhanded dealing . . .

The gyp who flouts the O. P. A.
Is injuring us all, today,
So why not crack his ceiling!

YOURS FOR VICTORY—THE 5 CROWNS

(Richness, Body, Smoothness, Flavor, Lightness—but NO TOUGHNESS*)*

Seagram keeps the TOUGHNESS OUT ... blends extra PLEASURE IN

THE FINER Seagram's 5 Crown

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York